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GEORGE CARLIN
He's not getting older, he's getting bitter

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A trip to porn school

Buffy's hot lesbian witch

New Order

The Xbox

The ugliest bunny ever, p.24

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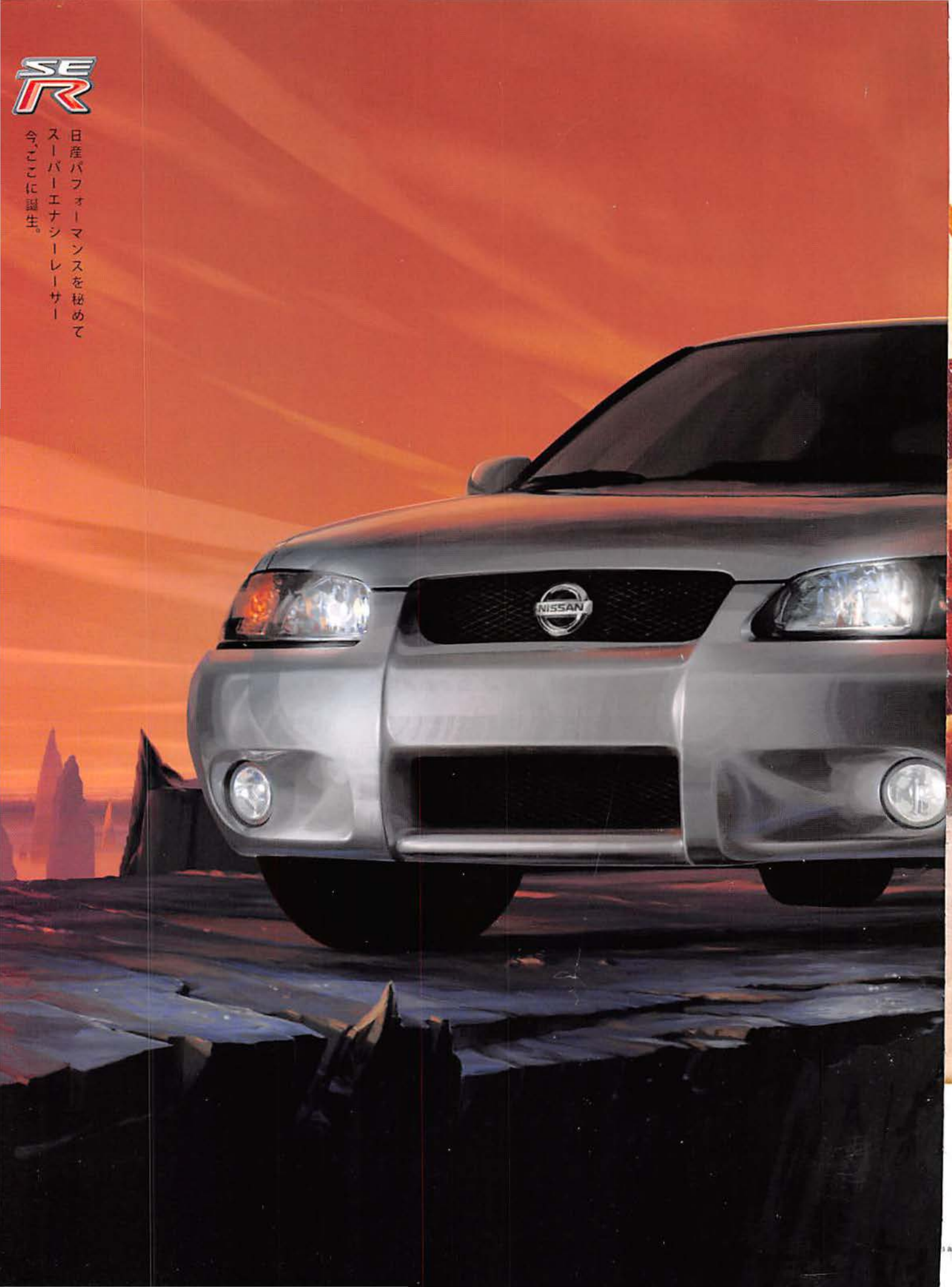
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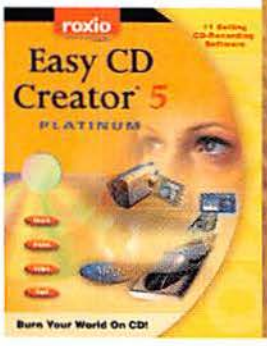

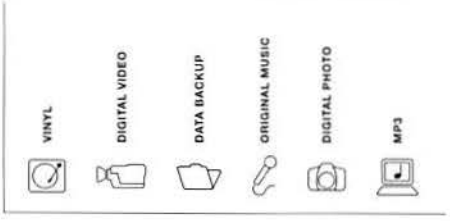

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Stuff

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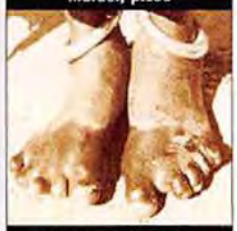

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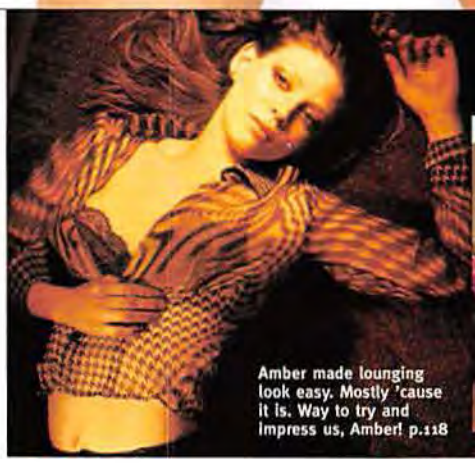

Amber made lounging look easy. Mostly 'cause it is. Way to try and impress us, Amber! p.118

Karl smiled. For the first time in his life, it all made sense. p.76

On the Cover

Alyssa Milano

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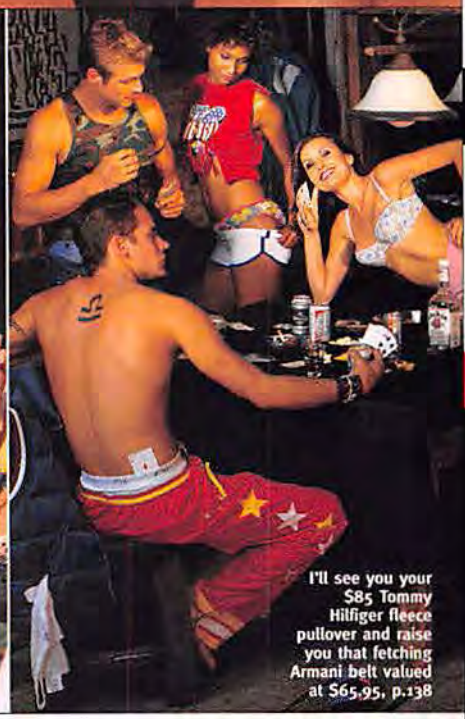

I'll see you your $85 Tommy Hilfiger fleece pullover and raise you that fetching Armani belt valued at $65.95. p.138

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Leave the Underoos at home, sport.

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December: The End of the Year As We Know It

Now that everything has changed, I have decided it's time to get a few things off my chest. They might be ticks, but they taste like spiders. They make me anxious, whatever they are.

But really, what is the root cause of my anxiety? I'll tell you: people who use the phrase "root cause." You know, the vacant-eyed lunatics who keep saying that instead of killing terrorists, we should first address terrorism's root causes. The next time someone says this to you, please point out that:

1. People who worry about root causes are looking for a way to understand why their pants are wet. They think they can smother killers in kindness, when all available evidence shows that you need to crush a windpipe to achieve the desired effect. These are the same cowards who tried to understand the root causes of why the Menendez brothers shotgunned their parents or why Robert Downey Jr. needs to take so many drugs. It doesn't work. Try it out in real life. When your girlfriend catches you looking at page 66,[1] say, "Look, instead of yelling at me, please address my root causes for reading this magazine. In truth, I am disenfranchised. So don't talk to me. Talk to the root, baby." See how far that will get you.
2. People who worry about root causes think that if we kill several thousand idiotic terrorists, we'll only create more murderous idiots. It's like if you kick a dog, it will only encourage other dogs to rub against your leg. Make sense? Not to me!
3. My favorite argument? That the behavior of terrorists and our behavior is exactly the same. It's like saying the concussion you give a mugger is the same as the sucker punch he gave your girlfriend. All things being equal, they aren't. Good and evil do not exist on a horizontal plane. It's a vertical relationship, bub, just like heaven and hell and first and last and Simon and Garfunkel.

Those who see terrorists and the U.S. as interchangeable really just hate America. What is the *root cause* for that? Shrinks call it transference. They hate themselves for their own coddled incompetence, so they hate America simply for being competitive and competent. I have a different theory. It's called tenure, because the brain-dead blowhards spewing this crap have locked-down, lifetime jobs making college kids stupid. Bring that up in mixed company and people often treat you like a leper.[2]

So the next time some weenie tries that root-cause argument out on you, tell him you disagree. When he asks why, tell him the root cause is his wife, who will be leaving with you. And she'll go. There's this thing about women: The best ones like men.[3]

GREG GUTFELD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

INCOMING MESSAGES

FROM THE FRONT

U.S.S. Theodore Roosevelt
Date: Tue, 25 Sep 2001 21:42:13-0300

Dear *Stuff*,
The food out here is, well...edible. Tonight we had some form of steak and some Chinese-flavored chicken parts. It's not bad; it's just not good. They always have hot dogs, which are called rollers because they are cooked on that rolling machine like at 7-Eleven. You can always get a slider, too, which is a cheeseburger. They have a variation called the Barney Clark slider, a cheeseburger with a fried egg on top (Clark was the first recipient of an artificial heart). I'll get too fat out here if I eat that stuff–I have forced myself to ban cookies and "dog," the soft-serve ice cream (it's called dog because it looks like dog crap when it comes out–you lift the lever to dispense ice cream and it resembles a dog's tail and asshole). As you can see, we've developed a colorful vocabulary out here. Maybe someday I'll "give you the gouge on the Gucci geedunk." Until then, keep the faith, my brother.
–*Stuff*'s war correspondent

ANOTHER CALL FROM MY MOM

"...Same old, same old. Hope things are calming down out there and you're not working too hard. Thanks for the magazine–I like the colors. Sorry I couldn't come out to visit. I just didn't think it was the right time to fly out there. I'm too old. Why won't Continental let you change your flight? You'd think they'd want to be helpful during this time. Oh, well. They're stinkers. I sent you some money. Did you get it? I put it in an envelope this time."

1 But if you turn to page 66, you'll find Alyssa Milano–we picked her out (not up) just for you. Think of it as a Christmas gift. True, you paid $3.99 for the mag. But we didn't charge extra for the Alyssa pictures, so it's like they're free! Inside! Besides, it's the thought that counts. That, and a pedometer, like the one I wear while housecleaning. Nap time!

2 Speaking of which, turn to page 100 and read about a real leper, José Ramirez. He's got something called Hansen's disease–the medical name for leprosy, that scary disease known for creating gruesome deformities, not including Bill Maher. I took José out to help me learn how to pick up chicks. It worked. I picked up more than a few chicks. Of course, they quickly suffocated in my pocket.

3 It's why firemen are scoring in unprecedented numbers in New York City–women, it turns out, like heroes. Even more than they like environmentalists. Want to know what else they like? Check out "What Women Want"–a mammoth survey that asked 1,000 women the real questions about what the hell they *really* want. This is the first time any magazine has ever done a survey like this, believe it or not. Oddly, no women's mag has done it–not even *Esquire* or *Details*.

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Sweepstakes winners will be selected from on or about February 22, 2002 via a random drawing of all eligible entries. For copy of Official Rules, send separate, stamped, self-addressed No. 10 envelope to: "Get MADE in New York Sweepstakes Official Rules," c/o ubid.com, 8550 West Bryn Mawr, Suite 200, Chicago, IL 60631. Washington and Vermont residents may omit postage. Limit one entry per person per day. For more information, visit www.ubid.com/Made. Not responsible for lost, late or misdirected entries, illegible entries, or entries containing incorrect information. Not responsible for any problems or technical malfunctions of any telephone, computer systems or services. Entries become the property of the sponsor and will not be acknowledged or returned. Winner will be selected from a random drawing held on or about February 22, from among all eligible entries received. Winners will be notified by telephone. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received. 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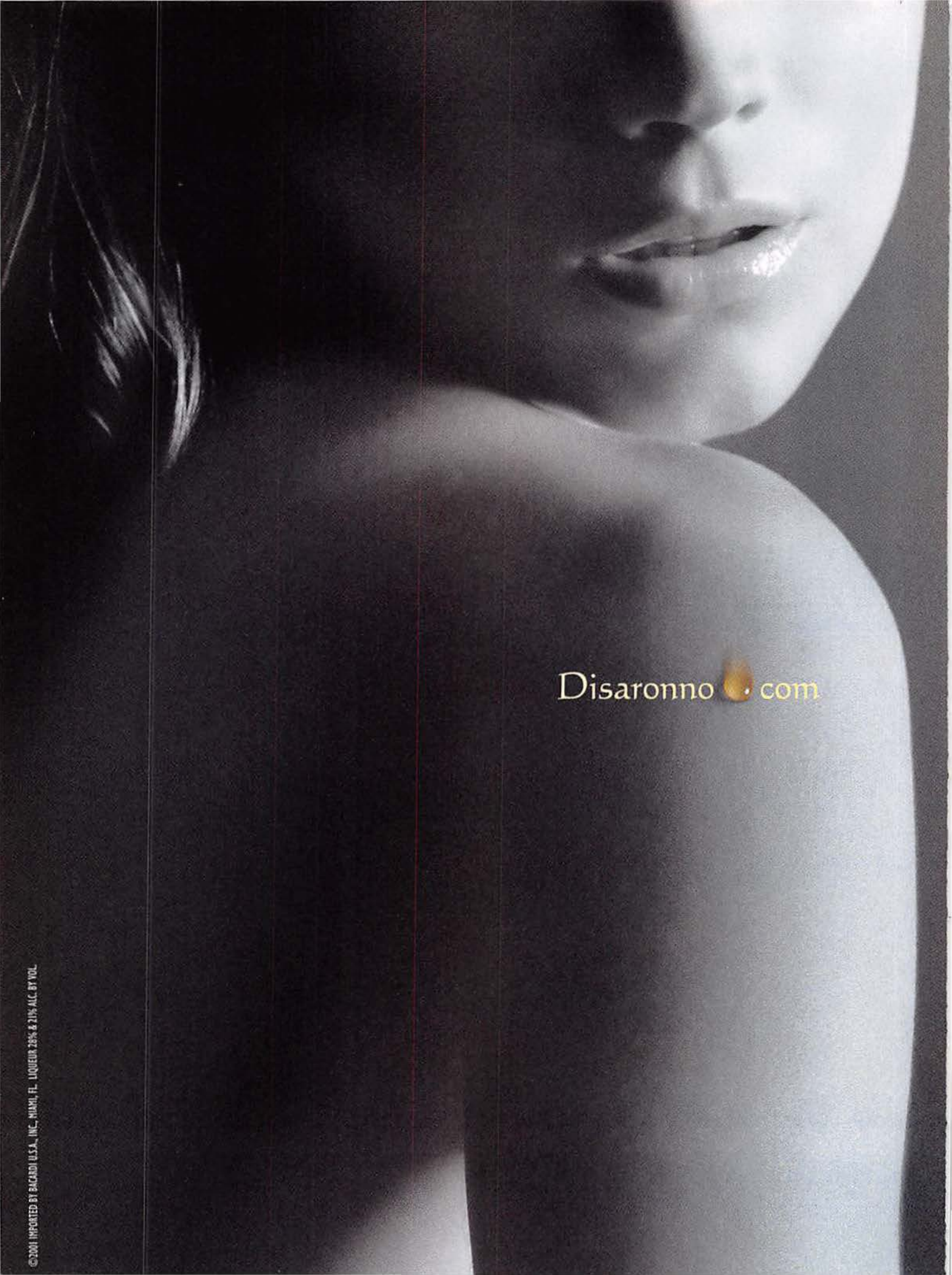

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Light a Fire

Dear Stuff

Because we're not mind readers, people!

Pam she am

I just wanted to tell you people at *Stuff* that you did a great job with the photos of Pamela Anderson: She's gorgeous. She's the hottest woman out there today and the hottest mother on the planet. Anyway, congratulations to you and Pamela for a great October issue.

—Bill W., Florence, Wis.

Bill, you totally just set yourself up for a "hot mother" joke. Even a guy from Wisconsin must know that. So our question to you is: Are you really that naive? Or do you simply enjoy reading cracks about your mom? Regardless, we sure do love to have intercourse with her!

He is not an Animal!

Boy, did you blow it in your Hype article ["TV's Forgotten Characters," October]. Bruce Wietz's character on *Hill Street Blues* was Belker, not Animal. There was some lame photographer on *Lou Grant* called Animal, but he was a big, smelly wimp.

—Bumbar, via e-mail

If you think *we* blew it, you should've seen Bill W.'s mom! Yeah!

Strumming on empty

I'd like to point out an error in your Hook of the Month section in the October issue. The tablature for the song "Start Me Up" is factually correct, but if you play this on a standard-tuned guitar as you notated (strings low to high: E, A, D, G, B, E), it will sound nothing like the song and scare off the chick you are trying to impress. To play the song correctly, you must tune your guitar to an open G (strings low to high: D, G, D, G, B, D) as Keith Richards did.

—Lance Price, Marietta, Ga.

See, this is what happens when you slash your research budget to free up money for motivational posters. But how else are we supposed to let our staff know that "the team on the top of the mountain didn't fall there"?

The enemy within

Why in the world are you guys giving in to these pathetic bribes from our National Guard? I'm sick of seeing their childish attempts at mesmerizing the U.S. population. I thought I'd seen it all until I opened up page 65 of your October issue and found another sorry attempt made by the U.S. Army (aka government) to recruit me and my fellow Americans. Along with the help of the trusty ol' U.S. government, the army has contributed to forming a slavelike, money-based country for us to live in [*blatant sarcasm*]. ▷▷▷

Not pictured: Tommy Lee quietly crying himself to sleep. "He ain't doing it *that* quietly," complained Tommy's dog, Rex. Holy shit! Rex can talk!

Stuff answers other magazines' letters

From the March 2001 issue of *InStyle*

You guys rule. You made my birthday: First I gave your celebrity fragrances story ["Perfect Scents," November] to my husband for gift suggestions. He took it to Nordstrom, and I ended up with Escada Sentiment *and* Michael by Michael Kors gift sets. Then we went to the Beauty Bar (picked from your list of hip places in L.A.) ["Straight Up!" November] and had a great time. It was everything your magazine said it was (fun, fun, fun!): I got a henna tattoo and a martini for $10. And I met Anne Heche! She was wonderful–thank you, Anne! Just the best birthday ever.

–Janice Benson, Palm Springs, Calif.

Our grandfather died yesterday.

Letter of the Month

To: Dawn Yanek. I am a university sociology teacher in Tennessee. I started incorporating some of your articles from *Stuff* magazine into my curriculum when we cover dating preferences, marriage and family, and sexual relationships. I found your articles to be a frequently debated topic among students of both sexes in my classes. They all seem to love your articles. I probably have some students who would enjoy participating in your roundtable discussions.

—Matt Morgan, Nashville, Tenn.

Matt, your letter is an absolute delight. We'll show it to all those people who condemn *Stuff* as worthless dreck, just as soon as we get Mom's forwarding address. Should be arriving any month now. Anyway, you've won an Epiphone Slasher E guitar worth $499.

Photography (Pam) Tony Duran by aRTmAT the agency. Styling: Kelly Rae. Hair: Lani Morrison for Lazarique/Celestine Agency. Makeup: Shane Panch for Nars/Celestine Agency.

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Yippee skippee, what a great free nation to live in [*blatant sarcasm*]! I can't even legally smoke a damn joint in the comfort of my own home and they want me to fight for this hypocritical government [*under breath*]?

—*Derek, via e-mail*

Derek, that was an ad for Right Guard. Lay off the drugs. And for God's sake, comb your hair, you pinko hippie.

Operation: Let's Get 'Em

The first thing I'd like to say is God bless America, your magazine and that photo spread of Pam Anderson—damn! I would also like to suggest an educational article for a future edition. I think you guys need to do a piece on how to take out (or FUBAR*) a terrorist. We as a people need to know what to do if we ever find those who attacked America. It's the patriotic thing to do, and I think *Stuff* is the kind of publication that can do it.

—*Grant K., via e-mail*

Hey, Grant, we're, like, five steps ahead of you. Check out page 152 for some ambushing and survival tips. Could we be any more proactive? Answer: No, we could not. (And don't miss next month's issue for tips on dealing with the gonorrhea you're about to contract.)

The window to your soul

Recently, my girlfriend saw a copy of *Stuff* lying around and I suggested that she read it. So she read through it and said it let her "delve into my psyche." I feel I have made a grievous error. Please advise.

—*Jared Shearer, Kansas City, Kan.*

This is why we date only blind women. Well, that and because of our hideous appearance. Sometimes we wish we'd never survived that disfiguring accident!

The loadmaster

I'm a C-130 loadmaster in the Air Force: I fly in the back of a cargo plane and take care of loading, unloading or air-dropping anyone or anything in the back of the plane. While flying from point A to point B, the rest of the people on the plane and I like to combat the evil forces of boredom by reading your highly intellectual magazine. Thanks for the laughs and the insight. It keeps us sane.

—*Jeff S., via e-mail*

Jeff, it's men like you who load, unload or air-drop anyone or anything in the back of C-130 cargo planes. And we mean that from the bottom of our hearts.

Bird brain

In your September issue you ran an article on how to kill an ostrich. In steps two and three, you referred to the bird as "her" and "she." I guess you were implying that the female guards the egg. Well, if you guys had done your homework, you would have known that in all flightless bird families (called ratites), the males incubate and guard the egg. Call me lifeless, but watching the Discovery Channel is about as exciting as it gets while on deployment in Kosovo.

—*PFC Derek Emauel*

You know, Derek, *men* guard eggs, as well. Especially at Denny's. We just love those Grand Slam breakfasts!

One yank at a time

I just read your October issue's "You're Wasting Your Life" article. I was horrified to learn that I will spend only one month and four days masturbating. I sure as hell can do better than that!

—*Matthew Vinez, via e-mail*

Whatever you say, Matt. Just please stop sending us photographic proof.

A dollar short

I love your magazine, but there's one thing that rubs me the wrong way. It's your ▷▷▷

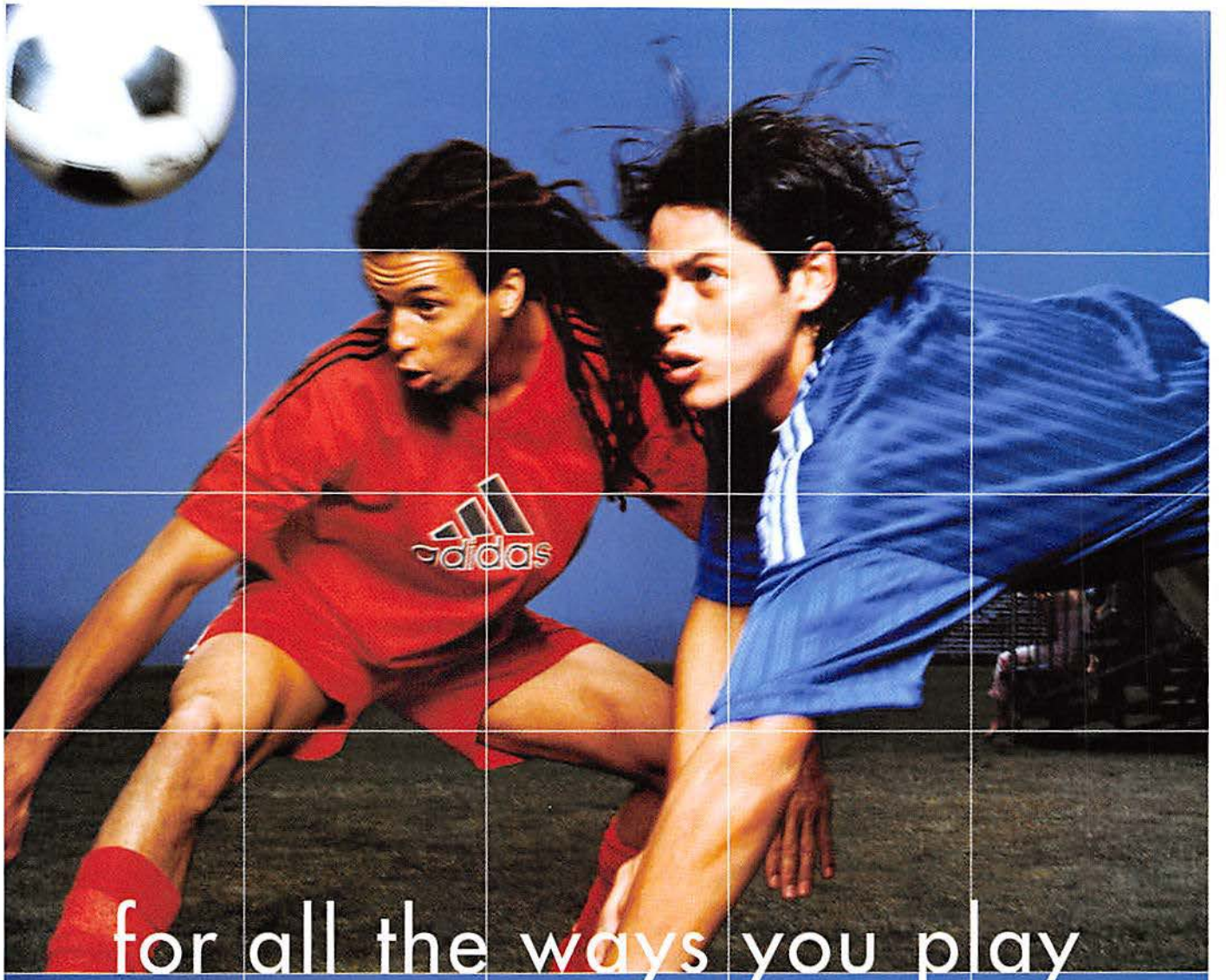
That Time of the Month

Anarchy—it's a riot!

The October issue's "You Say You Want a Revolution" was one of the most biased stories that I have ever read. You say that the antiglobalization movement has no leaders, but if your writer would have done some—any—research, he would've found people like Jello Biafra, Noam Chomsky, Mumia Abu Jammal or even Ralph Nader. This movement is trying to make the lives of common working people tolerable....Globalization is corporate feudalism....We (the working class) are their serfs....Americans don't see...the oppression, injustice and poverty that corporations perpetuate in other nations, but we must realize that this wickedness does exist....I will stop reading your magazine because you are biased and blind...the voice of fascism.

—*Ryan, via e-mail*

Ryan's right: Human suffering is wrong. That's why we cut a couple hundred words out of his letter. For the full text of Ryan's rant, just approach him at a party and ask—he can spew it out without taking a breath! Ryan will be the one scowling alone in the kitchen.



for all the ways you play

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Corrections

During the shipping of our December issue, we ordered our editorial assistant to fetch us several pints of frozen yogurt. When he returned with sorbet instead, we flew off the handle and called him "stupid" and "useless." What we really regret, though, is stabbing him. Sorry.

In September's "Health Beat" supplement, we advised readers to feed a cold. In fact, doctors now agree that the best cold remedy is to starve a mink, then wrap yourself in its warm, life-restoring carcass.

In our November issue, we encouraged sending hate mail to Luther Vandross because of that grotesque black mole above his eye. We've since been informed that we are actually thinking about Linda Rondstadt's duet partner, Aaron Neville. We regret the error and kindly ask that Mr. Vandross forward all threats and insults accordingly.

When we were little, Mom brought a little bundle home from the hospital. She told us it was our new little brother, but we thought she said "mushroom pizza," so we ate it. Not a day goes by that we don't regret that one.

In September's "Wildlife Roundup" we wrote that "in terms of sheer majesty, nothing comes close to the American bald eagle." But we'd forgotten about a great piece of ass we had once that could only be described as majestic. Sorry, Gina.

Many readers wrote to complain about our review of ergonomic keyboards ("Keyboard Korner," September). We apologize for including that photo of the fat naked guy straddling a giant candy cane. It was supposed to be a lollipop.

$4,999 Women's Studies scholarship. It's not the scholarship I have a problem with, just the amount of it. Call me anal, but it's such an irritatingly odd number. Therefore, I am enclosing a check for one dollar with this letter for you to add to the pot to make the total scholarship a nice, even five grand. Doing this will make me feel better.

—*Ron Piggia, Feeding Hills, Mass.*

Thanks a lot, Ron, but your customized check for one dollar was simply too cute for us to cash. We tacked it to the wall with our other Garfield pictures.

They're watching you

In Dan Bova's article about the conspiracy convention and its participants ["World's Greatest Conspiracies," October], he was wrong about at least one detail. He said that author/speaker David Icke's references to the Illuminati and living in a world controlled by computers were timely coincidences with the movies *Tomb Raider* and *The Matrix*. For the record, anyone who knows David Icke knows that his book, *The Biggest Secret*, deals with these themes and terminology and that the book was released before *The Matrix* ▷▷▷

"We have come to Earth to harvest your eyes and faces. Ha-ha, ha-ha! Packers 10, Tampa Bay 14."

WIN!

XM Satellite Radio

Ever since *The Michael Richards Show* went off the air, we've had nothing to look forward to in life. Which is why we're so excited over XM Satellite Radio. It's the first digital satellite-radio service, offering 100 channels for fans of all genres (rock, pop, jazz, even that lesbian stuff your old single aunt listens to). Beamed to you from two satellites, XM radio has a clear, crisp signal and can easily be added to your existing home or car stereo, rendering that $600 CD changer you just bought virtually obsolete. Send us a letter that makes us soil ourselves and you'll win a prize package that includes a Sony Plug & Play radio and a one-year subscription to the XM radio service. That's a value of more than 400 bucks. It'll change the way you listen to radio, unless you already have this service somehow, in which case you can take your letters and cram 'em...into a mailbox! 'Cause we still love to get mail.

Send your ramblings to: Letters, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or e-mail 'em to: letters@stuffmagazine.com.

For rules, consult your local umpire or the Where to Buy page.

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TEEN T ESRB Comic Mischief Mild Violence

and *Tomb Raider*. Say what you will about the speakers and participants of the convention, but if you're going to bash someone, at least use facts, not fiction.

—*Nicholas Forde, via e-mail*

If you read the article closely, Nicholas, you'll see that Dan was wrong about much more than that. His article is rife with errors! Which isn't really that surprising when you learn that *Dan Bova* has seven letters...just one letter more than *Oswald*. Watch your back, Nicholas—without proper hygiene, it could break out in acne.

Lori almighty

In your October issue, you had a pictorial of Lori from *The Real World 10*. The first thing I did when I saw her pictures was rip them out of the magazine and put them on my refrigerator. Now I would like to know if *Stuff* could possibly help me meet Lori. We could make it an article in the magazine—I would definitely give you something to read about. I'm 22 (as is she), I live in Pittsburgh and I'm just a basic, average guy who goes to work Monday through Friday, likes to party on the weekends and wants that dream girl. If *Stuff* can make this happen, I will be very grateful.

—*Mike Wroblewski, Pittsburgh*

Wait a minute—you're an average guy from Pittsburgh who works and likes to party? Dude, you're so in.

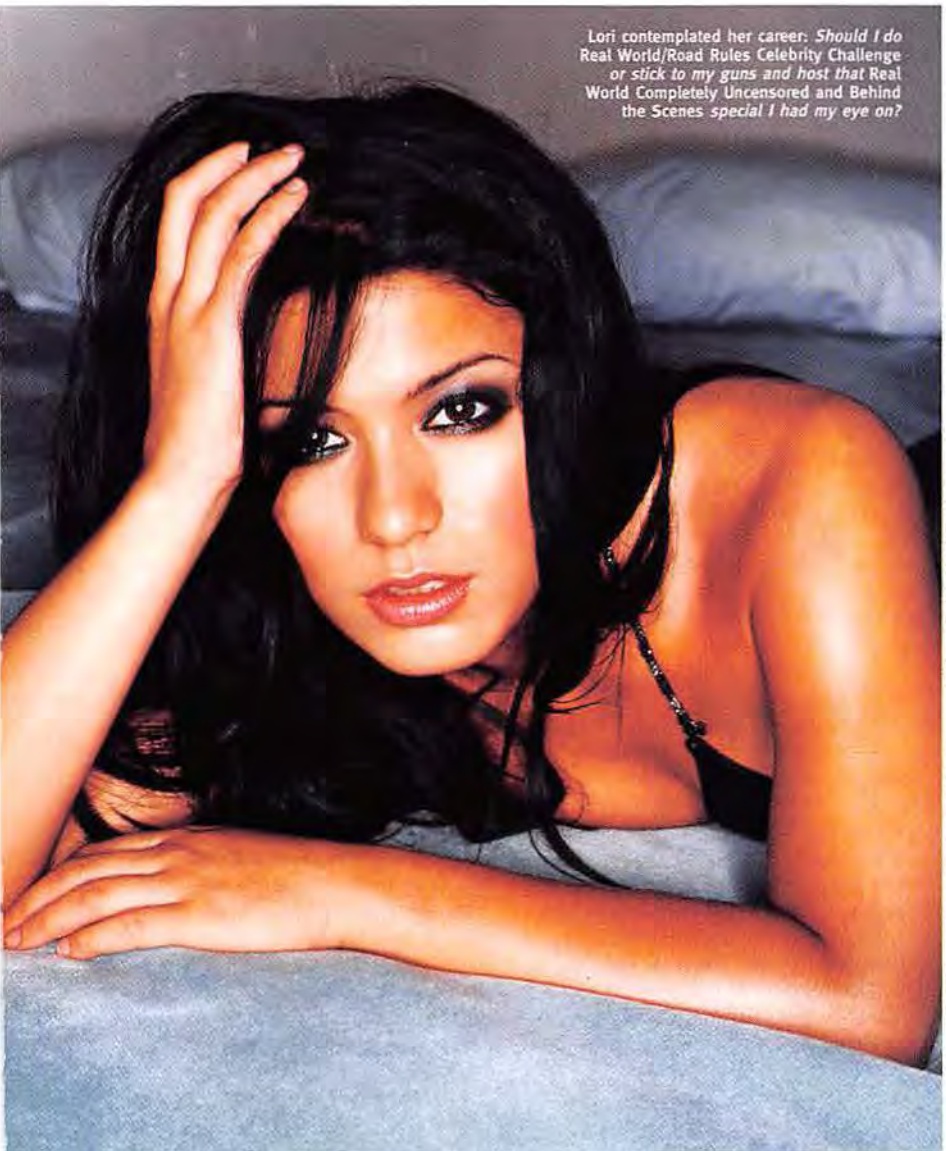
Stalk like a man

I liked your story on how to stalk people, featuring Andy Dick, in the September issue. I'm surprised that no one chased or attacked him, because when I did this I got chased and almost beat up at the local mall.

We like famous people. We also like Andy Dick.

—*Charles LeClair, Fargo, N.D.*

Good one, Charles. You had us going there for a minute. But everybody knows there are no malls in Fargo.



Lori contemplated her career: *Should I do* Real World/Road Rules Celebrity Challenge *or stick to my guns and host that* Real World Completely Uncensored and Behind the Scenes *special I had my eye on?*

Photography: (Lori) Naomi Kaltman for artTrix the agency. Styling: Andrea Cooker for the Montgomery Group; Hair: Hallie for Tiffany Whitford, NYC; Makeup: Claire Bayley for Tiffany Whitford, NYC. (Andy) Sean Murphy at Fox Creative.

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Attack of the Prosthetic Foot!

And other tales from your twisted lives.

Hopping mad

I was sitting in the waiting room of my doctor's office when an old man came hobbling in. He was wearing shorts, so I could clearly see his prosthetic right leg from the knee down. I heard the receptionist tell him that he missed his appointment by hours. He calmly explained that she was wrong, since he had written the time down on a card in his wallet. They exchanged words, his voice growing angrier by the minute, until she finally told him that the doctor had left and another appointment that day was simply impossible. That's when the shit hit the fan. The man detached his fake leg, hopped toward her and raised it high above his head like he was chopping wood. As he slammed the leg down on her desk, the foot broke off and flew through the air, nailing the nurse in the forehead and sending her to the ground. The man looked around and, in a panic, fled from the waiting room. It was definitely the fastest I've ever seen a one-legged man hop.

—David Cocol, Depew, N.Y.

WIN! A PS2 Top Gun Package

If you're like us, the first time you saw *Top Gun* you were really impressed with all those neat planes. And, again, if you're like us, you also have a bladder-control problem. But that's neither here nor there. Next month, the author of our favorite crazy True Lie will receive a *Top Gun* gift package from Titus Software. The set includes the PS2 game *Top Gun: Combat Zones* (complete with eight different planes and 36 missions), plus a custom leather flight jacket and a copy of *Top Gun* on DVD—a package worth $600. You supply the buzz cut.

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Check out more True Lies at www.stuffmagazine.com.

True Lie of the Month

At my grandfather's wake, I was in charge of taking care of my grandmother. After some silent hesitation, she said she wanted to view the body. I walked up to the coffin with her, arm-in-arm, and stared in sad silence. She suddenly turned to me and asked, "Do you know why I married your grandfather?" I shook my head. She looked down at his body again, then turned to me and said, "He had a big penis." My eyes nearly fell out of my head. I wanted to jump into the coffin with Gramps. But just when I thought that it couldn't get worse, she grabbed my arm and said with a smile, "I hope it runs in the family!" I don't know if I was shocked by what she said or just pissed because it *doesn't* run in the family.

—L. Morgante, via e-mail

We'd like to console you by saying that size doesn't matter. But it does—a lot. At least that's what your grandma told us! Oh, snap! Here's a $250 Columbia Sportswear parka. It'll be good for you—the last thing you need is a chill in the air.

Freeze frame

My wife, her hot friend and my mother-in-law went out shopping one day and left me alone in the house. I had just purchased a 60-inch big-screen TV and VCR and was anxious to break them in, so I popped in a tape of my birthday pool party. My wife's friend was there in a revealing bikini. (She happens to be a semi-famous swimsuit model.) When she came on-screen to make a happy-birthday wish, I recognized it as the perfect chance to pause the video and check out the TV's clarity. It was also the perfect chance to take care of myself. As I was reaching the point of no return, my wife and the rest of the crew walked in. I was completely busted. My wife yelled, her friend blushed and my mother-in-law almost passed out. Thankfully my wife was in the corner of the paused frame, so I told her that she was my inspiration. The next week our model friend dropped off a new magazine cover she was on. I didn't show it to my wife.

—Michael Santos, via e-mail

Head-bangin' sex

One time back in high school my girlfriend and I were getting it on in the passenger seat of my car. Unfortunately, while writhing around on top of me she smashed her head on the dome light, breaking it and getting a nasty cut above her right eye. She needed stitches, so we rushed to the emergency room. The nurse asked her how it happened—my girlfriend, embarrassed to tell her the real story, said that she'd fallen down. The nurse could tell she was lying, and after looking at her condition (clothes messed up, hair tousled, makeup smeared), she figured it was a clear case of domestic abuse! Minutes later the cops arrived on the scene, and they immediately handcuffed me to a chair. They talked to my girlfriend privately for about 10 minutes, and I could hear her crying. The next thing I knew a cop came walking out with a huge grin on his face. He uncuffed me and gave me a lecture about how we should always tell the truth.

—BJ DeCato, via e-mail

Chicken run, but they can't hide

A few friends of mine were driving through the countryside in their Volvo sedan. And I mean driving *through* the countryside—they were off-roading. Anyway, they got to the top of one hill and accidentally ran smack into a gigantic flock of chickens. Dozens of little chicken corpses littered the ground. My friends freaked out and raced back to a main road. They were soon pulled over by a police officer, who told them they would have to provide restitution for a number of dead chickens. They pleaded their innocence, but the officer had a witness: an irate rancher, who charged them $35.52 for 28 dead chickens. They paid the guy the relative pittance while pretending to be railroaded for a crime they didn't commit. No one believed them—perhaps because at the next rest stop they noticed the blood and chicken feathers on the car's front grille.

—Mike Bock, via e-mail

Illustration: Jason Johnson

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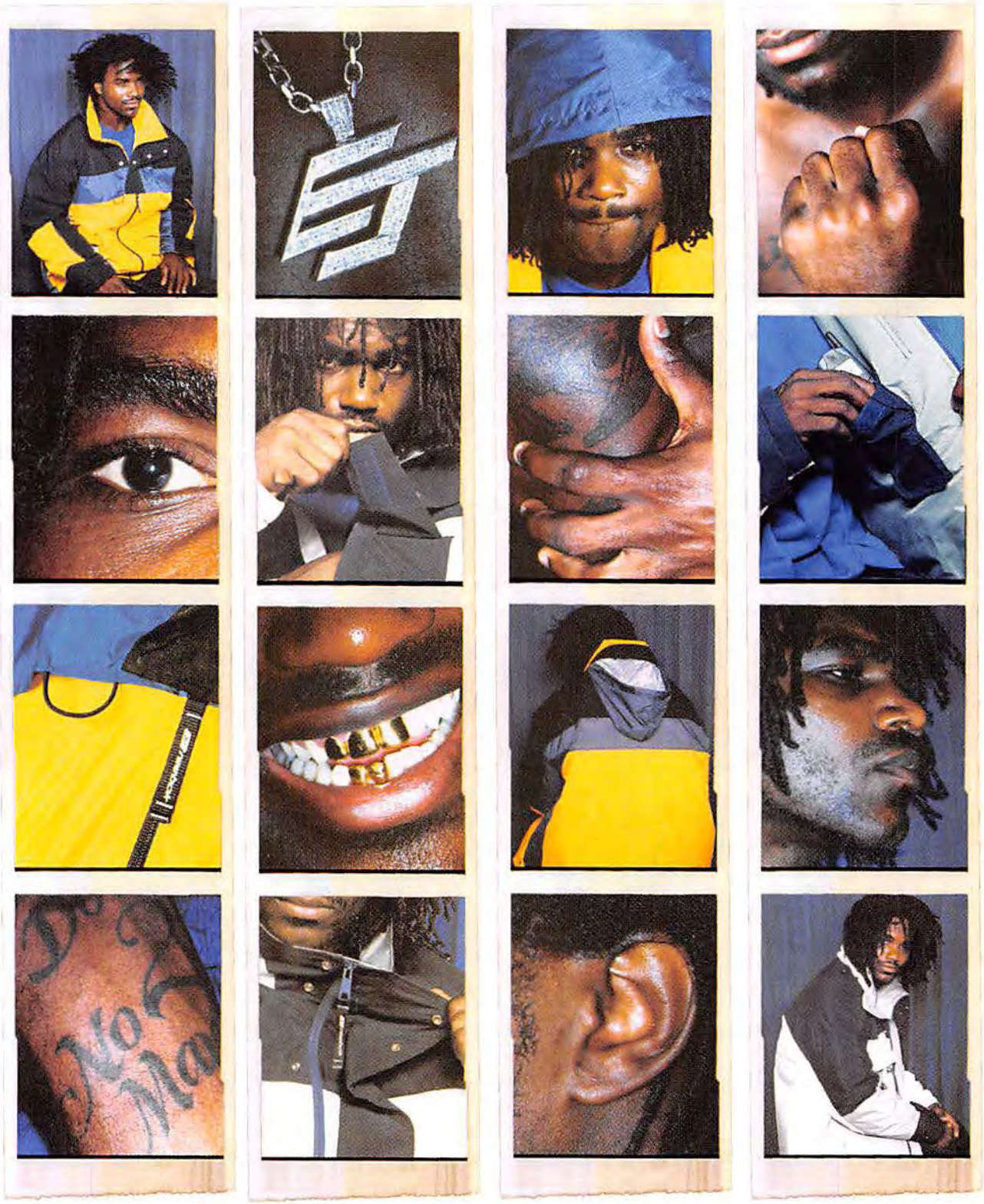

STUDY OF DETAILS (EUGENIA JAMES)

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DEFY CONVENTION

Blitz!

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First lady

She's With the Band

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CUFFARO

With *The Chris Isaak Show*, Showtime has its most successful hit to date (eh...all right, its *only* hit to date). It's a funny show with a guy named Chris Isaak in it. But it also features one Kristin Dattilo, who plays Yola, Chris' high-strung manager. You'll be seeing her in next year's big-screen comedy *Coronado*, the story of a prissy med student who winds up following her fiancé to Central America. Between a hit show and feature films, is there anything Kristin can't do? We took the liberty of interviewing her to find out. Shhh—your grateful look of disbelief is thanks enough.

STUFF: Word on the street/Internet is that you were in Aerosmith's "Janie's Got a Gun" video. Was that you running away from the pain?
KRISTIN: Yes, I was running away from the pain. There was no such thing as an Aerosmith girl at that time. I didn't get to meet the band.

***The Chris Isaak Show* films in Vancouver, the Amsterdam of North America. I hear that all people do there is smoke pot and get erotic massages.**
There are a lot of spas. I was amazed. There are, like, 15 different massage ads and, literally, they'll state "nonsexual or sexual." A lot of the guys—they'll love that I'm saying this—seem to know a lot about it. And, as far as the prostitution, there are beautiful prostitutes in Vancouver. Seriously, they're beautiful, beautiful prostitutes.

OK, I believe you. You like painting. Any favorite subjects? Maybe gorgeous prostitutes?
I'm going to sound like the biggest freak. I love to paint fat women from the '50s.

Speaking of which, do you think Chris Isaak is hot? 'Cause I sure don't. I daresay that I'm not the least bit attracted to him.
I'm not attracted to him, either. But it seems like you and I are the only people in the world who aren't.

Is there any musician out there who *does* float your proverbial boat?
Lenny Kravitz. It seems like Lenny stands for something very real. He just does his thing and does it for himself. He's sexy and intelligent and beautiful and...I sound like a stalker.

Not at all. By the by, could you leave your home number, the names of your immediate family members and a list of your likes and dislikes with my secretary? It's standard procedure. *—Mike Olson*

I can see my house from here! thought the horse. Which was odd, because it wasn't a *house* so much as a condo.

CATTLE-PULT

Everybody loves lifeless mammals and medieval weaponry, but it took the genius of one Hew Kennedy to illustrate that these two great tastes taste great together. The enterprising old Brit has constructed a 60-foot catapult and entertains locals within the Shrewsbury countryside by flinging all manner of odd objects including a piano, the (already dead) horse pictured here, an equally deceased cow and a pig on a parachute. "Not all of them burst on impact," reports Kennedy. "But when they do, the kids love paddling in the guts." Never one to rest on his laurels/entrails, Hew's hard at work on a 120-foot steel catapult from which he plans to fling a double-decker bus. Hew, you're triple-decker nuts!

IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our regular roundup of a world gone wrong.

Hairy Bunny = Funny

Looking for something to lift your spirits while at work? Why not log on to www.stupidanimals.freeserve.co.uk and grab one of these Rogained rabbits for your desktop's wallpaper? Eighteen-year-old North London University student Tom Robinson has an affinity for kooky-looking critters and decided to share his collection with the world. But don't let the URL fool you–Tom doesn't think these freakish furries are stupid at all. "I definitely empathize with them," says Tom. "I love them–really." The bare-bones site is nothing but image after image of morose monkeys, poorly dressed doggies and embryonic aardvarks set against a catchy soundtrack that plays as though it were composed on an eight-key Casio keyboard. All of this invites the question: During this time of violence and uncertainty, what can stupid animals teach us? "That there will always be stupid animals," Robinson claims. "Even if there's a nuclear holocaust, we'll still have stupid cockroaches." Uh, cockroaches are bugs, Tom. Who's stupid now, bitch?

Fluffy won first prize for "animals you can wipe your ass with"

Nice Guys Finish Last (And Die First)

According to a recent study by British researchers (when are those crazy Limeys *not* researching something?), bullies are less likely to experience colds, nausea and coughing than their dorkier counterparts. "They have a constitution that allows them to be dominant," says researcher David Wolke. Bullied children also suffer from psychosomatic illnesses since they're constantly getting pulverized at recess. Which is why you should've given us your lunch money in the first place.

Teach Your Pets to Beg—and Pray!

All dogs go to heaven...and so will St. Johnsbury, Vermont, local Stephen Huneck, who has wisely spent $200,000 on a chapel built especially for canines. Religious retriever owners are able to pray with puppy amidst doggie doors, stained-glass windows featuring haloed Labradors, and pews carved in the likeness of our four-legged friends. And before you start laughing, Huneck's quick to point out that nary a bark has been heard–nor a dogfight occurred–within these sacred walls. All right, *now* you can start laughing.

Rex sat in the back of the church, fighting back tears. It should've been *him* up there sniffing her ass!

USELESS FACTS

In Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, it is customary for the streets to be blocked off on Christmas Eve so the people can roller-skate to church.

There are 364 gifts in "The Twelve Days of Christmas." ▷▷▷

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:
"Wanna know why I'm not a big fan of the 50th state? During Christmas in Alaska, doorways are often decorated with pineapples, which is a symbol of hospitality. Enjoy these Xmas-themed Useless Facts, and have a holly jolly one, good people!"

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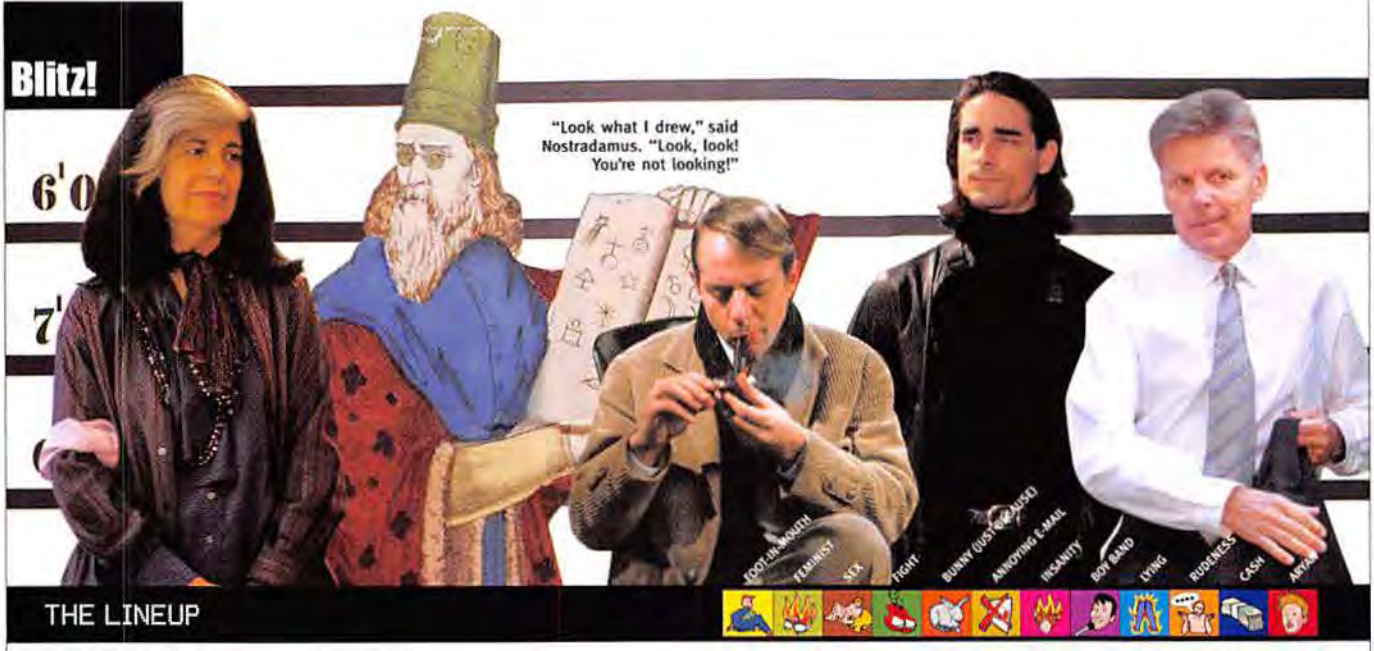

THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

A special Operation Enduring Freedom edition!

1 Susan Sontag

The feminist author wrote in a recent essay in *The New Yorker* that the real cowards were the American military for assaulting enemies like Iraq "beyond the range of retaliation," not the terrorists who were "willing to die themselves in order to kill others." They're also the same brave folk who wrap up women like so many Islamic burritos. Either way, we can all agree that it took Susan boatloads of courage to write such a statement in the comfort of her well-furnished luxury apartment.

2 Nostradamus

Turns out that the e-mail circulating with the 16th-century prophet's prediction—"in the year of the new century and nine months...fire approaches the great new city...two twin brothers torn apart by chaos...third big war will begin when the big city is burning"—was a total hoax. But his other prediction—"mine name alone will provide endless fodder for those friendless few who've nothing to do but pass on irrelevant news to others"—has proved eerily accurate.

3 Karlheinz Stockhausen

Are Krauts bloodthirsty warmongers or unintelligible, black-clad artists? Turns out they're a little bit of both! German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen said of the WTC disaster: "People rehearse like mad for 10 years—totally, fanatically—for a concert and then die. That's the greatest work of art there is." In keeping with his epiphany that mass murder is art, we invite all to come to the *Stuff* gallery's latest exhibit: "Karl's Intestines Splayed Across a Wall." Children get in free!

4 Kevin Richardson

Soon after the towers crumbled, this well-dressed Backstreet Boy lamented, "I just think we are a little bit of an arrogant nation and maybe this is a little bit of a humbling experience." In fact, many of the firefighters who died in the disaster were known for their bravado. Kev, Guess they got theirs...you ignorant little hump.

5 Gary Condit

The walking woody/intern enthusiast recently visited New York City to view the devastation at ground zero. Condit *claimed* to be surveying the damage since he's a member of the House Intelligence Committee, but let's be honest, people: Gary's probably just relieved that this national disaster has bumped his creepy ass from the tabloids. Hmmm. Conspiracy theory, anyone? No? Are you sure? How about a bit of this delicious key lime pie, then? We made it from scratch!

HEAD-INJURY HIGH JINKS

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

Odds of Eric Lindros *not* suffering his seventh concussion this season 5-1

The ex-Flyer superstar has already suffered four concussions in four and a half months. Brad Cohen, M.D., a neurologist from New Hyde Park, New York, wouldn't take this bet: "He may be a little slower in thinking about his next move when he has the puck or makes a cut." Just to be safe, we also contacted a retired NHLer for an opinion. "Smiggelty flee," he claimed. "Onna monna? Shmoe." You heard it here first!

Pick by *New York Post* betting guru Hondo.

WRONG!

Ever selfless, Adam Krausman decided to send this Homo Sausage to us instead of keeping it for personal use. Since its arrival, the turgid tube has been a reminder of all that continues to scare us about the Far East—plus it's covered with funny corporate slogans and a long list of disgusting ingredients. Either way, our art department couldn't help but swallow it whole. They're big-time meat lovers.

To quote Dostoevsky, "I done break inta song when I sees an item dat's wrong!" Too true, Dost. Too true. Have you got something wronger? Send it to us—along with your return address—and you may win a $110 pair of Air Crested Butte Nikes. We keep it real at: Crap Editor, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Roast turkey did not appear consistently on royal Christmas Day menus until 1851, when it replaced roast swan.

Christmas trees have their roots in pagan tree-worship for fertility.

A Tokyo department store once carried a decoration that featured a manger scene complete with the baby Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Mickey Mouse, Goofy and a crucified Santa Claus. ▷▷▷

Photography: (Sausage and sneaker) Damien Donck. Illustrations: Ollie Brand, Gary Brandham and Simon Brown

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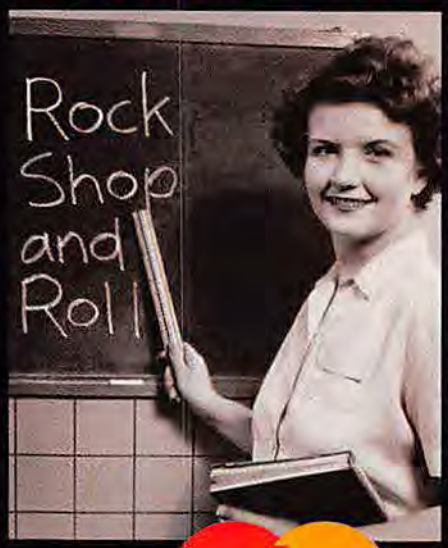

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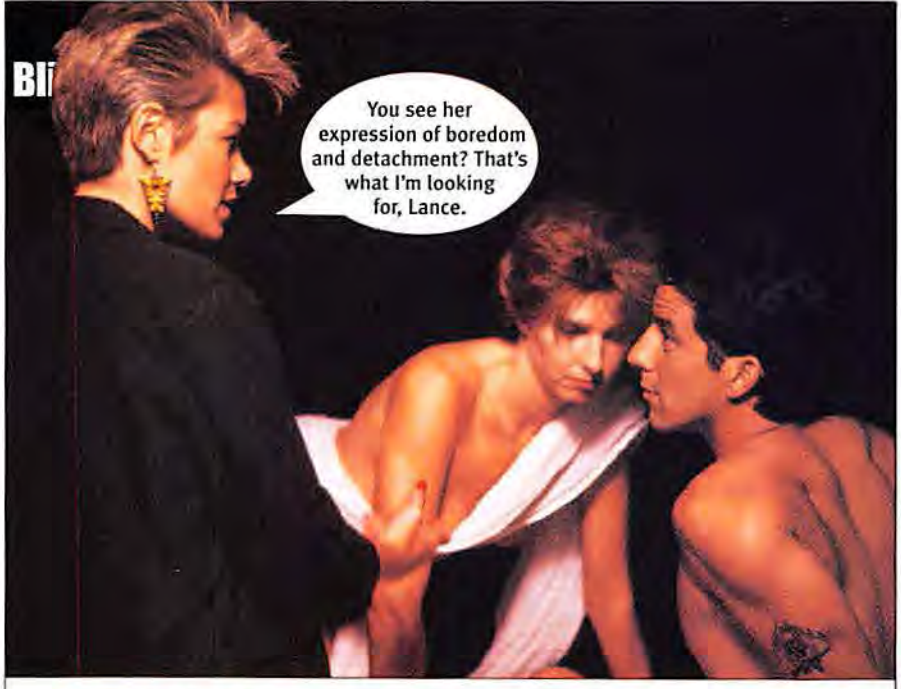
* No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Eligibility restrictions apply. For complete set of rules, please turn to the "Where to Buy" page.



Stuff Goes to Porn School

Ever wonder if porn stars need a degree to do their job? We sent an editor to a porn seminar to ask some far more profound questions. He came back with this slop.

Loves puppies

We arrive undercover (and fully engorged), deep within the recesses of the shabby little Learning Annex in midtown Manhattan, to learn the ins, outs, pinks and browns of the business that is porn. The instructor with the answers: Candida Royalle (left). A former adult "actress" during the late '70s, Candida has since moved on to create what she calls woman-friendly—or "femme"—adult movies. While Candy wouldn't answer most of our queries during the seminar, we were able to corner Ms. Royalle after the course had, ahem, climaxed.

STUFF: I'm usually in and out faster than a bank robber. Will that hurt my porn career?
CANDIDA: It would definitely hurt your chances of getting hired again. If you come too soon, that's the end of your career.

How about Viagra? Do they provide free samples?
No, no, no. They're prescription, so it's a liability. What if someone has a bad heart or something?

Oh. What's the best way to make a beeline from porn into major motion pictures?
Forget about it. Mainstream producers have some of the biggest porn collections, but they'll never hire anyone who's been in porn.

Uh, Traci Lords? Mommy says I remind her of Traci.
She is a rarity. Harry Reems tried to break into the biz. He'd done Shakespeare. But after *Deep Throat*, the doors were closed. He'd been typecast.

My sister is pretty hot. Is there a market for the ultimate of sex taboos?
[*Pauses*] Oh. No, not now. The industry really has to self-regulate. After Bush nominated Ashcroft...the industry is bracing itself for a very, very tough time.

Bathing: A requirement or an option?
I'd say that if you ever come to a set not smelling totally clean, you will never be let back on one.

I'm a hard-core Episcopalian. In the end, will this business compromise my religious beliefs?
I'm not too familiar with what being a hard-core Episcopalian means. It could definitely open you up and make you more comfortable with your own sexual perversions. If that goes against being a hard-core Episcopalian, then you're in trouble.

Are male actors allowed to choose the actresses they have sex with? I'm very picky.
No. For the most part, the women are deferred to.

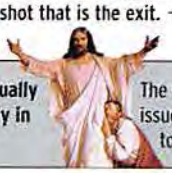
I don't like to work out. How reasonably out of shape can I get away with being?
Well, look at Ron Jeremy. If you're an incredible performer, you can be out of shape.

I love porn names. Has Big Dick McFuckalotty been taken? If not, I got dibs.
I think you can make a safe bet that it's available. But you might want to shorten it to Big Dick Fuck.

The nickname's deceptive—when naked, I'm often mistaken for a woman. How much work will I get?
I knew this guy...there was something wrong. Erect, he was an inch and a half long. Most men with small penises become adept at oral. And this guy actually worked in some movies. I don't think he had much of a career in it, but he worked.

Huzzah! And on that happy note, I will hit the money shot that is the exit. *-Bill Schulz*

The swaddling clothes Jesus was wrapped in were actually like a mummy's bandages. Babies were wrapped tightly in strips of cloth so their limbs would grow straight.



The state of California has issued six driver's licenses to Jesus Christ.

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YOU DRINK–HE'LL THINK

THE LORD OF THE BAR

You're confused and need help–let the Lord pour you another glass of chaos. You'll feel better.

DEAR LORD,

When I first started dating my girlfriend, I happily paid for drinks and food when we went out. However, it's been four months and my wallet is getting thin. How can I maintain the relationship without going broke?

–Jim McGuire, Denver

This is a common question many men have, Jim. Like you, they are happy to foot the bill at the beginning of a relationship but then feel that they are being taken advantage of when they have to bear the entire burden of getting a woman drunk enough to engage in interesting acts of sex. The solution is obvious. It's all well and good to do the old-fashioned, gentlemanly thing–after all, the traditions of our fathers were once necessary, because women didn't put out nearly as easily as they do now. But when the burden of the romance becomes unbearable, do the modern thing and end the relationship. Find a new woman who makes you feel good about shelling out cash for food and drinks for the chance to rub her private parts. You'll know it's time to move on when what you feel in your pants is nothing other than the thickness of your wallet.

Got a question for the Lord? Ask it at **www.stuffmagazine.com.**

BEST BOTTLES

BACARDI O

Finally there's a booze suited to the man who can mutter only single vowel sounds: Bacardi's new Original Orange Rum, known simply as O. Not to be confused with that horrible magazine, O is made with mandarin oranges (which are actually Sicilian). Smooth, crisp and a wee bit sweet, it can be used to make a new breed of martinis, or you can mix it with club soda. Don't forget to drink O–it tastes better that way. One more reason O is terrific: It's easier to say than Bielle Rhum Vieux, which is another great rum. But you have to be sober just to order it. $14

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:
"The color orange is mentally stimulating, as well as sociable ironically, oranges tend to be boring and self-absorbed. Just try dating one and you'll see what I mean. That's the gist!"

TWO STUPID JOKES

Ha...

A magician was working on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. The audience was different each week, so the magician just repeated the same tricks over and over again. However, the captain's parrot saw the shows each time and began to understand how the magician did every trick. Once he understood, he started squawking in the middle of the show: "Look, it's not the same hat!" or, "Look, he's hiding the flowers under the table!" The magician was furious, but he couldn't do anything. It was, after all, the captain's parrot. One day the ship had an accident and sank. The magician found himself floating on a piece of wood in the middle of the ocean–with the parrot, of course. They stared at each other with hatred, but didn't utter a word. This went on for days. After a week, the parrot said, "OK, I give up. Where's the boat?"

Ha!

A guy walked into a store and bought six jumbo boxes of condoms. The clerk asked the man, "What are you gonna do with all of those?" The guy replied, "I taught my dog to swallow them, and now he shits in little plastic baggies!"

Send jokes. Win cash!

Do you fancy yourself a jokester? Well, we ain't laughing yet. So send your best gut-buster to: Jokes, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or go to www.stuffmagazine.com. If we use your joke, you'll score $50.

THE PRANK: GET THE BALL ROLLING

THE PREGAME
At a bar with a pool table, pick out a particularly annoying know-it-all. Then flamboyantly place a pool stick across the table and grab an eight ball. Continue your flamboyancy.

THE EXECUTION
Claim that you can roll the ball under the stick. Everyone knows that the height between the stick and the table is too short for this feat, so Mr. Jerky Pants is sure to make a hefty bet. Make it his significant other.

THE HAPPY ENDING
After the bet is placed, simply roll the eight ball under the table, which is well under the stick. Tell him you win the bet, and therefore he must keep his wife. Your foe will now be a double loser. Laugh accordingly.

> *Prank by Erik L. Buckman, www.gagbook.com*

Photography (Bacardi) Damien Donck. Illustrations (Joke) Jason Johnson. (Prank) Gary Brandham.

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Mild Violence
Suggestive Themes

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Hype!

STRAP ON YOUR POP GOGGLES AND

How I Spent My Summer

By an Orc from The Lord of the Rings

Here I am at Walt Disney World. Talk about a Magic Kingdom—they made all my cash disappear! Ha-ha.

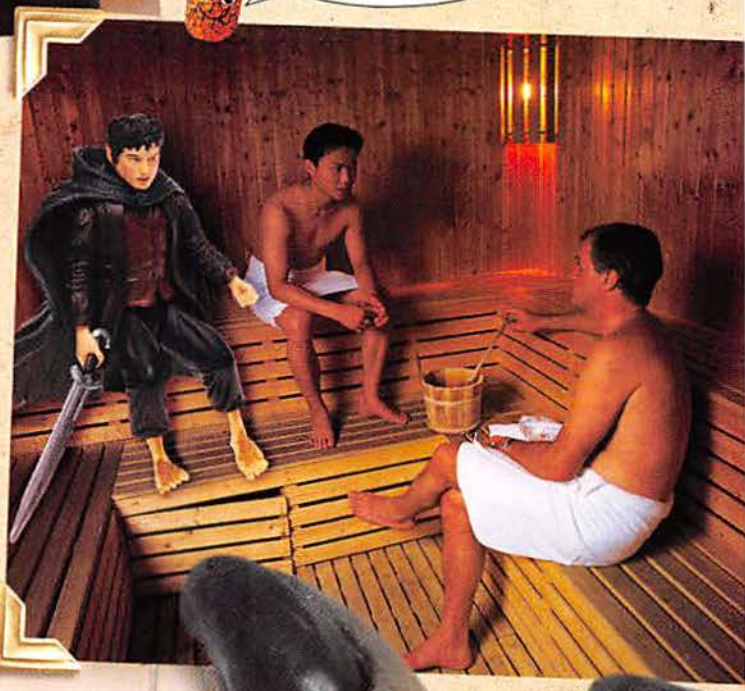
The highly anticipated *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*—first of a trilogy based on the books of J.R.R. Tolkien—opens December 19 to the delight of acne-scarred chat-room participants across the nation. How did the movie's weird, fantastical creatures unwind after enduring so many months of swordplay instruction, exhausting shoots and Elijah Wood's outbursts? Take a look at Mr. Orc's scrapbook and see for yourself!

Merry was looking for the hotel fitness center when he stumbled into this boardroom. Confused and frightened, he bit five people!

Photography: (Toys) Damien Donck.

Next stop: Chicago, the Windy City. Found this cool coffeehouse, Starbucks. Three bucks for a cup of joe! But before my A.M. coffee, I'm a real monster. Tee-hee.

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:
"OK, you got us. These aren't real people–they're Lord of the Rings action figures from Toy Biz. Collect 'em all!"



Pippin took advantage of the Marriott's sauna. No nudity for him, though. He's self-conscious about his single testicle. :-)

In Boston for one day and Legolas spends it here. Hey, Legolas—they have Old Navy everywhere! (There's Lara Croft. Remember her movie?)

SOUTHERN COMFORT
holiday recipes

Comfort Eggnog

Separate 6 eggs. Lightly beat 1/2 c. sugar in with yolks and add 3/4 c. Southern Comfort. Refrigerate overnight. Next day, whip 1 qt. whipping cream and add to egg yolk mixture. Whip egg whites and fold into mixture. Add vanilla to taste, dust with nutmeg. Best enjoyed under mistletoe.

Open House Punch

Mix 750 ml. bottle of Southern Comfort, 6 oz. lemon juice, 6 oz. can frozen lemonade and 6 oz. can frozen orange juice in punch bowl. Add 3 litres lemon-lime soda. Float block of ice, garnish with orange and lemon slices. Serves 32 people, 64 elves.

Southern Hot Chocolate

Pour 1.5 oz. Southern Comfort into prepared mug of instant hot chocolate. Garnish with whipped cream. Go for ride in a one-horse open sleigh, laugh all the way.

Southern Frost

Fill tall glass with ice. Add 1.5 oz. Southern Comfort, 2 oz. cranberry juice, 2 oz. ginger ale and stir. Watch news for reindeer sightings.

Know your comfort level.
Drink responsibly.
Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. By Volume, Louisville, KY ©2001

Handles like a dream. A really stupid dream.

THE GIFTERS

eBay Holiday Wish List

You won't find gifts like these at your local mall–or even at the mall across town. You'll find them only at eBay (www.ebay.com). And you thought the Web was just for recipes!

A boat from *Baywatch*

The perfect gift for the boat enthusiast on your list who's also a huge *Baywatch* fan and lives close enough to the water to actually use a boat. Assuming you can afford it. If not, you could always go with that compact disc you've had your eye on. You know, the used one. **More than $200,000**

X-Files Scully and Mulder Barbie and Ken set

One of the very rare recalled versions. (Mattel nixed them because the Scully doll's hair was too long.) The dolls are in mint condition, according to the seller. They've never been out of the box–just like the puppy we got last year for Christmas. **$75**

Téa Leoni is ugly. Just FYI.

Tom Green *Early Exposure* DVD

Rare, raw footage of Tom Green pre-MTV–in 1993, when he was funny and still had both his nuts. That part about his nuts is irrelevant. We just love that we have jobs where we can refer to testicles as nuts without getting in trouble. **$16.99**

John Lennon's declassified FBI files

The government collected approximately 250 pages of crap on John Lennon in the early 1970s, hoping to have him deported and keep him from bad-mouthing the war in Vietnam. Now you can get the whole damn thing on CD-ROM. Which is handy, because who has room for 250 pages of files? Well, we do. But only 'cause we can't afford furniture. **$10.95**

"Yeah, right. You're gonna shoot me. Whatever."

Wax head of Madonna

Created for the funeral scene in the movie *Evita*. Eerily realistic, unlike Madonna herself. "Bring me the head of Madonna!" you could shout, if you owned this treasure. And then someone really could! **$2,247.22**

Can handle even the thickest candle

Pulp Fiction BAD MOTHER F*CKER Wallet

If your actions or your words or your pleated Dockers don't say BAD MOTHER F*CKER, at least your wallet can. Inspired by the pocket purse of Jules (Samuel L. Jackson) in 1994's *Pulp Fiction*, this baby is all leather, made from badass cows. Look for the Vincent Vega key chain and the Marsellus Wallace rain poncho. It folds into its own pouch! **$45**

Giacomo, Randy's Italian pineapple cousin, says: "These specific items may no longer be available by the time you read this. But check eBay for similar gift ideas. Now that's a spicy meatball!"

Here's wishing you
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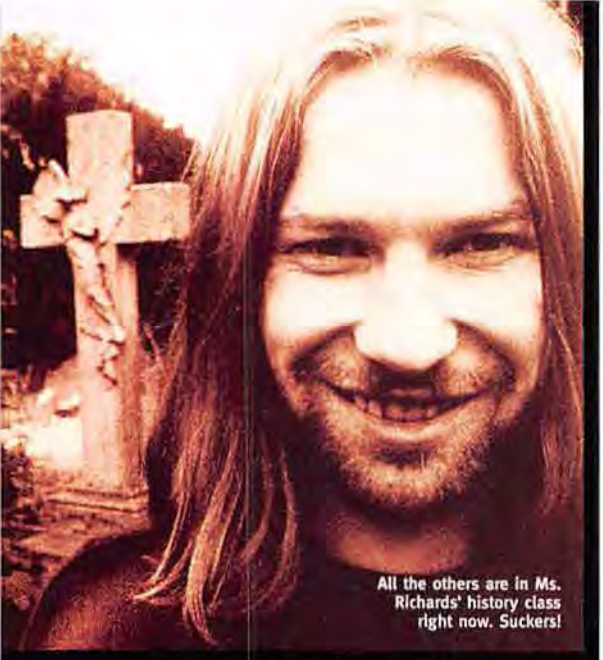

All the others are in Ms. Richards' history class right now. Suckers!

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

Aphex Twin

DRUKQS *Warp/Sire* ★★★★★

As certified music aficionados, we're often asked, "Carson, what are you listening to *right now*?" To which we reply: "You, because you're talking." But hours later, when the laughter subsides, we ponder—what *are* we listening to right now? Well, player pianos, of course. Violent drum 'n' bass. And horror-movie soundtracks. Blend all that together, as electronica guru Richard D. James (aka Aphex Twin) has done, and you get the double-CD masterpiece *Drukqs*—the most fabulously misspelled album since *Led Zeppelin IV*. The piano loops and bass on "Kladfvgbung Micshk" (sounds just like it's spelled) feels like a Radiohead outtake. "Mt. Saint Michel mix + St. Michaels Mount" is synth-laden dub. "Gwely Mernans" is just five minutes of creepy, throbbing noise. Perfect for inducing mass paranoia. You know, for kicks. —*Kirk Miller*

JIMMY EAT WORLD
"BLEED AMERICAN"

It's All in Vein

"It's about a feeling...that to change your life you have to get up in the morning and decide you're going to change it," says Jim Adkins, lead vocalist of Jimmy Eat World. "It stems from personal problems.... There are people out there with fucking problems, you know? Mine are not that important."

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

			DID YOU KNOW?	WE SAY
	Lenny Kravitz LENNY *Virgin* ★★★★	The native New Yorker writes, produces and performs on his sixth album. The result? One big, loud CD. Assuming the volume is turned way up.	Kravitz is the son of Roxie Roker, who played Helen Willis on *The Jeffersons*. She was married to a white guy on the show. That drove George nuts!	From symphonic bombast to Zeppelin guitar fury, Kravitz takes us back to the big rock of the '70s. This time we're not voting for Carter.
	Sevendust ANIMOSITY *TVT* ★★★★	"Don't you feel like a bitch?" the angry young men from Georgia ask on their third album. Do we ever! Don't even *talk* to us before our morning java.	To spark interest in the group, the hard rock band's label once paid for an infomercial spot featuring their ferocious live attack.	Like Staind, these guys inject industrial doses of soul and melody into their grinding metal assault. We could never do that. We hate needles.
	Dilated Peoples EXPANSION TEAM *Capitol* ★★★	No bling-bling or gangsta posturing here. On its second album, the alt-rap trio brings back the jazzy grooves of De La Soul and the Dream Warriors.	The Peoples once said Eminem was "weak between the sheets" and had a George Michael haircut. Michael got angry, but no one was there to see it.	DP's big hooks, mellow vibe and groovy outlook on life give us the warm fuzzies. As does our teddy bear, Mr. McCubby. We've had him since high school.
	Scott Henry SCOTT HENRY PRESENTS BUZZ: THE POLITICS OF SOUND *Ultra* ★★★	When we slap together lots of cool songs, we get a mix tape (track one: "Who Let the Dogs Out"). When a hotshot DJ does it, we get *The Politics of Sound*.	Henry runs a megasuccessful dance nightclub called Buzz in our nation's capital. He told us if you mention *Stuff* at the door, you'll get in free. Try it!	Groundbreaking? No. A seamless, high-energy mix of house and old-school techno? Yes. Sick of us answering our own questions like this? Never!
	Kittie ORACLE *Artemis* ★★★	Our favorite Canadian teenage-girl death-metal band is back...and this time, they brought cake! And anger. Isn't that thoughtful?	Hmmm...sexy teen girls...feline name for a band. Teen girls. Cats. Surely there's a joke in there somewhere. We'll have to get back to you.	Call them Slipknot's vicious little sisters, if that makes you happy. Actually, they're more talented and much nastier.
	Tomahawk TOMAHAWK *Ipecac* ★★★	What do you get when you cross the shouts of Mike Patton (ex-Faith No More front man) with the garage rock of the Jesus Lizard? This album, dipwad.	Patton used to have a bizarre fetish for cooking human feces in hotel-room ovens. He asked us not to mention this.	Veers from old-school metal ballads ("Sweet Smell of Success") to jazz wonkfests ("Jockstrap"), but Patton's schizo vocals make it all nicely disturbing.
	Bush GOLDEN STATE *Atlantic* ★★	The British alt-rock juggernauts are back, and now they're 100 percent grunge-free. Guaranteed!	A friend of ours heard the CD and announced, "It has so many hooks, it belongs in a grade-school cloakroom!" He's not our friend anymore.	Nigel Pulsford's guitar work makes up for lyrics like "I am the vapor/ I am the gas/You be the angel/Of everything." Which barely even rhymes! –*K.M.*

Illustration (Song story): Margaret Cusack.

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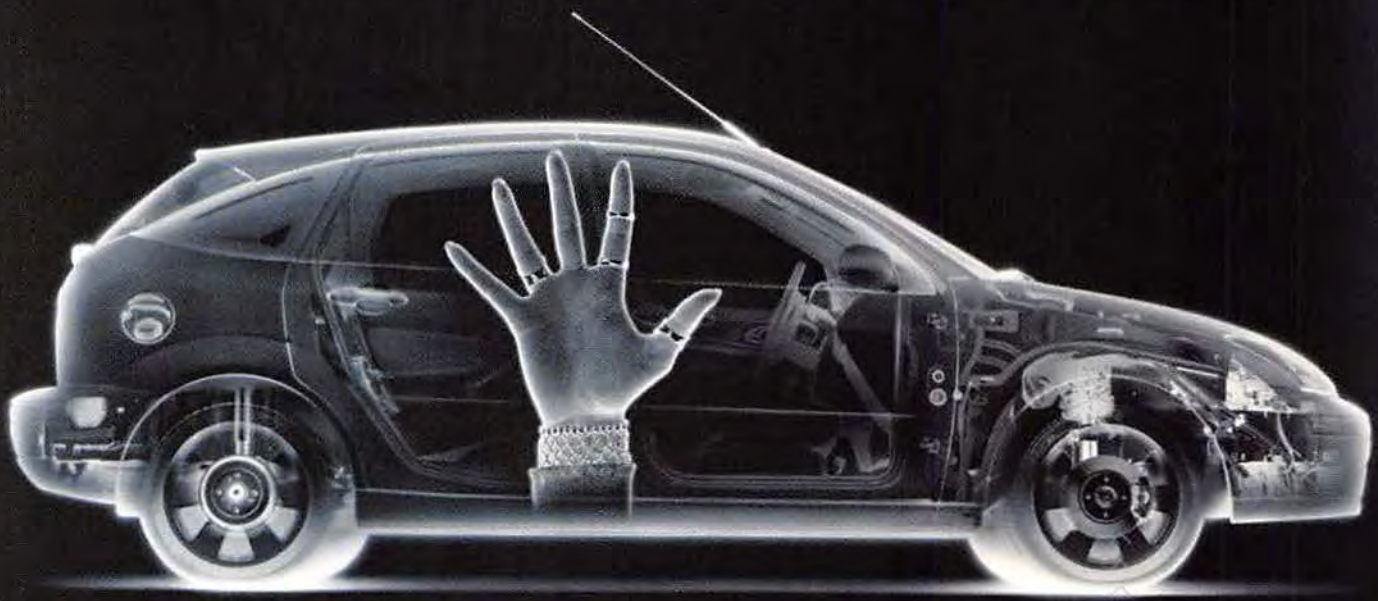

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The guy with the white guitar lost. He couldn't stand on one foot for a second longer.

Q&A

New Order

With its new album, *Get Ready*, New Order bursts back onto the scene with the force of a bunch of, um, British musicians.

It's not every day that we're visiting Manchester, England. So when we landed there recently for a macramé show, we took full advantage of the situation and looked up synth-pop legends New Order–you know, the Manchester outfit formerly known as Joy Division. After the awkward exchange of greetings ("Hey, how the hell did you get past the front desk?"), *Stuff* sat down with bassist Peter Hook, vocalist Bernard Sumner and drummer Stephen Morris and discussed the band's triumphant return to glory, its relevance in today's diverse music world and why Sumner didn't really care for us.

STUFF: You recently recorded with Moby, the Chemical Brothers and Primal Scream. Would you call this experimenting with new sounds or trying desperately to stay relevant?

PETER HOOK: [*Laughs*] Oooh, that's a good one. The thing is, you're dealing with people who were inspired by you, who have since become your friends. We worked with Billy [Corgan] on his last single with the Pumpkins, and Bernard worked with the Chemicals on their last album and did Primal's also. So is that a desperate plea for *them* to stay relevant?

Zing! What were you guys listening to before making the album? Any new influences?

BERNARD SUMNER: We get this question a lot, and it's sort of an irrelevant question, I think. [*A large plate of sandwiches arrives.*] Mmm... [*Chewing noises*]

What is that, celery?

BS: The only time we were probably influenced by outside music was "Blue Monday." With dance music, you have to check out what's going on in the world. It's more music of the moment, you know. But with rock songs, the inspiration doesn't come from other people's records.

Lyrically, I thought I picked up on the usual New Order romantic disenchantment.

BS: I don't think that's true. It's more about what's going on in the outside world, not the inside. I write my lyrics in a very detached way. I write a lot from the subconscious. We'll have a finished piece of music, listen to the atmosphere–the job of the lyrics is to paint the detail. A lot of the lyrics I don't even bother to understand. I don't give a fuck about them.

PH: I think you're putting yourself down. You're very...

BS: No.

PH: You work like fuck to get those lyrics.

BS: I'm not putting them down.

PH: You just tear your heart out doing them.

BS: I know. I care about them when I do them, but after I've done them, I don't give a fuck.

PH: You care about them.

BS: Yeah, while I'm doing it, I care about them. But after I do them, I don't try to go back and...

PH: That's what I mean. You're not throwing them away or anything.

BS: It's a real discipline. Sandwich?

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "New Order's song 'Perfect Kiss' was a big hit in the mid-'80s. For me, every kiss is perfect. I love my pineapple partner so much!"

No thanks–I'm allergic to sandwiches. Speaking of lyrics: You did a song called "I've Got a Cock Like the M1." Discuss.

PH: Because of our punk leanings, we would write a track every two weeks and go out to a gig and jam it. But it's the devil in you after a few drinks that makes you rude. You'd sing "I've Got a Cock Like the M1" and see if anyone would laugh. We also did "You've Got a Cock Like a Squashed Orange."

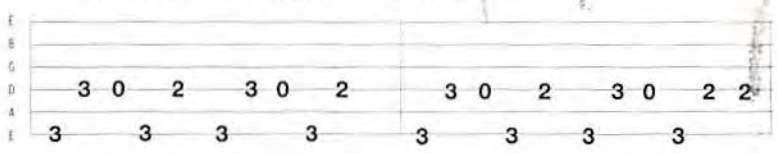
That's pure poetry. –*Kirk Miller*

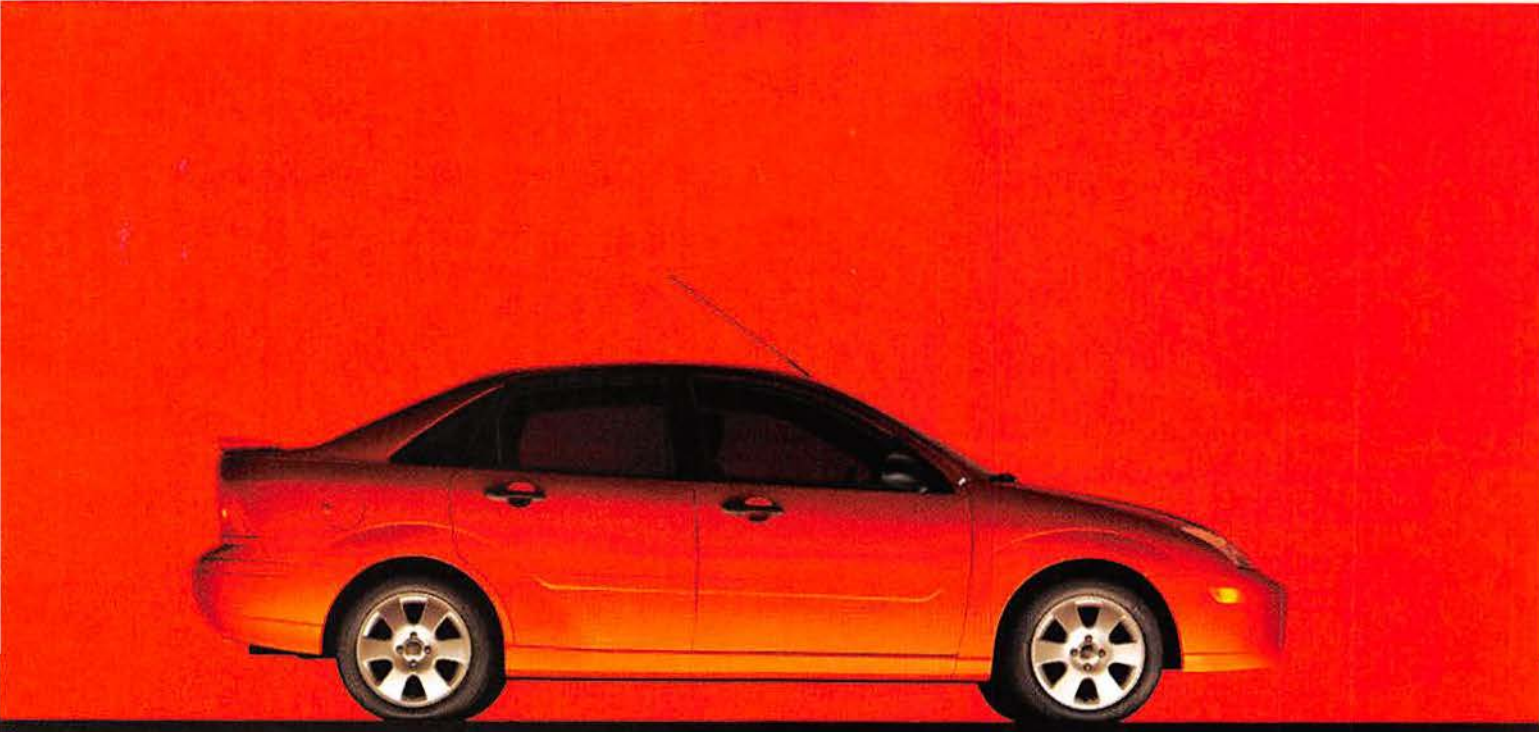
HOOK OF THE MONTH

"Cult of Personality"

The first track from Living Colour's 1988 debut was unforgettable. The opening riff from said first track? Even more unforgettable. Living Colour itself? Well, you know.

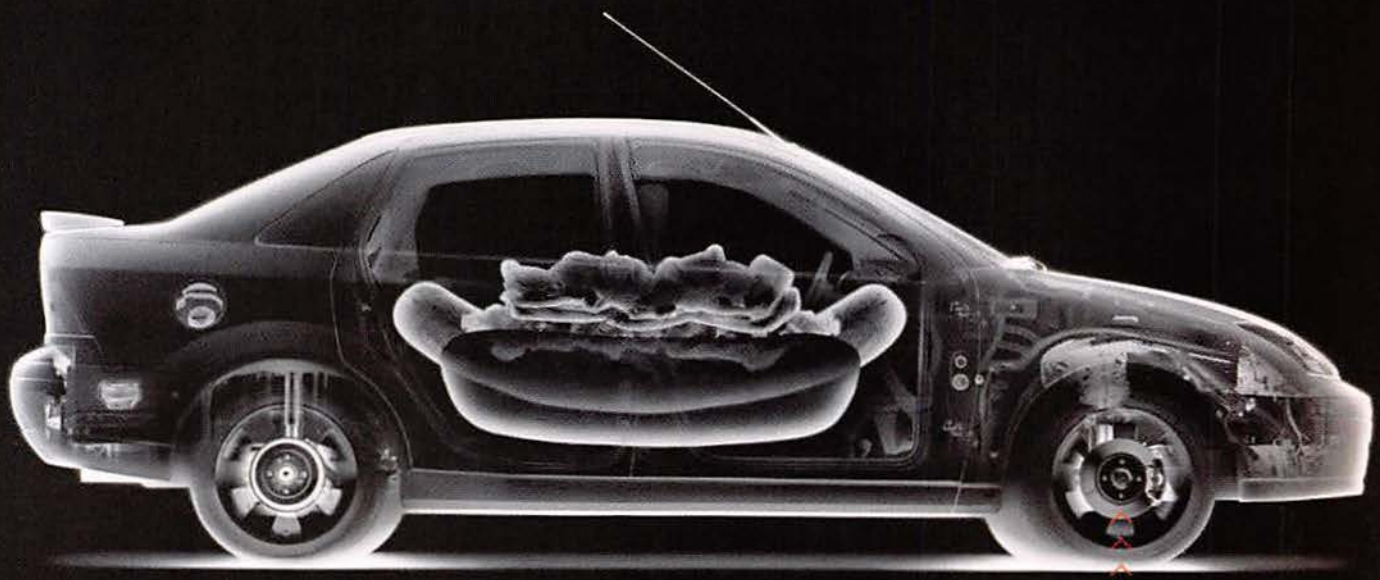
Each horizontal line represents a string, and each number represents a fret.





ONE WITH EVERYTHING.

2002 · FORD · FOCUS · ZTS 16" ALLOY WHEELS, 2.0L 16-VALVE ZETEC ENGINE, REAR SPOILER, FOG LAMPS, AM/FM STEREO W/CD PLAYER, AIR CONDITIONING, POWER WINDOWS/DOOR LOCKS/OUTSIDE MIRRORS, REMOTE KEYLESS ENTRY, LEATHER-WRAPPED STEERING WHEEL, 60/40 SPLIT/FOLD REAR SEAT, HEIGHT-ADJUSTABLE DRIVER'S SEAT, THE MOST INTERIOR ROOM IN ITS CLASS AND A NO-CHARGE 5-YEAR/100,000-MILE POWERTRAIN EXTENDED SERVICE PLAN.*



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*In Florida, coverage is provided by a 5-year/100,000-mile limited powertrain warranty. See individual dealers for details. Offer expires 1/14/02.

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They sang their hearts out—for tomorrow they would all be hats

DVD OF THE MONTH

Emmet Otter's Jug-Band Christmas

The only thing we love more than wearing innocent woodland creatures is watching said animals play homemade musical instruments. It's a weakness. That's why we're pumped that Jim Henson's classic, *Emmet Otter's Jug-Band Christmas*, is finally joining the world of DVD. It's Christmastime in Frogtown Hollow, but Emmet and his ma lack the flow necessary to buy gifts. ("Flow" means "money." And "gifts" means "George Foreman Grills.") When a Christmas Eve talent contest is announced, Emmet decides to save the holidays by joining a jug band. But the road to success will not be easy. Will Ma have to sell Emmet's toolbox to buy a costume? Will Emmet have to put a hole in Ma's washtub to make a bass? Will anyone even read this far before skipping ahead to *True Romance*? We'll just have to wait and see!

ANOTHER DVD OF THE MONTH

True Romance

The last time we killed our girlfriend's pimp and stole his cocaine-filled briefcase, things went quite smoothly. We sold the drugs and spent two weeks on a dude ranch. That's not the case in 1993's ultracool *True Romance*. When Clarence (Christian Slater) finds himself with a dead pimp and a heap of stolen coke, things get all *sorts* of screwed up. Written by Quentin Tarantino, *Romance* features Brad Pitt as a lovable stoner, Val Kilmer as Elvis and a supporting cast that includes Dennis Hopper, Christopher Walken and Bronson Pinchot. Rumor has it that in the original script, Clarence dies in the final scene. (He doesn't in the movie.) If you haven't seen the movie yet, disregard this.

We'll stick to being high on life, thank you very much. Oh, and the mescaline helps, too.

Hype! Movies

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "To lend a festive air, we've substituted holiday icons for certain words and phrases in this month's chart. The gist is, yule love it!"

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	THE INSIDE STUFF
	The New Guy NOVEMBER 16 **DJ QUALLS, ELIZA DUSHKU, EDDIE GRIFFIN, ZOOEY DESCHANEL** DIR: ED DECTER	A nerd (Qualls) is kicked out of high school and lands his tender ass in prison. While there, his cellmate (Griffin) gives him lessons in cool to prepare him for his new school.	Be prepared to wet your varsity jacket—this flick is funnier than a (If you already have a bladder-control problem, wetting yourself won't be as funny. But you'll still enjoy the movie.)
	Spy Game NOVEMBER 21 **BRAD PITT, CATHERINE McCORMACK, ROBERT REDFORD** DIR: TONY SCOTT	An old CIA agent (Redford) has to save his former protégé (Pitt), who is jailed in China. Think *Fight Club*, but without Edward Norton or that neato scene where Pitt burns Norton's hand with lye. That was so awesome.	If you like spy thrillers starring Robert Redford and Brad Pitt, you'll probably enjoy this one. If not, you might as well stay home and lick your
	Ocean's Eleven DECEMBER 7 **GEORGE CLOONEY, BRAD PITT, JULIA ROBERTS, MATT DAMON, DON CHEADLE** DIR: STEVEN SODERBERGH	In this remake of the Merchant Ivory/Rat Pack classic, modern-day mobsters try to pull a heist at three Vegas casinos during a big boxing match. As usual, Julia Roberts displays the talent of a	Clooney and Pitt are no Sinatra and Martin. Matt Damon is certainly no Joey Bishop. Anyway, Soderbergh makes it all seem cool—even though he's no Angie Dickinson.
	Not Another Teen Movie DECEMBER 14 **CHYLER LEIGH, CHRIS EVANS, LACEY CHABERT, JAIME PRESSLY, MIA KIRSHNER** DIR: JOEL GALLEN	Wackiness ensues when a high school football star (Evans) tries to turn the geeky girl (Leigh) into the prom queen in this spoof of every teen movie of the '90s. Except for *She's All That*, which no one watched long enough to spoof.	This will do for teen movies what *Scary Movie* did for horror flicks—namely, hoist them by their own
	Vanilla Sky DECEMBER 14 **TOM CRUISE, PENELOPE CRUZ, CAMERON DIAZ, ALICIA WITT** DIR: CAMERON CROWE	After a rich guy (Cruise) steals a pal's girlfriend, his crazy ex drives him into a tree, killing herself and disfiguring him. A plastic surgeon pieces him back together, despite the desperate pleadings of Nicole Kidman.	Crowe's *Almost Famous* was cool, so we'll probably see this—if for no other reason than to see Steven Spielberg on the other side of the camera.
	Ali DECEMBER 25 **WILL SMITH, JAMIE FOXX, JON VOIGHT, JADA PINKETT SMITH** DIR: MICHAEL MANN	A guy named Cassius Clay becomes the heavyweight champ of the world, changes his name to Ali and becomes the world's best-known athlete in a story line as tightly wrapped as a	With his 35 extra pounds of muscle and constant clowning, Smith nails Ali so well it's freaky. But you just know that Pinkett Smith got her part only because she's a Coppola.

Illustrations: Ollie Bland

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PlayStation®2

SMUGGLER'S RUN 2
HOSTILE TERRITORY

The ultimate off-road driving adventure returns to the PlayStation®2 computer entertainment system this fall. Work for an elite band of smugglers delivering contraband, escaping the authorities and attacking rivals. Make the drop, hit the nitro boost and get across the border before all hell breaks loose!

RELEASE DATE
FALL 2001

www.rockstargames.com/smugglersrun2

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TEEN T Violence

DEER SEASON

Rudolph's Web of Evil

It looks harmless enough. But scratch beneath the surface and TV's beloved holiday special *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* is anything but.

When NBC premiered *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* on December 6, 1964, viewers across the country were enchanted. Little did they know that halfway around the world, in the Indian Ocean, a hurricane was brewing at the same time that would kill 7,000 people in Ceylon and India. Or that 24 years later—to the day—singer Roy Orbison would drop dead of a "heart attack." And that's just the beginning. Pretending to spread mirth across the land, Rudolph, Hermey and that big snow creature have wrought more misery than tuberculosis and Ricki Lake combined. *—Michael Olson*

POLLUTED WATER

In 1964, as GE was introducing a nation to Rudolph and his friends on NBC's *General Electric Fantasy Hour*, it was also dumping toxic PCBs into New York's Hudson River.

DENTISTS

Hermey the elf desperately wanted to be a dentist, but was it truly a desire to help his fellow elves that drove him? Hermey doubtless inspired millions to also become dentists—driving thousands to self-destruction. Of all occupations, dentists have the highest suicide rate.

BURL IVES

Sam the Snowman's rich voice made songs such as "Holly Jolly Christmas" and "Silver and Gold" holiday staples. But the story of Burl Ives, the voice of Sam, isn't so jolly—31 years after Rudolph's television premiere, habitual pipe-smoker Ives died mysteriously of oral cancer.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING DEATHS

Yukon Cornelius' rugged mountain-man lifestyle proved inspiring—and deadly—to many. In the decade before *Rudolph's* debut, only three people died trying to climb Mount Everest. That number increased by more than 500 percent in the next 10 years. At least 144 have died since.

IMPROV COMEDY

The L.A. improv crew Misfit Toys is named after Rudolph's pals. How can we mock actors like Patrick "Too Tall" McCord and Wendy "Go Go Gadget" Gough? It's easy. We just did.

UNEMPLOYMENT

Exactly 10 years after *Rudolph*'s premiere, the Labor Department reported that the U.S. jobless rate had reached 6.5 percent—a 13-year high. On a more personal level, *Rudolph*'s Stan Francis (voice of Santa Claus and King Moonracer) hasn't worked since *Rudolph* first aired.

ALCOHOLISM

Apparently, when Yukon Cornelius wasn't carving up mountains, he was planting the seeds for alcohol abuse. One bartending Web site lists this recipe for the Yukon Cornelius: Pour two ounces of Yukon Jack into a shot glass and top it off with 1/4 ounce of Goldschläger.

JOHNNY MARKS

He wrote many of your favorite holiday songs, including the aforementioned *Rudolph* classic "Holly Jolly Christmas." Does that make him evil? See for yourself!

GET READY FOR ACTION

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Later he reports to his virtual dead-end job

GAME OF THE MONTH

Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3 *(PS2)*

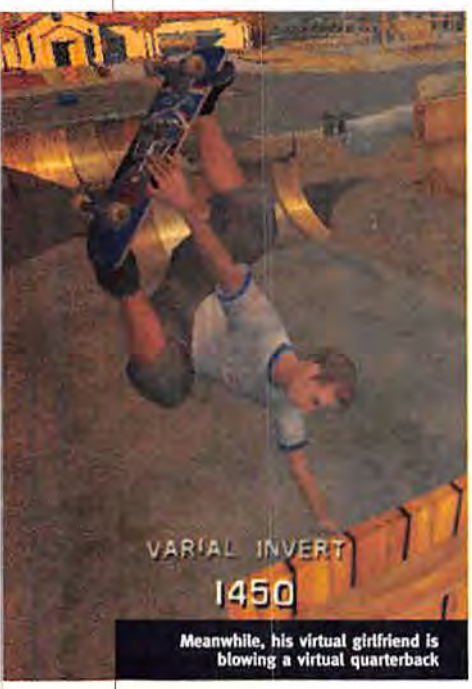
Thousands of years from now, when aliens discover our barren planet floating silently through the void of space, what will they find? Giant radioactive cockroaches, smaller cockroaches who are taunted and slapped around by the giant ones...and skateboards. Millions of skateboards. They'll study these in the same way we now pore over Roman ruins. Ultimately the aliens will conclude that we worshiped a god who skated the earth, performing sick stunts. They'll believe his name was Christopher Jenkins, a carpet cleaner from Santa Monica.

The aliens will be wrong. The true skating god is Tony Hawk. Stupid aliens! And lo, unto gamers has come *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3*, and it is good.

We know what you're thinking: *A third incarnation of this grossly popular title? Does that mean I should throw away my copies of* Tony Hawk's Pro Skater *and* Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2*?* Well, duh. Unlike movie sequels, follow-ups to video games actually improve on the originals.

True, the first *Pro Skater* had smooth-as-butter game play. But the PS1 graphics were clumsy. The second version added a feature that allowed you to design your own parks and skaters, but those pesky, sloppy graphics were still there. With *Pro Skater 3*, however, the beefy PS2 console serves up the next generation of graphics to go with the silky moves on-screen. You can also say hello to bigger parks than ever and a wider range of tricks—including the all-new capability to revert between air and ground tricks.

There are also brand-new, cooler levels, filled with other skaters and nonskaters (known as "pedestrians"). In the L.A. setting, earthquakes rip up the terrain while you skate, creating exciting challenges as well as annoying traffic delays. Perhaps best of all, the game now allows you to create *female* skateboarders. Use this as a baby step toward your eventual interaction with actual women.
—*Simon Munk*



Meanwhile, his virtual girlfriend is blowing a virtual quarterback

THE PLAY LIST

Comanche 4 *(PC)*
Pilot an earth-hugging chopper through urban or rural settings in this ultrarealistic flight game, unleashing hellfire along the way with cannons, missiles and all manner of cool shit. Then you might want to consider anger-management therapy. Or some of the bundt cake we left for you on the windowsill. It has a delightful lemon filling!

Kinetica *(PS2)*
You've gotta love gravity. Not only does it keep your hair in place, but it also makes street luge possible. If you live in a flat state not conducive to luging, check out *Kinetica*. It features fast racing, mad stunts and body-smashing drops. Also, you can roll along any surface—unlike in real life, where rolling is frowned upon in some circles.

Simpsons Road Rage
(PS2, Xbox, GameCube)
If you like the madcap driving of *Crazy Taxi* and the arch humor of *The Simpsons*, you'll love *Simpsons Road Rage*. This hyperspeed cab-driving game takes *Taxi*'s nonstop action to Springfield. Sounds like a *fare* deal to us! (Note: Please help us. We've run dangerously low on creativity.)

Smuggler's Run 2: Hostile Territory *(PS2)*
In this game, smuggling involves racing through the jungle for air-dropped packages while dodging cops and rival gangs. Superb car handling adds to the excitement. We always thought smuggling involved hiding things in the rectum. That's how we got our toaster through customs!

Top Gun Combat Zones *(PS2)*
This flight sim has close-up dogfights, razor-sharp graphics and a twist: It rewards you for flying like a lunatic. The more near-hits and under-bridge swoops you pull off, the higher your score. Remember, chicks dig pilots. So if you're ever talking to a chick and a pilot approaches, just walk away.

Half-Life *(PS2)*
Half-Life was great on the PC, letting you dodge aliens, outwit soldiers and travel to strange worlds. Now that it's on the PS2, it's even better. This version has sweeter graphics and a new two-player mode featuring foxy female doctors. Plus you don't have to boot up your PC just to play. That's time you could be spending on your diorama. –*S.M.*

The only chick on this page is Sigridur Heimisdottir, and she ain't even *half* naked. Next!

How Do They Rate?

As the newest generation of superpowerful game consoles hits the shelves, *Stuff* answers the question all other publications are afraid to ask: Which one looks the coolest?

MEET THE EXPERTS

Dick Powell
Cofounder of Seymour Powell product design, London (clients include BMW, Nokia and Casio)

Oliver Salway
Cofounder of Softroom design agency, London (clients include Selfridges & Co., Wallpaper and BBC)

Sigridur Heimisdottir
Designer, IKEA, Almhult, Sweden

Alex
A nine-year-old

NINTENDO GAMECUBE

IT'S A CHICK MAGNET: "All of the others are not humanistic–they're just big, bold, blubby and black," says Heimisdottir. "Women might like this more. It's a lighter color and smaller."

IT'S, LIKE, CUBIST: "It does look very modernist," says Powell. "The cube shape and the regular radii controller ports go well together."

IT'S YOUR 128-BIT FRIEND: "This is toy town compared with the others," says Salway. Powell agrees: "It's not saying 'megapower'–it's more friendly."

IT LOOKS BETTER THAN ALL THE OTHERS: "I would like to play GameCube because it looks better than all the others," says Alex.

SONY PS2

IT APPEALS TO CHIMPS: "This black monolith says, 'Look at me–I'm powerful,'" says Powell. Salway concurs: "It's a shame it needs a cheap blue plastic triangle to help it stand on end. But once it's there, it looks like a tower–awesome power."

IT FITS: "The fact that it stands up is great," says Salway. "People might want to place it in different environments, like on a shelf or with a hi-fi."

IT LOOKS COOL: "PlayStation 2 is a lot cooler than PlayStation 1," says Alex. "It looks cool because it says PS2 like this: PS2."

MICROSOFT XBOX

IT'S BIG: "You could lose half and be left with a better, leaner product," Salway says. "And Microsoft has made it so that it must sit at the top of a hi-fi or video stack because it's not flat."

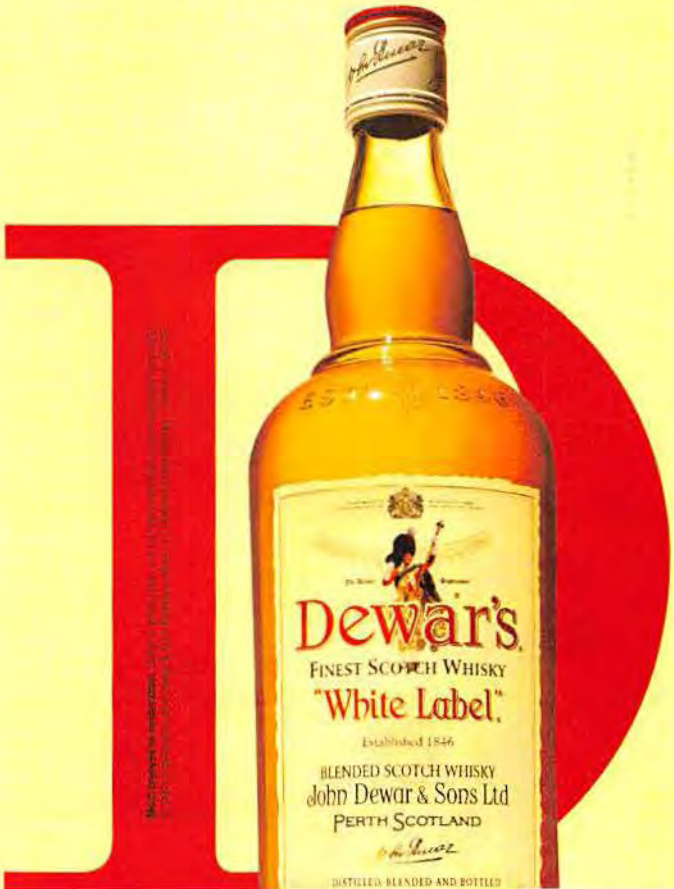
IT'S *REALLY* BIG: "It's like the first computers, the first Walkmans," says Heimisdottir. "When items are new, people want them big to show them off."

IT LOOKS COOL: "Xbox looks cool because it has a giant *X* on the console," says Alex. –*Simon Munk*

www.dewars.com

The Dewar Highlander

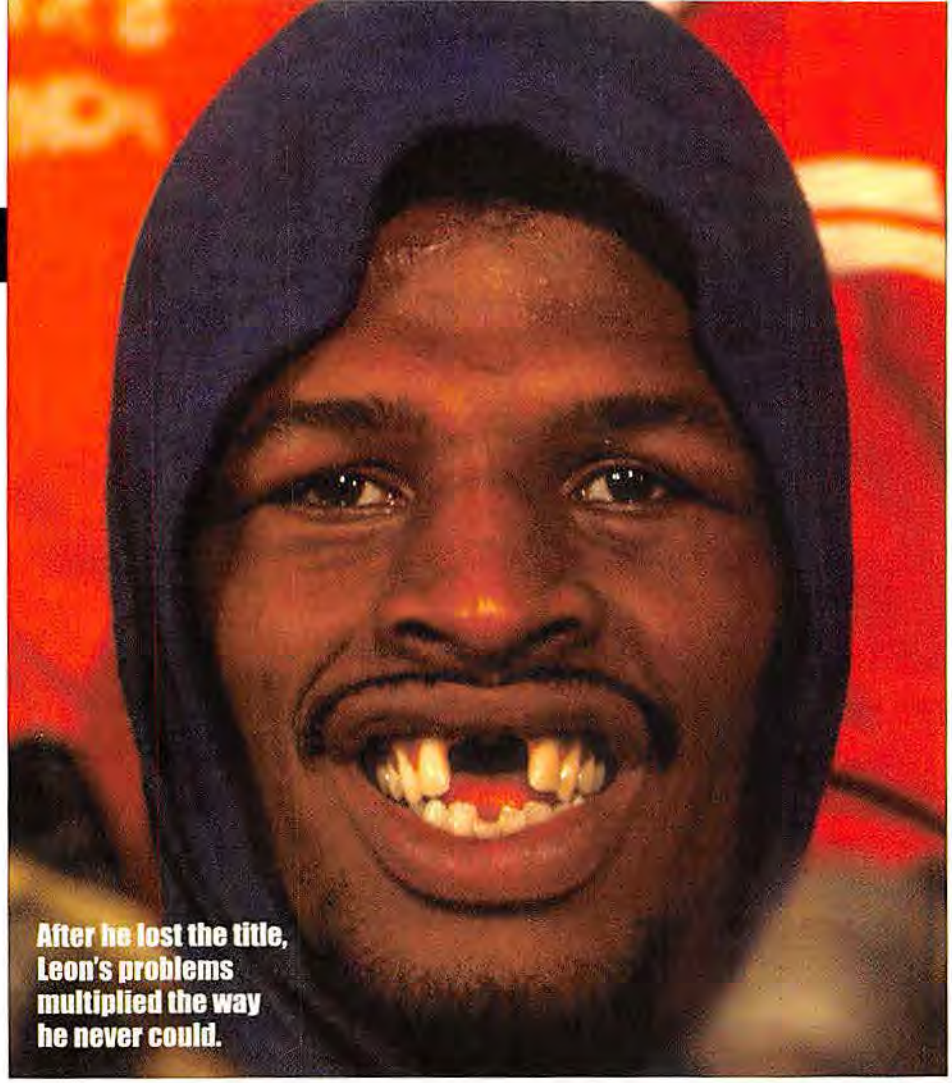
Just add water.
A splash wakes up the whisky.



GREATEST AMERICAN HERO NO. 24

Leon Spinks

In the ring, he had beat the best. But when he stepped outside the ropes, success knocked him for a loop.



After he lost the title, Leon's problems multiplied the way he never could.

"He's the greatest–I'm just the latest," claimed a marginally decipherable Leon Spinks after dethroning Muhammad Ali nearly 24 years ago. At that point, Spinks had it all–he just didn't have it for long. Things came fast to Leon. He was an Olympic gold medalist in 1976 at 23, and the heavyweight champion of the world less than two years later. When they handed him the belt, he was Joe A-List. Unfortunately, he was also destined to become the human asterisk of boxing, a gap-toothed fluke who ended up a human punch-line outside the ring–and a punching bag in it.

Growing up in seedy St. Louis, little Leon was weak and asthmatic. "I never knew anyone who spent more time in hospitals," said Spinks' little brother, Michael. When neighborhood kids picked on the brothers, they took boxing lessons. Together, the pair (who would become the only brothers to both hold the heavyweight title) delivered payback door-to-door. Leon then joined the Marines, where he racked up 178 victories and a spot on the Olympic boxing team.

In the pros, Leon whupped on seven stiffs before getting an incredible call to fight Muhammad Ali on Feb. 15, 1978. Vegas refused to take any action on the fight–Leon had been a pro for only 13 months.

But Ali was fat and fading. Leon's hand speed stunned the champ, and Spinks pounded him for 15 rounds en route to a jaw-dropping upset. Ali shook off the loss as a fluke, and Leon as a "joke." Everybody believed him–including Leon.

"In this corner...put the china cabinet," Leon told the movers.

"I was going through life so fast," Spinks says. He was rich and famous, but the crown never really fit poor Leon. In the seven months before the mandated September rematch with Ali, Leon was arrested four times for offenses such as driving the wrong way on a one-way street and possessing less than two dollars worth of marijuana and cocaine.

Spinks was partying hard and never let training get in the way. "He'd go to bed and lock his door," says former manager Sam Solomon. "And then he'd jump out the second-story window. The only way I could find him was to trace his tracks in the snow."

Leon managed to show up for the rematch in New Orleans–which was a mistake. Ali was in good shape, while Leon, in lieu of trainers, stocked his corner with his homeboys. The one pro he *did* hire, George Benton, walked away in the middle of the fight: "It was like watching your baby drown," Benton recalls.

After he lost the title, Leon's problems multiplied the way he never could. Following numerous losses to a list of losers, a very broke Leon sort of disappeared. He resurfaced in the late '80s as an official greeter at Mike Ditka's Chicago restaurant. He got the love he craved from the fans, and he didn't even have to get beat up for it–Leon finally started to earn a living off his legend.

These days he's making money signing stuff at memorabilia shows and is still fighting–he won his latest decision in a recent legal battle on FOX's *Judge Mathis Show* against another fighter who owed him money.

Neon Leon never really hurt anyone but himself...and Muhammad Ali that one time. Neither of those guys may remember it–but, back in the day, it was kind of a big deal.

NEON LEON...

Visits the Dentist!

Not for nothing, but it's about time, champ.

Raw or fried, string is tasty

Uh-oh! That's not good!

Squeeze those armrests

That wasn't so bad, was it?

Illustrations: Gary Brandham

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-Geoff Rowley
Liverpool, U.K.
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Steve Harwell

If you envy the loutish lifestyle of a rock star, you're gonna convulse with jealousy once you see his stuff. Just in time for Smash Mouth's new self-titled album, front man Steve Harwell gives us the lowdown on some of his favorite things. BY MATT COPPA

Think those girls would give Steve the time of day if he weren't a rock star? Why wouldn't they? Asking for the time of day is a simple and easily doable request.

1 Callaway X-14 golf clubs

"I play golf all the time. My clubs are probably some of my favorite things on the tour bus. My handicap fluctuates. If I played every day, I could be in the low teens—not bad. I can play with anyone and not embarrass them. I played with Tom Whalley, the president of our label. We played Riviera. I parred the first and second holes. If my back were OK, I'd be playing every day. We have so many courses, and I have so many hookups out here [in Las Vegas]."

2 FedEx

"The best part about being a rock star is getting a lot of shit for free. I love free shit. I'll have friends come over, we'll be drinking beer and I'll be like, 'Want to get some shit for free?' They're like, 'Yeah,' and I call some people up. I have FedEx show up the next day with boxes. The coolest free thing I've gotten so far is a go-cart. So I started racing go-carts."

3 Coors Light

"My favorite thing onstage with me—besides the band—would have to be an ice-cold beer behind me. I'm a pussy, so I drink light beer. For a while, we were partying too much onstage. It was taking away from the show, and the fans weren't getting their money's worth. It was really pissing me off. So my new thing is to cut off the drinking onstage; I have, like, one beer, then 20 waters. But we still party, though not as hard, after each show."

4 Mob movies

"When I'm on the bus, I love to watch *GoodFellas*, which has to be the best movie of all time. Also *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead* with Andy Garcia, one of my favorite actors. Another cool thing about the tour bus is my Speedvision—it's a race channel on the satellite."

5 Maglite

"I'm freaked out by guns, so my favorite weapons are my flashlights. I've got one downstairs and one upstairs in the bedroom. So if anyone breaks in, I'll blind them with the light and hit them upside the head with it—disable 'em."

6 Classic hot rods

"I've got Rovers, a Mercedes, a Harley....But I'm getting ready to build a hot rod—an old pro, street hot rod. It's a 1954 Chevy pickup. When I have the time, I'm going to be overseeing the whole thing. I grew up building hot rods with my dad, and working on Harleys and cars. I've always been around cars. That's what I used to do for a living—I paid my rent and paid for time in the studio by building hot rods and cars."

7 Makita cordless drill

"My favorite piece of equipment is my drill. I'm a handyman, dude. I do it all. I'm supervising my carpet installation right now. Just overseeing it, you know. I can barely pick up a penny since I ruptured a disk jerking off. I get a workout going when I do it. My favorite pornos are the ones I make at home. Me and my lady throw the tripod up, press RECORD, grab a little K-Y and go for it."

8 PlayStation 2

"*Tiger Woods 2001* is my favorite video game for PS2. That and the new *NASCAR Heat*."

9 Birel Rotax Max go-cart

"My overall favorite thing would be my go-cart. It's a new-style automatic 125cc. There's a track out here in Vegas that a friend of mine owns (Bryan Herta—he's an Indy-car driver), so I go out there with a bunch of guys. Dude, you strap into a go-cart and do 100 mph an inch off the ground, you turn about three G's in turns—it's like being in a fighter jet. If I wasn't into music, I'd be racing cars."

Check out www.smashmouth.com.

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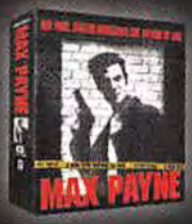

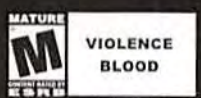

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"COME NOVEMBER 1, I WILL MAKE MORE MONEY THAN MY DAD HAS MADE IN HIS WHOLE LIFE. THAT DOESN'T CHANGE WHO I AM. I'LL STILL RECOGNIZE RIGHT AND WRONG. I'LL STILL KNOW A GOOD DEAL WHEN I SEE ONE."

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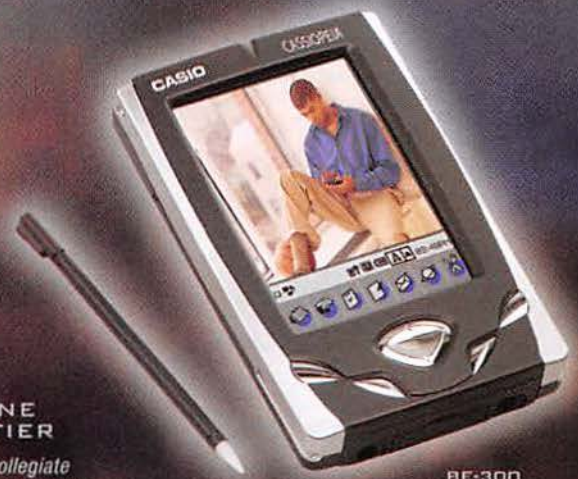

BE-300

SHANE BATTIER

2001 Collegiate Player of the Year

2001 Collegiate National Champion

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3.6 GPA

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YOU ARE SO GIFTED

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA
STYLING BY RICH STEWART AND KELLY RAE

You know what you want. So for everyone else in your life, we offer these gift suggestions, conveniently categorized by insensitive stereotype.

SOUNDINVESTOR

Got music in your blood? You might want to have that looked at.

1 **SHARP SD-SG11** $1,800
The one-bit digital amplifier in the SD-SG11 samples CDs 64 times faster than normal systems. We could explain how, but then we'd actually have to read the booklet. And we couldn't possibly do that. **www.sharpusa.com**

2 **PHILIPS CDR820** $500
Capable of playing virtually any CD format, the 820 will burn a full CD copy at four times the usual speed. The three-disc changer keeps you from having to change discs–perfect for the impatient *and* the lazy. **www.philips.com**

3 **TIVOLI MODEL ONE RADIO** $100
Though retro on the outside, the Model One's tuning circuitry is so advanced you can actually find a good AM station. OK, good AM stations don't exist; we lied. It's a problem we have, but we're working on it. **877-297-9479**

4 **RIOVOLT SP250** $180
Play 20 hours of MP3 or WMA files from one CD, or just play regular CDs. There's also an integrated FM tuner, but why bother? The disc player does a far better job of drowning out the voices in our head. **www.sonicblue.com**

5 **SONY MZ-R900DPC** $350
The latest Mini Disc player from Sony allows you to rip songs directly from the Internet. It also has a double-jog lever for editing MDs while you listen, and its G-Protection technology prevents skipping. Hopping is still OK, though. **www.sonystyle.com**

6 **NOMAD JUKEBOX** $400
The 20-gigabyte Nomad can store 333 hours of music. That's roughly 500 albums–and the exact number of records released by angry and untalented metal rappers last year. **www.nomadworld.com**

7 **SOUNDSPACE 2** $500
It's an alarm clock, AM/FM radio and, with the detachable digital media player, a stereo. Is there anything it can't do? Snuggle. See, it doesn't have arms. **www.nakamichi.com**

8 **TECH 21 BRONZEWOOD 60** $645
A three-band, active EQ control on this 60-watt amp lets you mix your own sound. We like the texture of the fake alligator-skin cover–it reminds us of James Woods. **www.tech21nyc.com**

Illustrations: Tim Jak and Eddie Bowen.

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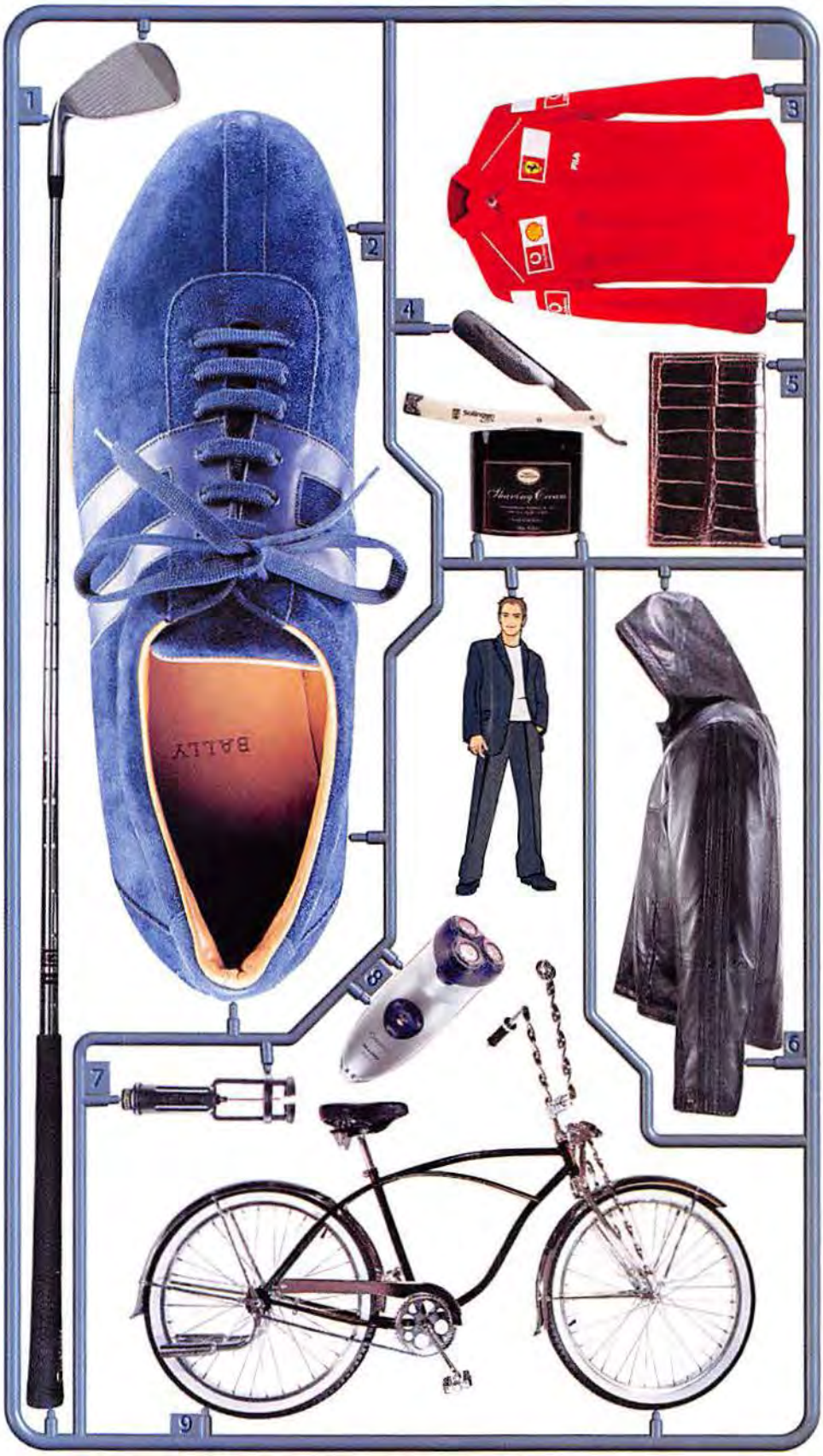
Unplug Your Idol

YOUR EVIL TWIN

Gear for the guy you could be if only you'd buy this stuff.



1 **TAYLORMADE 200 STEEL IRONS** $549 for full set
Made from high-grade stainless steel, the new irons feature oversize heads and a lower center of gravity–just like you! **www.taylormadegolf.com**

2 **BALLY FREE SNEAKERS** $260
Suede construction and leather inserts make these shoes anything but free. Our favorite part? The monotone color scheme–it matches our mood! **877-90-BALLY**

3 **FERRARI REPLICA SHIRT** $100
This F1-racing team jersey is perfect for the guy who lives in the fast lane. Get it? You know, it's a pun on the race-car theme. God, our lives are so empty. **www.fila.com**

4 **THE ART OF SHAVING STRAIGHT RAZOR** $200
Straight razors give the closest shave possible. Make sure to apply cream ($19) when you practice using it on the cat. **212-986-2905**

5 **MULHOLLAND BROTHERS ALLIGATOR WALLET** $275
Some say alligators provide a link between the 20th century and the Jurassic period. We say they make great wallets. **www.eluxury.com**

6 **KOBETWO JACKET** $650
Bursting with Thinsulate lining and platinum hardware, each jacket gets its own serial number–so if it gets stolen, you can feel really dumb telling the cops that your jacket has a serial number. **www.adidas.com**

7 **CORK POPS III** $28
Thanks to this little guy, you can remove cork from bottle seamlessly with the help of a low-pressure cartridge. Downside: It won't work on bottles with screw tops. **www.corkpops.com**

8 **NORELCO ADVANTAGE** $119
The Advantage is the only electric razor that dispenses shaving lotion to give you a smooth, wet shave. What else is smooth and wet? Yep, dolphins. **www.norelco.com**

9 **TWISTED CARTEL CRUZER** $269
The skull-tip handlebars and "exhaust pipes" mask a sensitive bike that just wants to stay home and drink cocoa. **www.cartelboardco.com**

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Brand yourself a multimedia maverick with ALL-IN-WONDER® RADEON™ 8500DV. Get the all-in-one revolutionary 3D, TV and digital video solution to do everything you ever dreamed of on your PC – watch TV, play 3D games and edit digital video. And use the amazing new remote control for TV-ON-DEMAND™ and DVD playback from any room in the house, no matter where your PC is. ALL-IN-WONDER® RADEON™ 8500DV changes everything.
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THE OUTSIDER

Toys for guys who are going places.

1 **JUICE CS4** $76
The CS4 packs a saw, the standard needle-nose pliers and a variety of other sharp little gadgets. Perfect for the guy on the fly. And if we use another phrase like that, stab us with the pliers. **www.leatherman.com**

2 **FILSON FLY-ROD BAG** $178
Made of heavy-duty Oil Finish Rugged Twill, the Filson can accommodate five fishing-rod tubes or a small wicker chaise lounge. You bring the pillows, and we'll bring the breakfast tea! **800-624-0201**

3 **DEMARINI B-52 BAT** $450
The carbon-fiber, Doublewall construction makes this bat arguably the most technologically advanced cylinder on the planet–well, except for the corn dog. **www.demarini.com**

4 **JORDAN HYPERPOUCH** $100
Nylon-twill construction makes the Hyperpouch pants lightweight enough to sport on the court. Traffic court, that is! Ha-ha! Ha! Ha... **www.jumpman23.com**

5 **SANDBAGGER SHOES** $99
These incredibly comfortable climbing shoes allow you to conquer mountains while maintaining your fashion sense. You'll look marvelous splattered on the rocks below. **www.fiveten.com**

6 **MARIN WILDCAT TRAIL** $2,600
Heavyweight shocks and gargantuan disk brakes make this bike tough enough for downhill racing. But for 2,600 bucks, it better be. We were saving up for an old Hyundai, after all. **www.marinbikes.com**

7 **NIKE ACG BOARD PACK** $80
This snowboard pack features a pocket for your goggles and a slot for a snow shovel. We use ours to hold silverware. You never know when you'll be invited for brunch! **www.nike.com**

8 **NIKE QUEST 1 SKATES** $470
Thanks to its GameReadyFit and GripFit lining, the Quest 1 feels like an extension of your leg. A black, gold and very sharp extension, but an extension nonetheless. **www.nikehockey.com**

9 **TRAILMEISTER SANDALS** $75
Lined with Lycra and neoprene, the Trailmeisters also have leather-and-mesh uppers for extra comfort. There, are you happy? **www.columbia.com**

call: 1-800-840-2933 Ext.5, for the retailer nearest you.

THE TECH FIEND

How do these new gadgets work? Smash 'em open and find out!

1 **APPLE IBOOK** $1,799
Apple coupled a G3 processor with a DVD-ROM/CD-RW drive, allowing you to play, write and rewrite CDs as well as watch DVDs. We use ours to play solitaire....What are you doing for New Year's? **www.apple.com**

2 **SUUNTO METRON WRISTOP COMPUTER** $369
Suunto packs an altimeter, a barometer, a digital compass and a heart-rate monitor into one weatherproof aluminum case. We think it might even tell time, too. **www.suuntousa.com**

3 **MOTOROLA ACCOMPLI** $600
The Accompli 009 combines phone functionality, Internet access and e-mail management with a 256-color screen. Sometimes we think it reads our thoughts. **www.motorola.com**

4 **SAMSUNG DVD-V1000** $349
Slowly switching to DVDs but can't part with your *Police Academy* tapes? Say hello to this here machine that can play videotapes *and* DVDs. Don't actually say hello to it; that's weird. Wave instead. **www.samsungusa.com**

5 **BEOCOM 6000** $475
The BeoCom cordless phone sports a built-in wheel that allows you to rapidly flip through a database of up to 200 names. Did we mention that its outdoor range is 984 feet? No? Oh, well, listen to this: Its outdoor range is 984 feet. **www.bang-olufsen.com**

6 **RHINOSKIN PDA CASE** $100
The melting point of this titanium Palm Pilot case: 1,675 degrees Celsius. We'd convert that to Fahrenheit, but we don't know how and our high school physics teacher, Mr. Killam, is dead. **www.rhinoskin.com**

7 **KENWOOD DV-5900M** $1,800
The world's first 400+3 DVD-Audio/Video megachanger lets you watch 400 movies without ever getting up. Make sure to flip yourself every three days to avoid those bedsores! **www.kenwoodusa.com**

8 **PHILIPS HDR312 TIVO** $300
Too lazy to read *TV Guide*? TiVo learns your preferences from your viewing history and makes suggestions on other shows to watch. It's like having a friend. What's that like? **www.philipsusa.com, www.tivo.com**

THEY SAY THERE ARE ONLY
A FEW HEROES
LEFT ON THIS WORLD.
YOU, SOLDIER,
ARE ABOUT TO FIND OUT WHY.

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This is no place for subtlety. This is no place for pity. This is a place where aliens want to turn humans into a bad memory. This is a place where strategy matters indoors and out, where your weapons and vehicles are both human and alien. This is a place for carnage. This is HALO.™

HALO
COMBAT EVOLVED

MATURE M
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
VIOLENCE
BLOOD AND GORE

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XBOX

BIG GAME HUNTER

Welcome to the great indoors.

1 **MICROSOFT SIDEWINDER STRATEGIC COMMANDER** $50
You can program the Commander to execute up to 72 different keystroke combinations for PC strategy games at the touch of a couple of buttons. It almost plays the game for you. If it could fart, you'd be irrelevant. **www.microsoft.com**

2 **POWERPAD** $25
The eight-MB Flash memory card in the PowerPad for the Xbox lets you save your games, while the built-in feedback feature makes the Pad rumble and quake with the action. You'll do the same if you keep eating those month-old Oreos. **www.interactaccessories.com**

3 **CUBICON** $20
Cubi can store your favorite killer GameCube moves for one-touch access and has a rubber lining to help keep your grip, no matter how much your palms sweat. But if sweating is really that big a problem, maybe it's time to seek counseling. **www.madcatz.com**

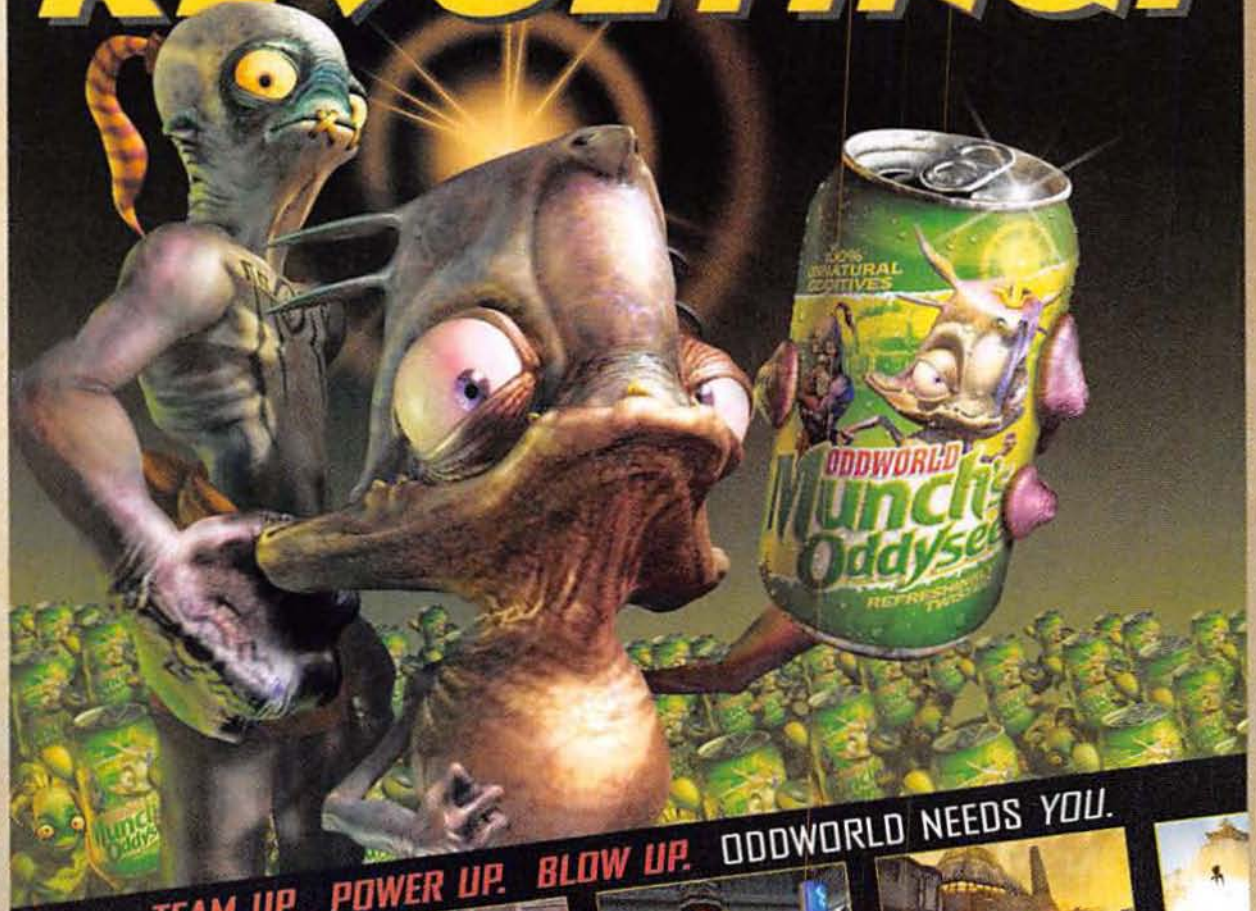
4 **TOP GUN AFTERBURNER** $60
The detachable rudder-and-stick combination for the PC simulates flying a real jet plane. It also can get right under your shoulder blade for those hard-to-reach itches. Aaahhh. **www.thrustmaster.com**

5 **NASCAR PRO FORCE FEEDBACK 2** $100
Meant for the PC, the Force Feedback also plugs into the USB port of your PS2 for use with *Gran Turismo 3* and a few other upcoming PS2 racing games. It's so compatible that it's even perfect for our cousin Norman, who just can't find that certain someone. **www.thrustmaster.com**

6 **POLK AUDIO AMR 130** $170
A center-channel speaker and four satellite units bathe you in sonic fury while the dedicated subwoofer drops the boom. Almost makes you sound like you're doing something! **www.polkaudio.com**

7 **ALIENWARE AREA-51** $3,000
Designed specifically for high-performance gaming, the Area-51 system packs an otherworldly Intel Pentium 4 processor and a 60 GB hard drive. Will it replace the love your parents never gave you? Yes, of course it will. **www.alienware.com**

THEY'RE REVOLTING!



TEAM UP. POWER UP. BLOW UP. ODDWORLD NEEDS *YOU*.

No really, they're revolting, uprising against the conniving, corporate clods of Oddworld that are eating an entire species to extinction. And you can join the fight. Be both Munch and his flatulent friend Abe in cooperative game play. Hit some twisted power-ups along the way, and lead the revolution against the misguided power mongers. C'mon. The fate of Oddworld is in your hands.

ODDWORLD Munch's Oddysee™

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POWER-UPS TO THE PEOPLE!

MunchOnThis.com

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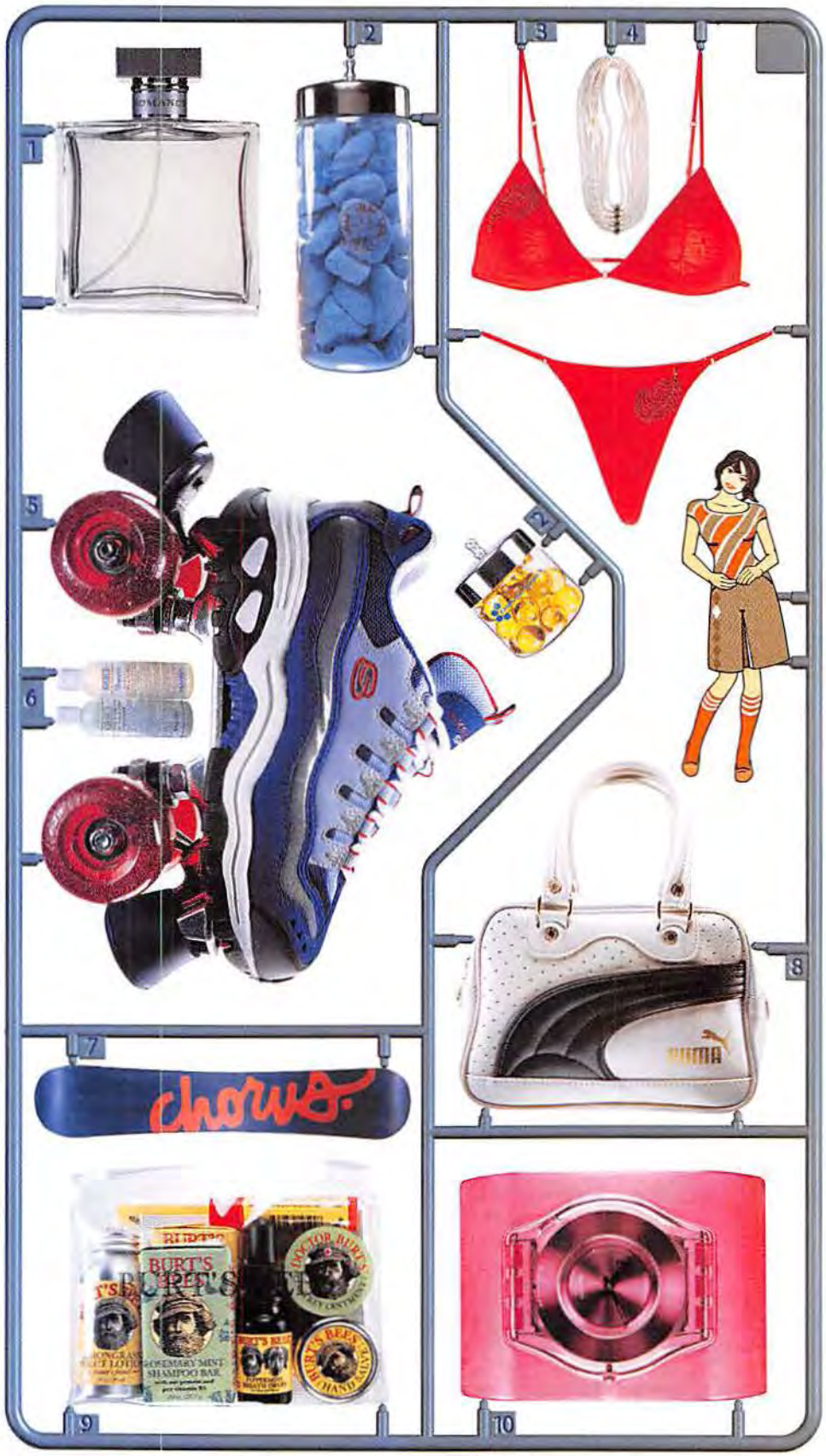
YOUR GIRLFRIEND

Peace offerings to a sometimes friendly but frequently angry deity.



1 **RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE** $45
This fragrance "evokes the timeless essence of romance." Almost works better than cash. **Department stores**

2 **CHEMISTRYSET** $8-$28
Nothing gets a woman in the mood better than bath salts and oil beads. Just ask any woman. Then tell us what she said. Girls never talk to us. **www.chemistryset.net**

3 **VICTORIA'S SECRET UNDIES**
Bra $24, panties $14
The fire-engine-red set is adorned with crystals. Promise her that they'll elevate her consciousness. It worked on our cleaning lady. **Victoria's Secret stores**

4 **PEARL NECKLACE** $1,315
If six strands of Japanese pearls by Slane & Slane don't get you out of the doghouse, then you're probably buried underneath it. **877-854-3804**

5 **4WHEELERS** $110
The skates' heavy-duty stitching and steel axles will keep her feet well protected as she walks–and skates–all over you. **www.skechers.com**

6 **KIEHL'S TRAVEL SET** $55
Want to get her naked? Give her this collection of shampoo, conditioner, lotions and soap. This has proved successful for us (at least with our pets). **800-543-4571**

7 **CHORUS SNOWBOARD** $400
Each Chorus board was designed specifically *for* women *by* women, kind of like the Oxygen Network. Except they don't make you sick to your stomach. **www.chorussnowboards.com**

8 **PUMA MINI GRIP BAG** $25
Modeled after '70s bowling-ball bags, the mini just screams...nothing at all. Because, being an inanimate object, it can't actually speak. **www.puma.com**

9 **BURT'S BEES REMEDY KIT** $9
Do baby got a boo-boo? Then heal her with one of Burt's sweet-smelling products. (Safety note: If the hemorrhaging doesn't stop, call an ambulance.) **www.burtsbees.com**

10 **PINK JELLY SKIN CUFF** $70
The world's thinnest plastic watch is shock- and water-resistant. It reminds us of our African naked mole rat, Pinky, without the odor. **800-8-SWATCH**

This is your day. You get up, you go to work, someone makes fun of your momma, you tear an ACL, you hear trade rumors, you go home. This isn't playing the NFL—this is playing in the NFL. The graphics, the camera angles, the intensity, the trophy case. Have a good night, Mr. Manning. See you tomorrow.

nflfever2002.com

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XBOX

ONLY ON XBOX

PLAYERS INC

NFL 2002 FEVER

It's a living.

www.xbox.com

XBOX

YOUR OTHER GIRLFRIEND

What, you don't have two?

1 **JAGUAR PURSE** $115
Drive your way into her heart with this hand-stitched and embroidered leather Jag purse! Hell, it beats buying her a real car. **Shop Noir, 212-966-6868**

2 **AGENT PROVOCATEUR UNDERTHINGIES** Bra $95, thong $45, garter belt $55
The mess you'll make: priceless. **www.agentprovocateur.com**

3 **CALENDAR CHOCOLATE BARS**
$15 per bar, $150/set of 12
Each bar of dark chocolate has a different '30s-era pinup girl on the wrapper. We dated a pinup girl once. She folded nicely. **866-925-8800**

4 **DROPCLOTH JACKET** $360
The stained fabric on her ironing board inspired Mandy Black to design this bleached and dyed denim jacket. Kind of makes us wonder what happens when she sees the cat pee on the carpet. **Patricia Field Boutique, NYC**

5 **SERGIO ROSSI HEELS** $595
Italian cobbler Sergio Rossi designed these black satin stilettos. And you thought cobbler was just a dessert. Isn't learning fun? **Saks Fifth Avenue**

6 **FLOOZY BAG** $15
Inside you'll find a lip gloss, a toothbrush and one condom. We think the Floozy bag makes an excellent relationship test. When we gave it to our girlfriend, she said, "Thanks! The UPS man is going to love this!" **www.skinmarket.com**

7 **GRAFFITI TOTE BAG** $64
What's so great about this bag? The reverse denim. That's leather on the inside, denim on the outside. It's like putting a bull in a pair of Levi's and twisting him inside out. Bingo! Reverse denim! **www.phatfarm.com**

8 **GUIDO BRUNO BOOTS** $675
According to Bruno's peeps, these hand-printed boots are "an escape from ordinary reality." Yes, shelling out close to $700 for a pair of shoes is an escape from our reality, but it's not like we have a choice. **Saks Fifth Avenue**

9 **NARS EYELINER** $27 per bottle
A unique cream allows users to lay NARS on thick or thin. Is that good? Who knows, but it sure made our boss feel pretty. **www.sephora.com**

200 Miles Per Hour. 1000 Decisions Per Second. »

» Catching air in SF. Looks good, earns style points and offers tasty view. But you lose lap time and possibly your bet. What do you do, pally?

» Powersliding. It earns points, but increases risks. A.K.A. crashing. And crashing equals dents. Equals less kudos. Equals loser. Better think fast, chief.

» Welcome to NYC, circuit #178. Virgin run and you're off pace. You can learn the line. Or just go for style points. Again, your call, tough guy.

With over 25 cars, 4 cities and 200+ circuits, what will you do? It all depends:

What's driving you?

PROJECT GOTHAM RACING™

microsoft.com/games/projectgotham

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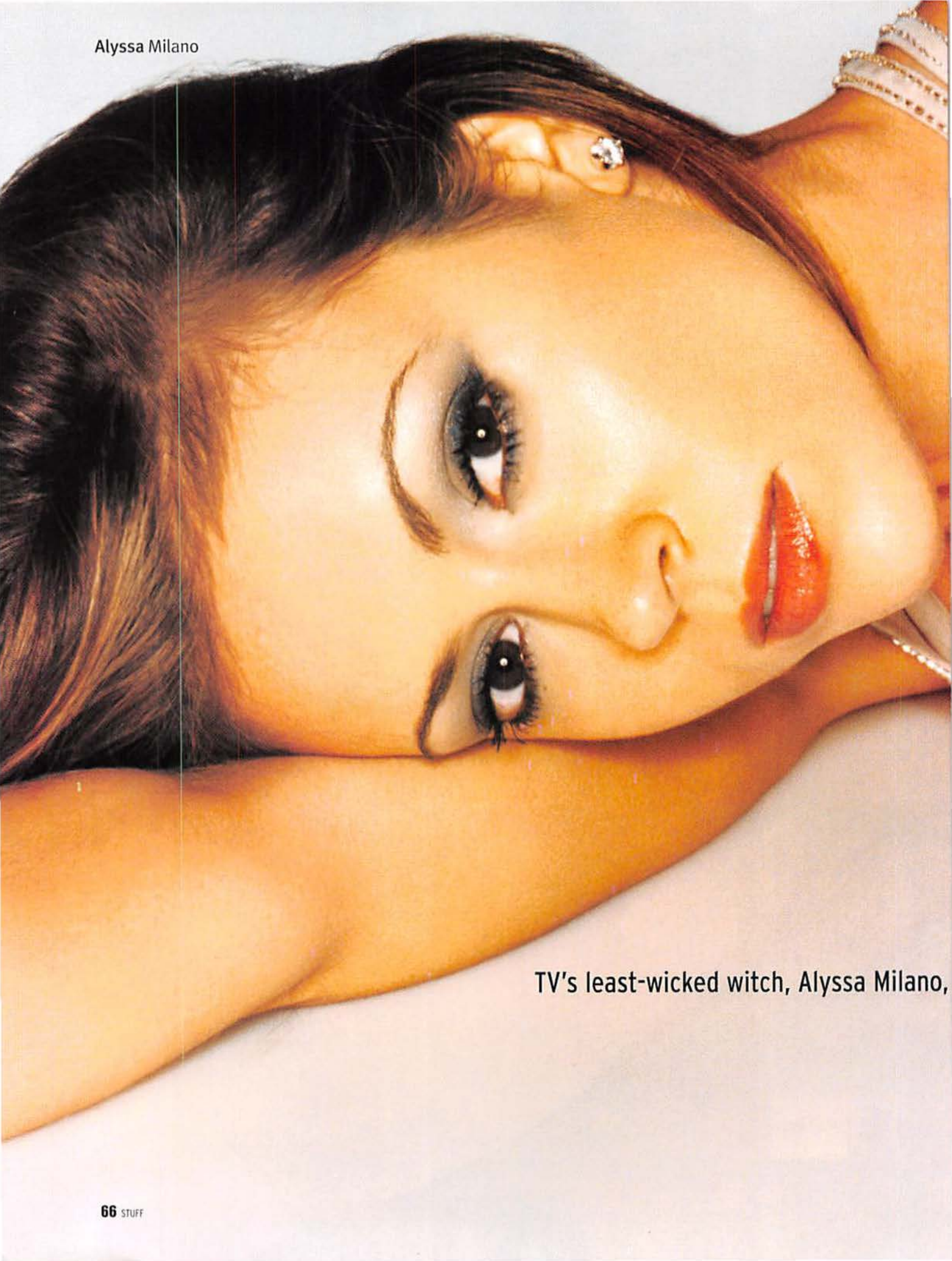

TV's least-wicked witch, Alyssa Milano,

cast a spell on us. Now we can't take our eyes off her.

charmed

WE'RE SURE

BY STUART MATRANGA PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERYL NIELDS

"This is my stallion," says Alyssa Milano, stroking a stallion. She keeps seven of them near her home in the hills above Malibu. You can tell it's hers because she's carved her initials into its neck in clumsy block letters.

OK, we're making that last part up. But this part is true, we swear: The horse looks directly at us and snorts. "He's jealous," Alyssa says. "They're very sensitive." Hey, I'm sensitive, too. But she won't stroke me, no matter how politely or how loudly I ask.

Can you blame me for trying? This is Alyssa Milano, after all—the girl American adolescents nearly went blind over throughout the '80s as she matured into the world's most magnificent woman on *Who's the Boss?* She rewarded us for our patience when she evicted her girl-next-door image for a topless turn in *Poison Ivy II* and a roll in the hay with another girl next door in *Deadly Sins*. Then she went soap-opera Shakespeare—playing manipulative Jennifer Mancini on *Melrose Place*, a kind of Machiavelli in stilettos and a tight, lacy push-up bra...but we digress.

These days she uses her powers for good—reportedly exorcising the demonic Shannen Doherty right the hell off of her WB witching hour, *Charmed*. With Shannen out and Rose McGowan in, the show (including Holly Marie Combs) offers a sexy new brew without losing any of its insightful political commentary.

STUFF: A lot of people seem to, um, like you. Are you America's sweetheart?
ALYSSA: I've grown up with a lot of people—men and women—watching me in their living rooms. I'm more like everybody's cousin. America's cousin.

And it's weird to date your cousin. So you must have spent your life exclusively dating foreigners.
I kind of went out with Kirk Cameron when I was little, about 13. I only went to a regular school for a year, and no one talked to me. I didn't get asked to the prom, which was weird. I guess I didn't have social skills. It wasn't easy for me to say, "Hey, I'm really nice." Actually, my year in high school was anticlimactic. No boyfriends.

Speaking of anticlimactic, how do you explain that fling with Scott Wolf? We hear he's incorrigible.
I was 20. We got engaged. I was a child whose parents have been together since they were 15, so I thought that

was what you're supposed to do. I didn't date—I got engaged. For a year after we broke up, I didn't really see anybody. Then I met a guy at a party and ended up marrying him [Cinjun Tate of the band Remy Zero]. We got divorced a year later. I realized that being married to a musician meant life on the road and in bars, and though he's still my best friend, our marriage wasn't working. I like to stay friends. I talked to Scott recently, too.

He never calls us anymore. What about Tony Danza?
He was my father for eight years! Tony is a great guy. He likes to check in on me every few months. We're still close. ▷▷▷

"Best turn-on ever? The back of a man's neck."

I'd keep away from him if I were you. I've been watching your *Teen Steam* workout video, yet I don't feel steamy. Can I have my money back?
Funny.

***Poison Ivy IV*: When will we see it?**
I did *Poison Ivy II*. Jamie Pressly did *III*. Perfect, right? My *Poison Ivy* days are behind me, I hope.

Apparently you're quite the pop diva in Japan. We'll overlook the obvious questions as to why, but can we look forward to an Alyssa Milano box set?
No. I got all that bubblegum pop out of my system.

That stuff's hard to wash out. You're even more famous for those MCI commercials.
Oh, yeah. Little kids only know me from those spots. They don't know from *Who's the Boss?* and aren't allowed to watch *Charmed*. It's a great night job, especially if *Charmed* doesn't last.

Speaking of which...
Shannen Doherty? You know, if you remember the way Shannen left *Beverly Hills, 90210*, it's almost exactly the way it happened on *Charmed*. She left for personal reasons, then it started coming out that she didn't get along with the other cast members. It seemed she was so angry and upset over leaving another hit show that she had to lash out at me. Suddenly it's my fault. I think she did the right thing by leaving, but once she left she attacked many people—not only me, our audience, too, and almost everyone on the show. She lost credibility. She was like a bad roommate. There was a lot of tension on the set. I have a fear of confrontation, and she can be aggressive, so I was afraid of her.

And you never wanted to bop her one?
I've lost my temper, but growing up in an Italian family, you either shout everyone down or withdraw. I withdrew. It's how I deal with emotions. I get more hurt than angry.

Is that nonverbal communication the reason you get along with horses?
Yeah, I think so. And I'm a Sagittarius, which is half horse. When you ride a horse, your emotional chakra—which in Kundalini yoga is at the bottom of your spine—connects to the horse's spine through the saddle.

I'm not quite grasping that. Could you demonstrate?
No.

You seem to have a nice way with animals, but have you ever had it out with a horse?
I've been bitten and stepped on. I learned the hard way. I love animals. I have two dogs, three cats and seven horses.

Are the animals a way to escape?
Waking up with my coffee and in my ducky flannel pajamas and walking by my horses—nothing beats that. Hey, 21 years in the business, I have only one person who hates me in my life. That's not so bad.

Shannen doesn't hate you—she hates herself.
I haven't been able to figure it out, and I might die not knowing. And that's OK.

Does your 18-year-old brother ever come to you for advice about girls?
I love my little brother. We talk about everything. I don't think he's too interested in the girlfriend thing at this point. But just the other night he was over at my house with a bunch of his friends, and this girl went through my photo album on the coffee table. She looked at my picture and asked him, "Is this Marisa Tomei?" My brother just said, "Yeah." ▷▷▷

Alyssa's Tattoo Tour: Do Not Ride with a Heart Condition

"On my right wrist, my seventh and newest one, is an ouroboros—a snake biting its tail. It's a symbol of rebirth. I got it after my divorce and after spending some time in South Africa. On my left wrist is the Buddhist symbol of Om. It reminds me of my ex-husband. The rosary beads on my back are part of my rosary collection. Growing up Catholic, it's a symbol of that part of my life. I have an angel on one ankle and a vine of flowers on the other because angels and flowers are cool. I have a fairy on my hip as a token of my youth. That was my first one. It was a Peter Pan, eternal-child thing. And I have a sacred heart on my lower back, a symbol of passion and commitment to life. Every time I get a tattoo, my parents say they'll disown me. I have to get them airbrushed for *Charmed*. Witches don't have tattoos, I guess."

"Nothing beats waking up in my ducky flannel pajamas."

"I got all that bubblegum pop out of my system."

So, Marisa, do you often entertain 18-year-old boys at your house?
Yeah, but they see me covered in pimple medicine and flannel pajamas.

Still, they know what's underneath those pj's.
They never let on.

Not to you. Date any of them?
No!

What's a good pickup line I could use on you?
If you came up to me at a bar? I'm so glad I'm not a guy, because I could never do this. "I like your tattoos"? No. "Hi. How are you?" The worst thing is to send over a drink. It's like, "Who did this to me?" Way too aggressive. The freakiest line is "I have this poster of you over my bed."

I get that one all the time. How about "You're a tasty cookie"?
I don't think so.

OK. You and Shannen Doherty in a celebrity death match: Who wins?
Sarah Michelle Gellar.

Rose McGowan. Could you take her?
Her ex-boyfriend is Marilyn Manson, so she can take care of herself. She's so witty and smart and keeps everything on the set light, which is what we all desperately needed.

You have to have done *something* really bad in your lifetime. Care to share any examples?
I had the urge to snoop through an old boyfriend's stuff. Is that too boring?

Yeah. I'm looking for something potentially indictable.
I'm the person who takes a leftover piece of meat and puts it outside the door for the ants to eat.

So that's what happened to Grant Show. Let's talk about sex. What wouldn't you try?
Nipple clamps.

Good choice. Best turn-on ever?
The back of a man's neck. I don't know why.

Me neither. How about the back of a woman's neck?
We're all hairy back there, or maybe just Italian women are. I think women with strong hands are sexy.

So...
I've read *Stuff*. Sorry, but I've never had a lesbian encounter.

We don't say "never." We say "not yet."
Not yet.

Styling: Dana Maraska for Celestine. Hair: Robert Steinken for Celestine. Makeup: Antonella Renyer for Cloutier. Prop Styling: Rick Elden, Elden Designs. Scenic Styling: John Michael. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Alyssa Milano

"I think women with strong hands are sexy."

"I've been bitten and stepped on. I love animals."

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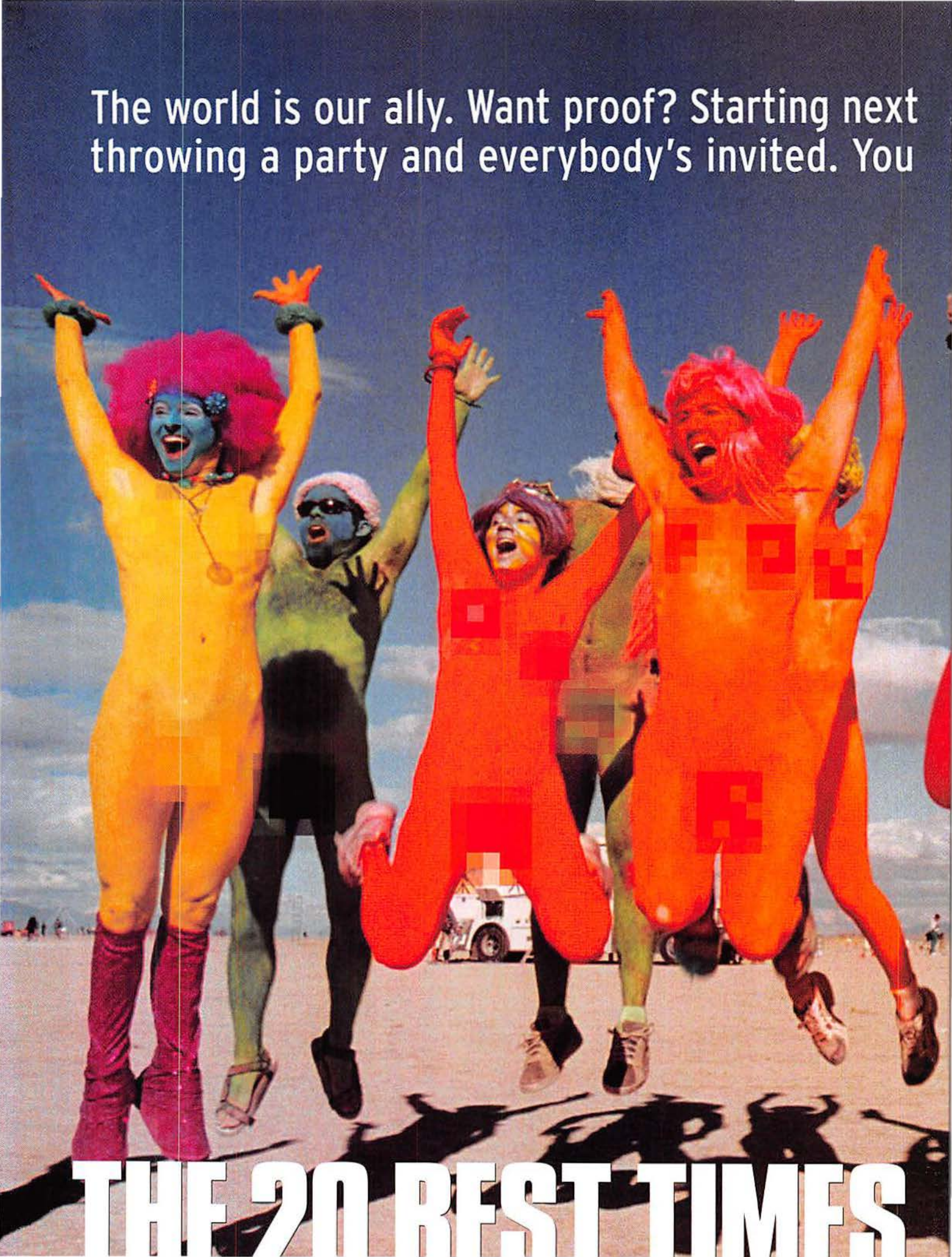
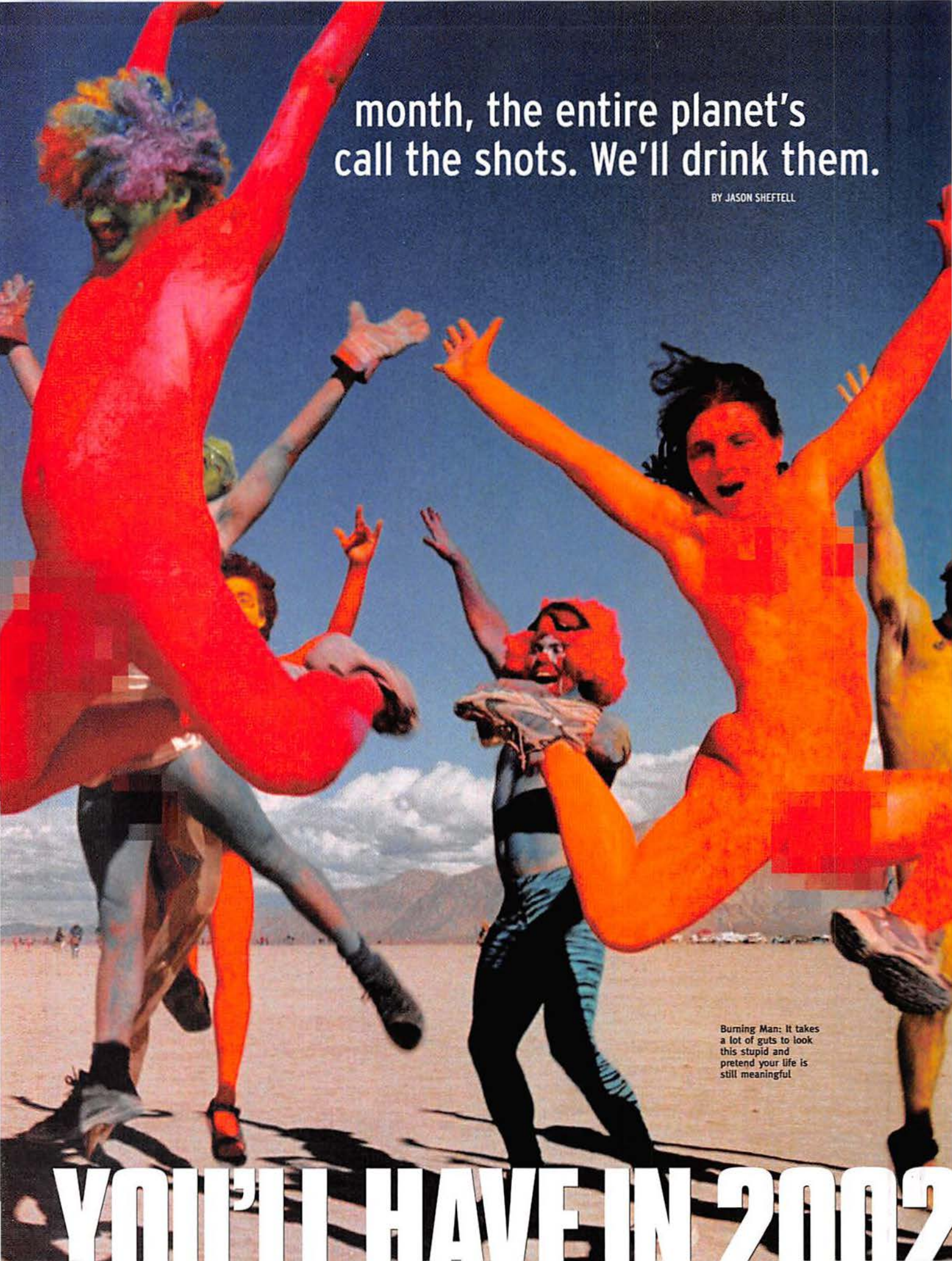

The world is our ally. Want proof? Starting next
throwing a party and everybody's invited. You
THE 20 BEST TIMES



month, the entire planet's call the shots. We'll drink them.

BY JASON SHEFTELL

Burning Man: It takes a lot of guts to look this stupid and pretend your life is still meaningful

YOU'LL HAVE IN 2002

Oktoberfest

MUNICH, GERMANY
SEPTEMBER 21–OCTOBER 6, 2002

Lasting two weeks and attracting more than six million beer lovers with its beer tents the size of football fields, this bash is a hug-and-hurl-fest unmatched since the same one last year. The flirt factor runs highest in the Hippodrom tent, so called because it contains a very large number of fat-but-hot fräuleins. Or enter the Hofbräu-Festzelt and wade through the omnipresent alcoholic Aussies at your own risk. Our suggestion: Give a woman a *busserl*, a little kiss on the cheek. Then tell her that you're related to David Hasselhoff, a national hero in *Deutschland*. It's an ugly lie, but you won't have to live with it for long.

"German beer is our way of saying 'Sorry about those Nazis!'"

Next up for our Eco-Friends? Overpopulation. Better get cracking on that group-suicide thing, guys.

Earth Day

NEW YORK CITY APRIL 22, 2002

Learn about the ozone layer, recycling, preserving land in Alaska and the beauty of braless granola gals who lead the big-breast parade. Suggested pickup line: "Hi, I don't smoke because tobacco companies are owned by oil companies, and anybody who rapes the earth should die. What's your name?" Alternative: Hit the East Village for girls who like to drink and screw. Try the Mercury Lounge for live music, Sapphire Lounge for dance and Lucky Strike for cheesy Jersey girls.

New Year's Eve

REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND DECEMBER 31, 2001

Iceland has several things going for it. The women are all blond, the drinking age is not well-enforced and, well, that's about it. That counts double on New Year's Eve, when Icelanders, who have only three hours of daylight each day in December, celebrate for 24 straight–as in hetero–hours by lighting bonfires and setting off more fireworks than they do on July 4, which is not a holiday in Iceland. Hotel Borg stands next to Skuggabarin (Icelandic for "we charge hookers to your room"), one of Reykjavík's top clubs. Beware of Black Death, a plague that wiped out most of medieval Europe, now being marketed as a potato-based drink. One traveler told me the girls are so friendly, you'll need a very experienced wingman to distract their friends. We're in.

Vocal exercises are a daily habit for professional singers. These two? They're just shit-faced.

Carnaval de Bahia

SALVADOR BAHIA, BRAZIL
FEBRUARY 6-13, 2002

Gearing up for a tough Lent? Don't go to Rio. Instead, purge your virtues at Carnaval de Bahia, Brazil's biggest pre-Lent mess, which draws thousands of scantily clad Brazilian beauties, only half of whom are morbidly obese and over 40. Stick to the outdoor cafés, clubs and bands that line the beach in the Barra section of town, and sunbathe at the Itapua beach. "It's the sexiest party you'll ever go to," said one man, who "studied drums in Bahia," which is a polite way of saying something about his parents' gullibility. "You're dancing alone one second and then you're surrounded by 10 women in an amazing circle of movement." Then they ask you to leave the ladies' room.

"Guess which hand has the insulin?" she asked the shaking man as he clawed desperately for air.

Burning Man

BLACK ROCK CITY, NEVADA
AUGUST 26-SEPTEMBER 2, 2002

With the Grateful Dead all but dead, what's a wanna-be hippie to do? Make a trek to a barren strip of desert off Highway I-80, where they burn a giant stick-figure statue of a man while all those '60s throwbacks reek of patchouli and make nearsighted passes at young girls, whom you rescue. Burning Man devotees say it's still the best place to get wasted and naked and just say "what the fuck" in these United States—but they never worked at *Stuff*. Peace, love and understanding aren't free, by the way. It'll cost you $200 to enter this brave new world.

"Let's give her a hand," wrote one caption editor at another men's magazine, who was promptly promoted.

Sturgis Motorcycle Rally

STURGIS, SOUTH DAKOTA AUGUST 5-11, 2002

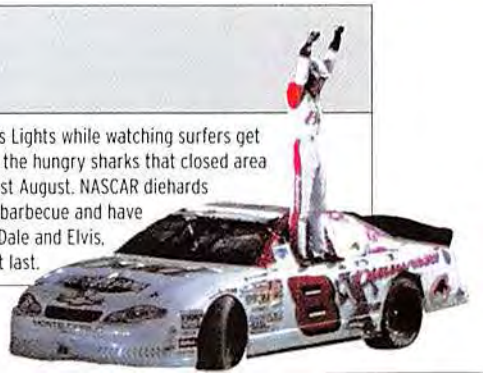
More than 300,000 bikers swarm through South Dakota's Black Hills each year for a road rally to the dusty town of Sturgis. There, motorcyclists build their own version of small-town USA, complete with tattoo booths, massage parlors, RV camps and (supposedly) a whorehouse or two at the Buffalo Chip Campground, where Poison, Mötley Crüe, the Doobie Brothers and other *musica antiqua* groups perform. At the Road Kill Café and in the streets, competitors in the Miss Sturgis contest often prance around in thongs. Take Highway I-90 to Sturgis until you smell Jack Daniel's and carbon monoxide. Leave the Enya CD at home.

The dude in the front could only assume everyone was cheering for his motorcycle. And they were. It was a great motorcycle.

Daytona 500

DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA FEBRUARY 17, 2002

The biggest, baddest NASCAR race of all. Wet T-shirt contests, tobacco spitters and revved-up stock cars taking turns at 150 mph make it as American as a lesbian-studies course. Have a drink at the Ocean Deck, a Daytona institution where bikers, strippers, lawyers, car crews, Spring Breakers and politicians drink Coors Lights while watching surfers get nibbled by the hungry sharks that closed area beaches last August. NASCAR diehards slow-cook barbecue and have visions of Dale and Elvis, together at last.



"Dear, Mom: Sis and I are having a great time abroad. Last night we went dancing. Love, Bill."

Ibiza

IBIZA, SPAIN AUGUST 5-12, 2002

"Everyone–doctors, lawyers, bankers–goes wild here," says a British banker as he quietly fondled a tea cozy. "You'll wake up on the beach every day with a different supermodel look-alike." So if beaches littered with doctors, lawyers, lying bankers and fake models are your idea of summer fun, make for Ibiza. In fact, the entire eastern coast of Spain is one long Macarena-fest in August. But only Ibiza has Privilege, a club perched high in the hills with a giant pool in the center of a giant dance floor. The place holds 10,000 people who can dance in a maze of multithemed rooms below fire-eaters, trapeze artists and the deviants who love them. Every Monday night is Privilege's Manumission party. The draw? Live sex. And don't forget the spinach dip. The spinach dip is to die for!

Guess his eyes are bigger than his anus. Not for long!

Jazz Fest

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
APRIL 26-MAY 5, 2002

You'll forget all about swapping beads for breasts the moment you start watching Southern gals bump, grind and sweat through their T-shirts while listening to the Dave Matthews Band, even if he isn't playing. The best part: The music ends around 7 P.M. as Bourbon Street starts to wake up after its massive hangover. After that, here's your checklist: Down Hurricanes at Pat O'Briens, inhale a Debris sandwich at Mother's and get a woman to dance on the pool table at the F&M Patio Bar, just because you're so happy you're not getting ripped off at Mardi Gras like you did last year.

Full-Moon Rave

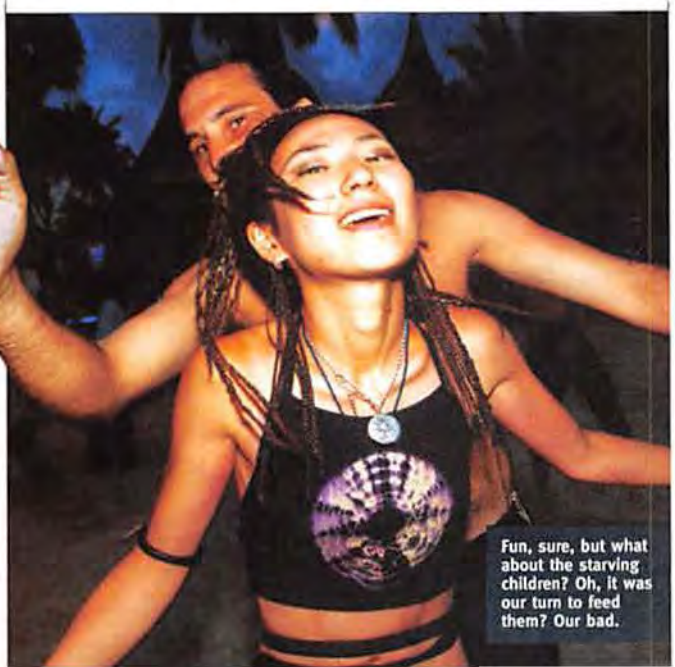
KOH PHANGAN, THAILAND EACH FULL MOON

First tip on going to a full-moon rave? Wait for a full moon. After watching women do magical things with snakes and chickens in one of Bangkok's Pat Pong nightclubs, hop a train and a ferry to the island of Koh Phangan. Even though there are almost no paved roads, you'll be joined by as many as 10,000 ravers who have rented mopeds or hoofed it to the Vinyl Club or the nearby Cactus Club on Haad Rin beach for the full-moon frenzy. "You can go at 1 A.M. and go back again at 4 A.M.," says Daryl Scott, an American record executive who partied there in August, "and you'll be with four or five different women each stint." He adds, "Bring plenty of Viagra–I don't care how old you are. And watch the drug buying." Sorry, Daryl, but we suggest watching the women instead.

Spring Break

PUERTO PLATA, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC MARCH 2002

You've gotta love a country that counts sugarcane (for rum), tobacco (for cigars) and the best Spring Break since Cancún as major contributors to its GNP. Fly into Santo Domingo and go to the Puerto Plata Beach Resort & Casino. Appreciate that, at that very moment, you are one of the richest men in the country. Travel packages include everything except the gambling and the college girls. If you're not the package type, stay at the Hotel Beach and hit the town for El Presidente beer. Meet a potential Dominican bride at the Yellow Beard Pub, an island bar with crusty old sailors drowning in rum. The bride will be the one who isn't a sailor. And stay clear of *gandinga*, a combination of boiled liver, heart and kidneys. It tastes nothing like the *gandinga* you get back home.



Fun, sure, but what about the starving children? Oh, it was our turn to feed them? Our bad.

rush hour l.a.

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Every spring and fall, he'd roll up his sleeves and clean out the gutters. What a dirty job.

Kentucky Derby

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY MAY 4, 2002

The first Saturday in May means more than ridding your garage of old porno. It's also when Thoroughbred owners and OTB addicts come to Churchill Downs to watch their favorite fillies prance around in sundresses and push-up bras. Don't leave Louisville without sampling a Knob Creek bourbon at the turn-of-the-century Seelbach Hilton, where the high rollers stay, or some barbecue from Willy B's Smokehouse. The upmarket, chic crowd downs cosmopolitans at the Red Lounge, where a trifecta is three ladies at the same time–and a lifetime of Kodak memories if you can convince a nice horse to come home with you.

Winter Music Conference

MIAMI, FLORIDA MARCH 2002

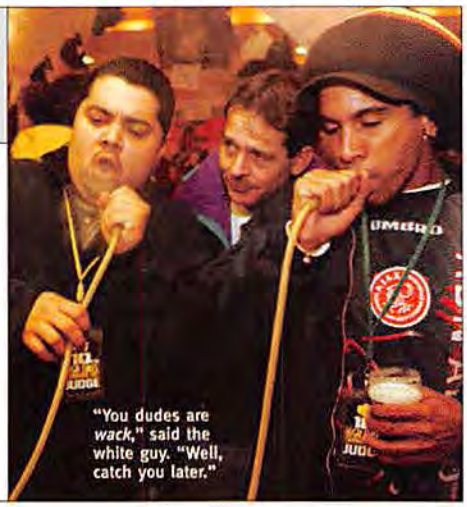
At this yearly trade show, you'll find the finest house, trance and techno DJs in the world. Translation: Bring a whole lot of aspirin, and keep a lookout for bad drugs and the models who love them. Stay at the Clevelander on Ocean Drive so you can charge drinks at the bar and catcall the street traffic vogueing by. Try www.wmcon.com for exact 2002 WMC dates and registration. Hey, Tinkerbell, if you're into the dance-DJ scene, this is to you what the NBA All-Star Game is to hoops fans. Oh, and "hoops" means basketball.

Note to art department: Great shot, guys. Not a boob in sight.

Cannabis Cup

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
NOVEMBER 17-21, 2002

With one-dollar Heinekens, the pot menu at the Bull Dog Café and legalized prostitutes as pretty as your prom queen, Amsterdam can turn a pimple-faced high school geek into an oversexed druggie overnight. But during the Cannabis Cup, the city takes on an especially funky glaze as pot smokers of the world unite to choose the best dope around. The pound cake at the 7th Heaven café may be the most enlightening breakfast food anywhere. After a visit here, you'll understand why Van Gogh cut off his ear and didn't notice it was missing until much later. If you meet enough people, you'll have a solid dope connection in every country on earth. What else is a planet for?



"You dudes are *wack*," said the white guy. "Well, catch you later."

"So it's agreed. Denmark will pay for the kegs, and Luxembourg will pick up the cups and ice. This meeting is adjourned."

NATO Summit

PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC NOVEMBER 2002

This was supposed to be the site for a big protest by antiglobalization goons, but by then most of these idiots should realize that what they're protesting doesn't mean shit, and it'll probably just be one big party. That means lots of soft-headed liberal women begging for rebellious sex after they finish their rants on globalization. Besides, it's Prague. Drink cheap pints of Pilsner Urquell at the Chapeau Rouge near Old Town Square, and dance with Paulina Porizkova look-alikes at the Roxy. Bring a gas mask, though: Czech food gives you the farts. Take the train to Prague from Frankfurt, Germany, for an easy border crossing.

Ios

THE GREEK ISLES AUGUST 23-31, 2002

Ios has been consistently included as one of the top global party spots for the past 25 years. Why? It's a mecca for swarms of nude Scandinavian girls who drink like fish and screw like rabbits. Fly to Athens and take the ferry from Crete to Ios and you will soon know whether that blond babe is truly blond all over. Like it matters. The Slammer Bar attracts Swedish girls who will be grateful if you learn how to say *cheers* and *condom* in at least a dozen languages. The best time to go is the last week in August when they start thinking they might never get laid.

rush hour chicago

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The Winter Olympics

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH FEBRUARY 8-24, 2002

What do you get when you mix female figure skaters, Swedish luge artists, Mormons and lots of Red Rock beer? Nothing. So let's turn to the 2002 Winter Games, where every woman looks like Marie Osmond and every guy looks like her brother Donny. That can be unsettling. Inside tip: Go to DV8, where horny Mormon men search for wife No.6. Outside tip: Skip the curling events. And lose the lift-ticket tags on your jacket.

"All right, my turn. This time you distract the parents and *I'll* eat the kid."

Sarah's hurtful comments haunted Fidel all day. What did she mean he "didn't know the first thing about love"?

Cuban Revolution Celebration

HAVANA, CUBA JULY 26, 2002

Fidel's national party to commemorate the Cuban revolution that liberated Communists and oppressed everybody else. Try the El Floridita, where Hemingway drank so often that they named a double daiquiri after him just to save themselves extra work. Fly in through Canada or the Bahamas, and bring cash because U.S. credit cards are seen as weird and foreign. Sandra Levinson, who runs the Center for Cuban Studies in New York City, says, "Cubans love people from the States." Our advice: Don't bother trying to smuggle back any Cubans...cigars, that is.

AdultDex 2002

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA NOVEMBER 2002

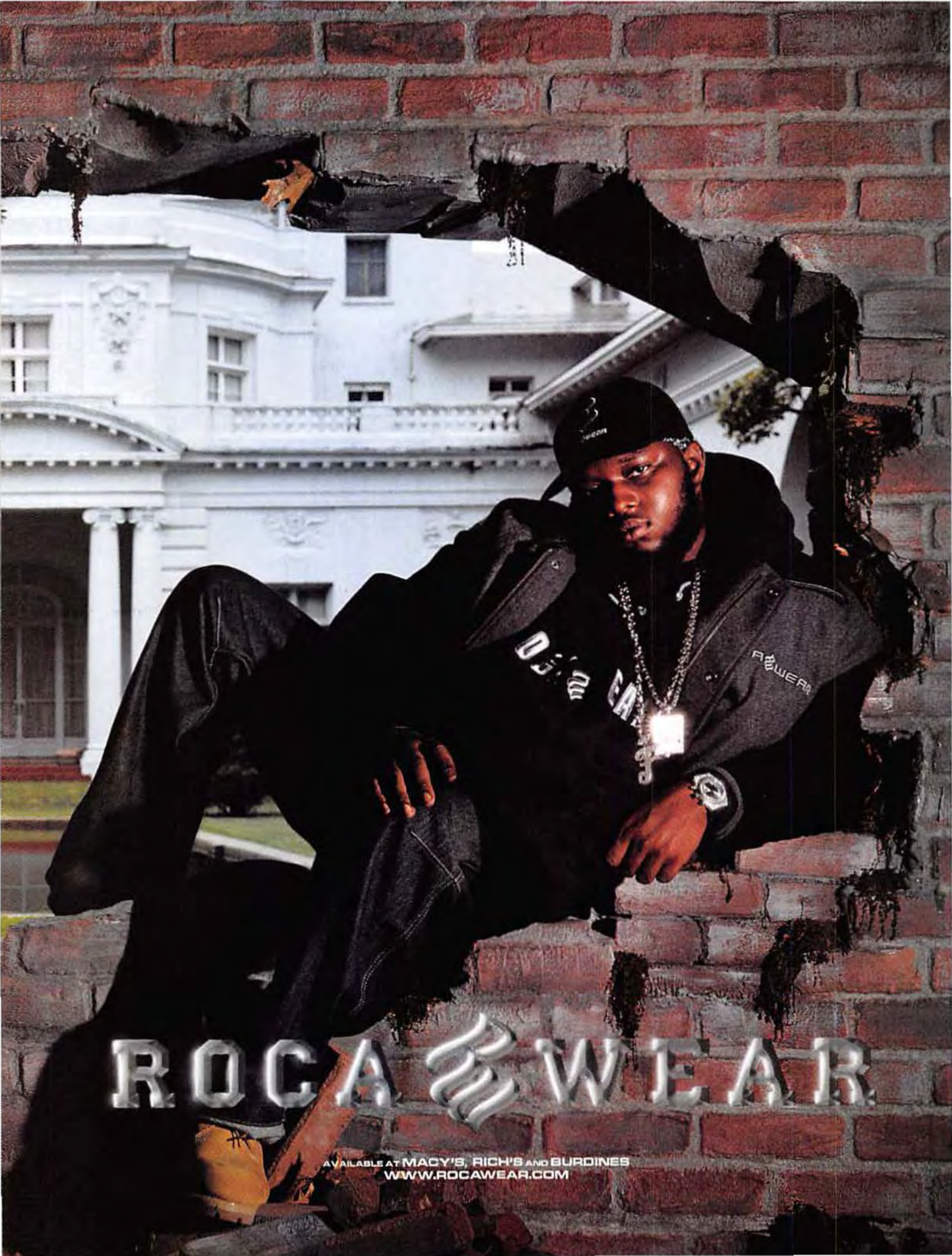
"It's like being transplanted inside your favorite X-rated Web site," says Fay Sharp, AdultDex president. We prefer to be trans*ported*, which is the feeling you get when you go to this wacky sex trade-show and see all your favorite porn stars sitting in booths–a real switcheroo. Makes you want to charge them a quarter just to see you fondle yourself. We recommend the bar at the Hard Rock Hotel, where you might spot a post-rehab Ben Affleck stumbling off the wagon. (Just kidding, Ben. Abstinence rules, brother!) For sign-up info, hit www.adultdex.com. Don't forget: Tell the actresses that you're an independent-film director.

"Even my head lice are having *ze* fun! *Voyez!*"

Fête de la Musique

PARIS, FRANCE JUNE 21, 2002

Three weeks before Bastille Day, the streets of Paris are closed off for more wine swigging and music than the French have seen since the Germans came to town back in 1940. The occasion is this festival, which began as a way to showcase local musicians until some passing Danes pointed out that there weren't any. So now the Parisians import the musicians, including English pop stars, Cuban dance bands and American rappers. Last year Oasis played a show in front of a lit-up Place de la Republique, French for "place to score major weed."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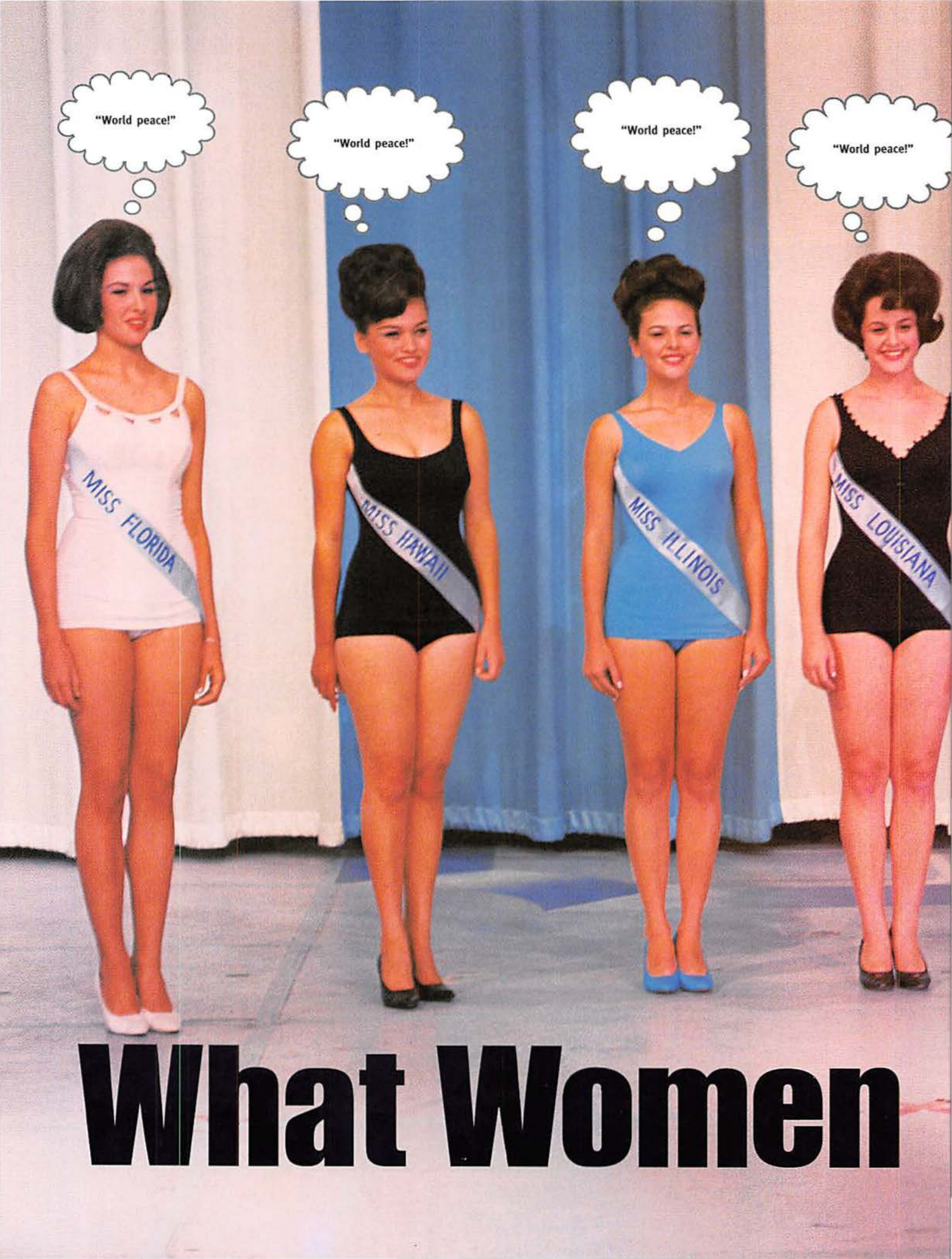
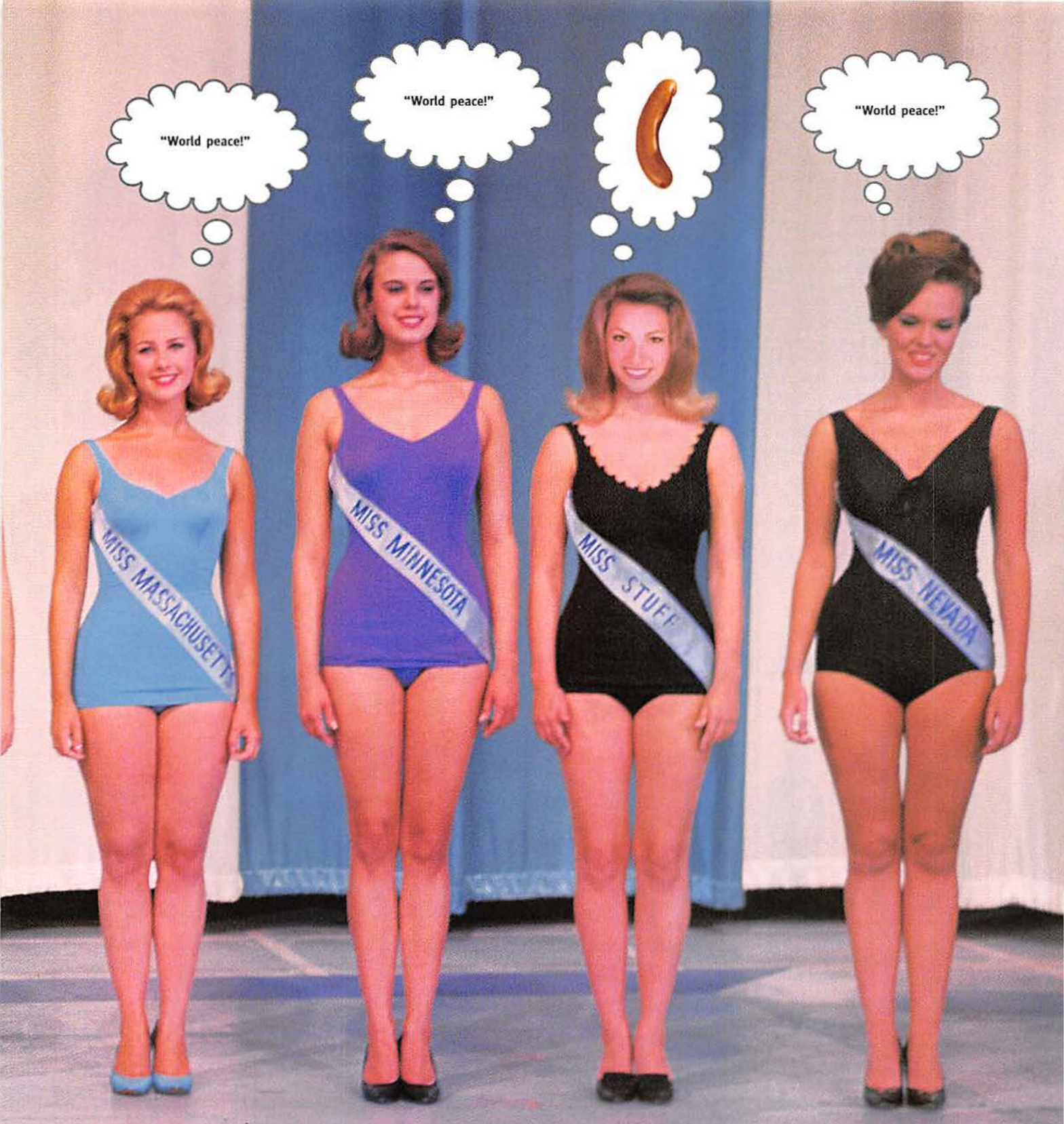

"World peace!"
"World peace!"
"World peace!"
"World peace!"
MISS FLORIDA
MISS HAWAII
MISS ILLINOIS
MISS LOUISIANA

What Women



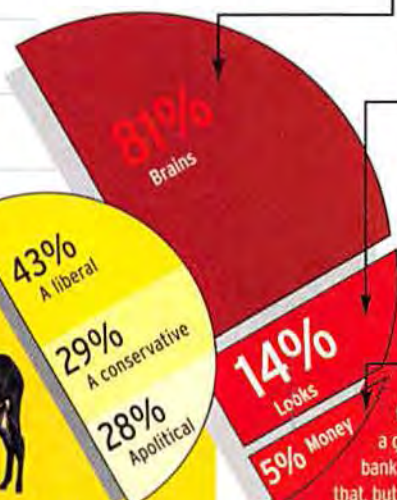
Want

It's the only thing we ever really wanted to know—and the only thing they could never tell us. Because even *they* don't know. But now that's changed, thanks to an exclusive survey we commissioned through a national research firm. They polled more women than you'll ever see naked in your lifetime. Here's what women really want, from bed to head and back again.

SECTION 1: THE PERFECT MAN

Only *Stuff* magazine would dare to ask 1,000 women what they want–and actually listen to the answers. The question "What the hell do women want?" is the Mount Everest of men's questions about women, as ageless as the Himalayas but not quite so Asian. Why did we do it? Because it was there. Believe it or not, it was a question that had never been asked before. That's right–*never*. So we asked more than 1,000 women between the ages of 18 and 34 from all across the country what it is, *exactly*, that they want. To do this odious work, we hired a very expensive national research organization. Their army of faceless, nameless pollsters found the women and conducted the survey with cold, statistical, scientific precision. Then they passed their numbers on to us–thanks! The result? A first-time look at the true, unadulterated inner workings of the female mind. Which is an unbelievably frightening thing. Hold us.

2 WHAT MATTERS MOST IN A MAN?



Women say that they like brains over a great body and a large bank account. We'd ponder that, but our hair is a mess. Think that doesn't matter? Well, it turns out that the brain cover is important, too. For example, 80% want their smart guys to have dark hair like Tom "the Genius" Cruise. The rest were divided between blondes (15%), redheads (2%) and Jesse Ventura look-alikes (3%). That's right–*bald dudes beat redheads*. Somebody should tell Danny Bonaduce to kill himself now. Oh, wait, we just did.

3 In her fantasies, the ideal man is...

This, however, was tabulated before the recent attacks on the U.S., so your right-wing thoughts on politics are probably A-OK right about now. But regardless of the current global climate, 38% of women hold fast to their belief that male vegetarians are "wusses," which are actually legally hunted game animals in some states.

6% of women want to get frisky with George W. Bush.

1 HER IDEAL MAN IS...

Over 6' | 5'7"–5'11" | Under 5'7"

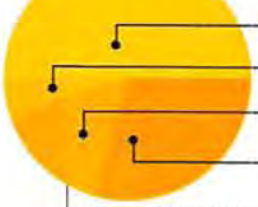
We're talking about *height*, by the way. Size matters, but even 5'7" is too much for most women.

4 WHAT SHOULD A MAN WEAR UNDER HIS PANTS?

Boxers: 42% | Boxer briefs: 31% | Briefs: 20% | Nothing: 7%

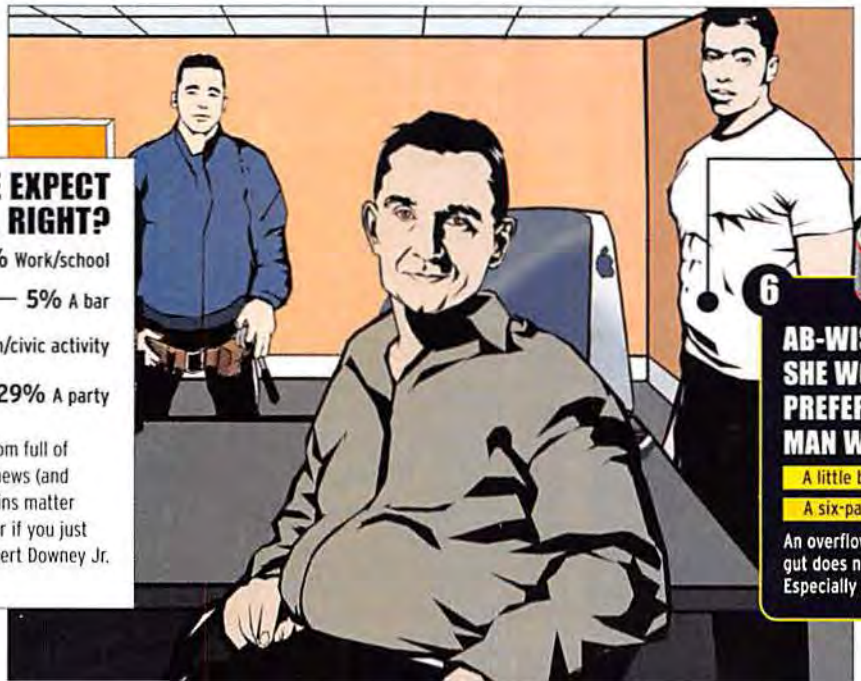
Ah, the great debate has finally been solved–or has it? Vying for next year's title are boxer briefs, that wonderful, slutty bastard-hybrid.

5 WHERE DOES SHE EXPECT TO MEET MR. RIGHT?



- **50%** Work/school
- **5%** A bar
- **16%** A church/civic activity
- **29%** A party

OK, so she doesn't *expect* to meet you in a room full of drunks, but surprise is everything. In related news (and proof that they were lying when they said brains matter most), your chances of seducing her are better if you just happen to look like Alec Baldwin (53%) or Robert Downey Jr. (36%), preferably without the drug problem.



6 AB-WISE, SHE WOULD PREFER A MAN WITH...

A little belly: 53%

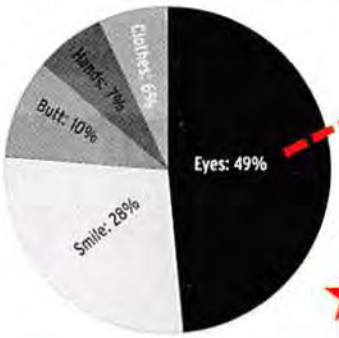
A six-pack: 47%

An overflowing beer gut does not count. Especially on her.

7 IF A MAN HAS ONLY ONE SKILL, IT SHOULD BE...

Not to be all stereotypical and junk, but women, like, totally are. The majority of them want you to be good at traditionally manly duties, which would be great if you weren't already barefoot and in the kitchen and completely screwed. Anyway, in the more intellectual realm, they voted for sense of humor as most important (52%), with common sense coming in a close second (45%). Sense of style? Only 2% thought it was of the utmost importance. Sense of smell didn't even register. But, smartly, we never asked!

8 SHE FIRST NOTICES YOUR...



By "eyes," they probably mean "penis."

★ The first thing women check out? None of them said your package.

HOW TO...

Fake Romance

The first-ever Cliffs Notes on all the crap that makes her go *awww*. Steal just one of these moves in your lifetime and you're set for, well, life. Or at least a few meaningless nights.

"While we were driving, I admired some flowers by the side of the road, and my boyfriend turned around, stopped the car and made me a bouquet." Why did she like this? It allowed her to drive off with the car.

"He filled my car with balloons for my birthday." While she was doing 65 on the interstate.

"When I was sick with the flu, he stroked my hair and kissed my forehead until I fell asleep." How else was he going to sneak out for beer?

"Breakfast in bed–pancakes, sausage, eggs, toast and milk. Then while I ate breakfast, he vacuumed and did the dishes!" In that cute French maid's outfit he wears at parties.

"A guy I'd just started dating called me and said he'd just met a woman he was crazy about, so I told him to tell her. We hung up, and then he called me back and repeated all the sweet stuff he'd just said." Wrong numbers are hell.

"He came over at 6 A.M. to plow the snow out of my driveway and brush off my car so I wouldn't have to do it." And he still paid the child support.

"My boyfriend loves the cold and his apartment is freezing, so he bought me my own little blanket and personal heater." Named Lou.

"We were running from the cops–through alleys, over people's fences–and at one point, I just couldn't run anymore. But he came back for me, helped me over the fence and pulled me under a porch. It was really sweet, especially since he had warrants out for him at the time." You guys! And look at you now–cellmates for life!

Illustrations: Ben Wachenje.

SECTION 2: HER ADORABLE ECCENTRICITIES

9 WHICH IS WORSE?

29% A bad hair day | 71% Global warming

Even worse? Global warming on a bad hair day.

★ **29%** OF WOMEN WOULD PREFER GLOBAL WARMING OVER A BAD HAIR DAY.

10 WHAT DOES SHE HOPE YOU WON'T NOTICE?

Her weight	50%
Her thighs	30%
Her butt	11%
Her breasts	8%
Her face	1%

An amazing 81% of women say they look better with their clothes on. Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder agree.

11 IF SHE HAD TO CHOOSE ONE FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE, SHE WOULD RATHER MEN...

Never stare at her chest	74%
Always stare at her chest	26%

The lesson: Don't stare. Glance.

★ **26%** OF WOMEN WANT YOU TO OGLE THEIR BREASTS.

SECTION 3: HER SEXUAL DEMANDS

12 RIGHT NOW, IN HER LIFE, SHE IS LOOKING FOR...

- A relationship focused on compatibility — 76%
- A relationship focused on sex — 4%
- No relationship at all — 20%

Here's something to grease the compatibility skids: When a man offers to buy them a drink, 72% of women would prefer booze. Drinks of choice: wine (30%), a rum and Coke (22%), a cosmopolitan (16%) or a martini (4%). One respondent said all of the above, but she was a sorority girl at ASU.

13 HER IDEAL FIRST DATE CONSISTS OF...

- Dinner, with the option of a movie if things are going well — 71%
- Anything, with the option of sex if things are going well — 13%
- Drinks — 10%
- Dancing — 6%

Shelling out cash is a necessity, and providing an escape hatch is a good idea. But overdoing it is not necessarily either of these things. When asked what they thought of receiving flowers on the first date, 80% thought it was sweet, but the other 20% were pretty cynical about the whole deal. In fact, 14% said a gift like that was "uninspired," 4% described it as "desperate" and 2% thought it was "bribery." Wait a second—what's the difference between desperation and bribery again?

14 SHE WOULD RATHER...

Letting you do her hot best friend wasn't on the questionnaire.

- Break the headboard — 30%
- Cuddle — 70%

15 IF SHE HAD TO CHOOSE, SHE WOULD GO FOR...

- 51% A week off with you
- 10% A week off alone
- 23% Amazing sex with the man of her choice
- 4% Amazing sex with the woman of her choice
- 4% An amazing sale
- 8% An amazing makeover

During that week off, she wouldn't mind being pampered just a little. On her list of ideal dinner dates? Expensive, with wine (32%); casual, with beer (32%); and at your place–presumably with you (26%). Only 10% wanted to be at their own places, presumably slaving over beef Stroganoff and buffing your toenails. Your chances of joining the ones who want to stage their own little lesbian circus? Not so good. Getting tickets is a bitch.

16 ON THE FIRST DATE, DOES SHE EXPECT TO PAY AT LEAST HALF?

- No: 66%
- Yes: 34%

In other words, most women want you to pick up the entire bill. Don't do this, however, if she shows up with her new boyfriend.

17 IF SHE HAD TO CHOOSE ONE SEXUAL POSITION FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE, SHE'D PREFER...

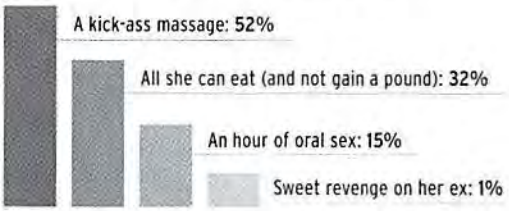
Missionary **64%**

Doggie-style **36%**

Regardless, you're gonna be doing all the work: 87% of our respondents said that how you use your equipment is of the utmost importance, while 9% voted for girth, 4% for length and 2% for Ralph Nader.

WHEN IT COMES TO SIZE, WOMEN PREFER GIRTH OVER LENGTH.

18 SHE WOULD RATHER HAVE...



The last two could be the same thing, of course. But it's a little unsettling to realize that no matter what you're doing to her, the chances are one in three that she'd rather be facedown in a plate of shrimp Newburg.

32% OF WOMEN WOULD CHOOSE A CALORIE-FREE FUDGE SUNDAE OVER GREAT SEX.

THE BOTTOM LINE

What She Wants from You

If you ask her what she wants and she says, "Nothing," she's a lying slut. If you're unlucky, she's just lying. Our survey reveals she wants more from you than your ability to hold a remote. She also wants...

Fabulous prizes! Twenty-six percent say they want a gift. But more than a third of those say that flowers would do, so at least you don't have to think too hard about it.

Your attention! Fourteen percent simply want you to be there for them. Especially if the toilet's backed up or there's a moldy pizza in the fridge.

Your right arm! Eleven percent wish you'd make some sort of sacrifice. And they didn't mean live virgins, either. Or even dead ones.

Your gastronomic genius! Eight percent claim all they want is for you to cook them a meal. Pop-Tarts and beer? They didn't specify, so it counts!

Your highly valuable bloodline! Six percent of women would like to have your child.

A ticket out of here! Six percent are hoping for a trip or vacation getaway.

Your ear! Five percent just want you to listen to them...while they whine or talk or do whatever it is they're doing.

The sacrifice thing is interesting. A woman's idea of a sacrifice involves you forgoing sleep to drive for hours to see her for 10 minutes (26%) and taking care of her when she's sick (32%). The good news? Eh, there is no good news.

19 DURING A FIGHT, A MAN SHOULD...

38% Talk it out for as long as she wants to talk

31% Stand up for what he believes is right, even if it means the fight continues

24% Grab her in the middle of it and kiss her passionately

7% Apologize immediately

It's always a test, buddy. The good news is that most women don't want you to sacrifice your manhood by caving in and apologizing immediately. A plurality of them want you to keep going till you're sleep-deprived and have suffered adequately, *then* sacrifice your manhood, cave in and apologize. Duh.

SECTION 4: THE BEST GIFTS OF ALL

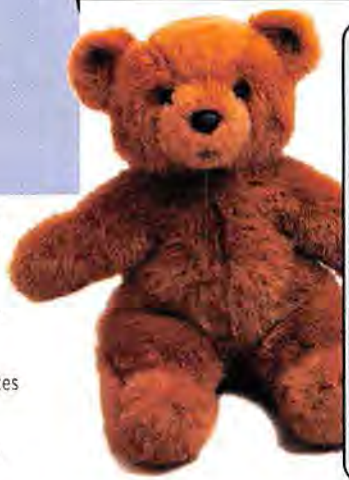
20 WHAT DOES SHE WANT FOR THE HOLIDAYS?

59%	26%	10%	3%	2%
Something sentimental	A trip to an exotic locale	Expensive jewelry	Clothing	Lingerie

And by something sentimental, they mean an expensive piece of jewelry that they'll remember forever or an expensive trip to some desolate, preferably diamond-filled part of the world that'll let you build memories together. Her top travel destinations? Europe (46%) and Hawaii (42%). Las Vegas (5%) is a distant third, even though nothing says sentimental like a good lap dance.

21 WHAT DOES SHE WANT FOR VALENTINE'S DAY?

- 56% Something sentimental (awww)
- 15% Expensive jewelry
- 13% A trip to an exotic locale
- 7% Lingerie
- 7% Chocolates
- 2% Clothing



The rules are slightly different for different occasions. But, overall, one sentiment remains consistent: 97% insist that it's the thought that matters. Some suggestions from our panel:

- "A DVD of the movie we saw on our first date."
- "An elaborate crab dinner–especially since he hates crab–because he knew I would love it."
- "Expensive jewelry he knew I wanted."
- "A plane ticket so I could visit my family."
- "Tickets to a hockey game I wanted to go to."
- "An invitation to another woman for a threesome."

And we're not joking about that last one. So what constitutes a sentimental gift? Anything that highlights something you did together or joked about, or anything she really wants. Which means you have to *listen to her.* We put that in italics because otherwise you'd ignore us, too. That would make us cry, and honestly, we've had just about enough of that from you, mister.

22 WHICH OF THESE STATEMENTS BEST REPRESENTS HER THOUGHTS ON ENGAGEMENT RINGS?

Size definitely matters

Size doesn't matter

But as long as you're asking, 32% say the ideal size is around one carat, while 15% say it's more like two. Only .5% said six inches or longer. Pay attention, people.

23 IF A MAN IS BUYING JEWELRY FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION, HE SHOULD GET...

Presentation is considered in the judging process. One respondent described her favorite gift-giving method: "It was Valentine's Day, and right before we went to sleep, my boyfriend put a diamond tennis bracelet on his, um, thing." At which point she instinctively backhanded it and they ended up in the hospital for the rest of the night, tied at two-love.

- A NECKLACE: 30%
- A BRACELET: 26%
- EARRINGS: 25%
- A RING (BUT NOT AN ENGAGEMENT RING): 19%

CONFIDENTIAL!

What She Wants in Bed

What is she thinking about while she's staring at the ceiling? If she's thinking at all, you're in trouble. In order to render her mindless, memorize this little list of the things that women in our survey said they want most from you.*

TO RECEIVE ORAL SEX: 19%
TO GET A MASSAGE: 7%
FOR YOU TO BE FOCUSED COMPLETELY ON HER: 7%
TO BE CUDDLED: 6%
TO HAVE A MIND-BLOWING ORGASM: 6%
TO HAVE MARATHON SEX: 2%
FOR YOU TO TAKE TOTAL CONTROL: 1%

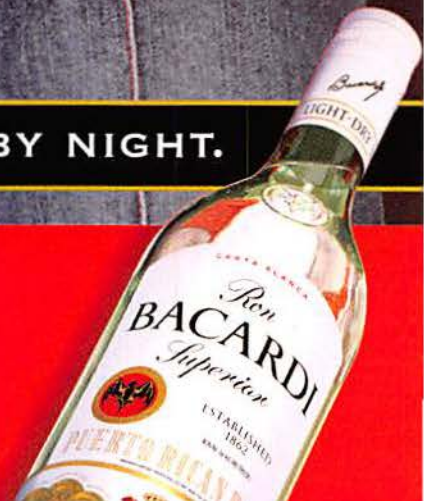
**Entries selected from a larger list. Percentages may not equal 100 percent. And that, sir, is the story of our lives.*

What isn't on the list: hour-long blow jobs, sex while watching *Monday Night Football*, threesomes with her best friend, cleaning your crack pipe and watching your back while you peruse porno sites. More proof that women are self-centered.

PUSSY CAT BY DAY. BACARDI BY NIGHT.

BACARDI

ESTD 1862



BY DAY OR BY NIGHT, DRINK RESPONSIBLY. BACARDI.COM
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English Muffin

Meet Kate Groombridge.
Supermodel. Überbabe. Angler.

BY JONATHAN SMALL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ZEPPETELLO

ere's a quick crash course on Kate Groombridge: She's one of the world's most beautiful models (her credits include introducing the world's first inflatable bra for Gossard lingerie). She's 21. She's from the U.K. and loves to ride horses and travel the world (the Maldives–in the Indian Ocean–is her favorite place). Oh, and she's a genius with a fishing rod. That's right. She fishes.

While other models might spend their free time in Parisian cafés nibbling on carrot sticks, Kate hangs out thigh-deep in Irish rivers and engages in hand-to-hand combat with slippery little bastards. "I've been fishing since I was eight years old," she says. "I don't think it's a guy thing at all. I love being out in the countryside by a riverbank." Her biggest catch? "A nine-and-a-half-pound salmon." At press time, they were still dating.

Stuff followed Kate around during a visit to New York City. We asked her if she wanted to go fishing in the East River. She laughed and laughed and quickly hailed a taxi. We must admit, we were smitten. Perhaps it was her beautifully full lips, mind-boggling curves and wild curly hair (the latter earned her the nickname Jackson 5 in grade school). Perhaps it was her down-to-earth, laid-back attitude. In any case, we wondered what she thought of American men. "It's hard to say, really, because I haven't met that many yet," she replied. Then she tilted her head and said with a gleam in her eye: "But I'll keep my eyes peeled." We're standing right here, Kate.

Kate squatted and thought. And then she thought and squatted. Looks like somebody had a full day!

HER (ALMOST) RAP SHEET "I was almost arrested once. I'm a huge football fan—that's soccer to you lot—and a few years back, I was celebrating a big victory in Trafalgar Square, London. Things we're getting wild—people swimming in fountains and stuff—and the police showed up and told everyone to leave the area. I was pissed because they had blocked off all the exits so we couldn't go anywhere, and I just bawled out this one cop. Well, you're not supposed to talk back to the police. He threatened to haul me off, but I smiled a lovely smile and got out of it."

HER FRIGHTENINGLY FAST LEFT JAB "I don't like to fight, but if someone does something that upsets me, I'll chin 'em and go away. I was in this pub once, and this girl found it funny to spill her drink all over me. I told her that if she did it again, I'd smack her one. She did it again, so..."

IF YOU RUN INTO HER AT A BAR "I love to drink Guinness, but here in America, it's just not up to scratch. It doesn't taste right. I usually just get a vodka and orange juice."

HER MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT WHILE HAMMERED "I went to this club and got quite drunk. So I got in a taxi and completely forgot where I lived. I gave the driver the wrong address, then got out of the cab and stumbled around half the night looking for my apartment. I walked the length of London—wore my shoes out. I looked like a tramp when I got home."

WHEN KISSING "Don't rush in. My worst kiss ever was my fault. It was my first one, actually. I just lunged in and nearly knocked my front tooth out! I was about 12 years old, and I think I was just a bit too eager."

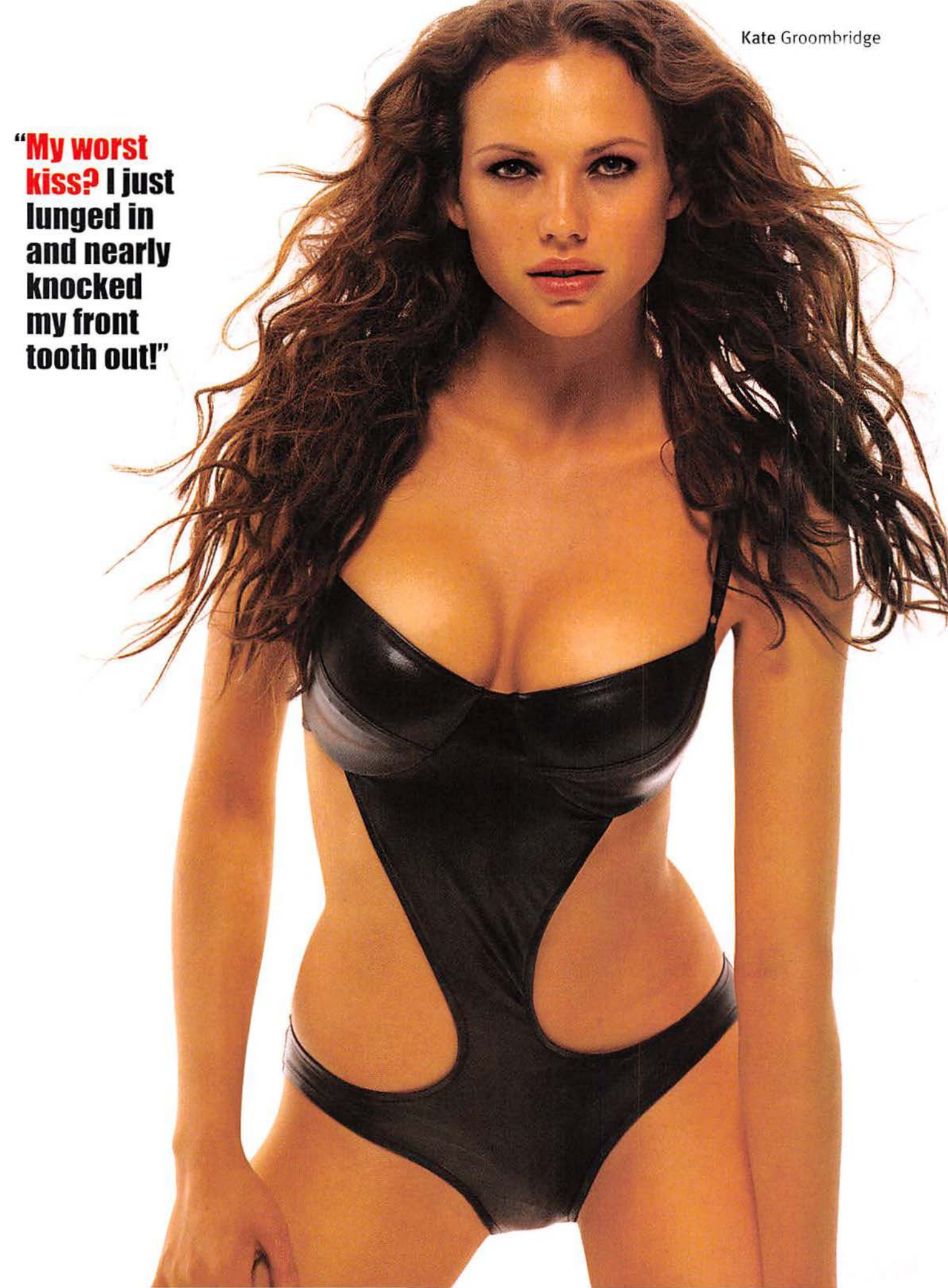
WHEN FISHING "Ask the locals about the best spots to fish—don't try to figure it out yourself. Unless you've seen the river in a drought, you have no idea where the salmon pools are. If you're fishing for trout, you have to keep still so they don't see you."

PANTIES VS. THONGS "Thongs. Definitely thongs."

BUFFALO WINGS VS. FRIED CALAMARI "Wings. Calamari makes me sick."

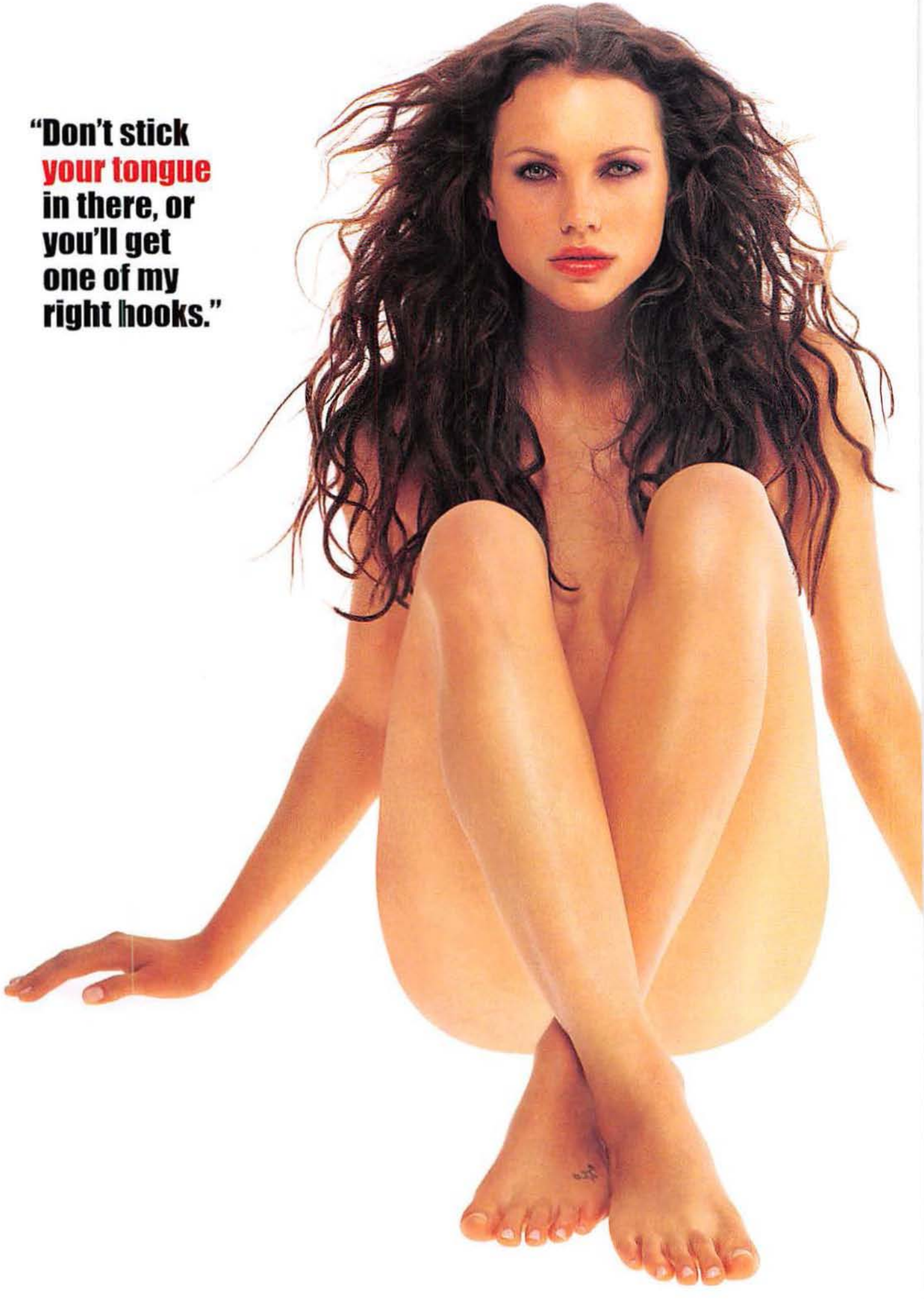
HER MOST HATED BODY FEATURE "My ears. They're small, and one goes in one direction and the other just sticks out. I try to keep them out of the way of people as much as possible. And don't stick your tongue in there, or you'll get one of my right hooks."

Styling: Eric Orlando; Hair: Patrick Melville; Makeup: Ilyin Smoot



Kate Groombridge

"My worst kiss? I just lunged in and nearly knocked my front tooth out!"


"Don't stick
your tongue
in there, or
you'll get
one of my
right hooks."

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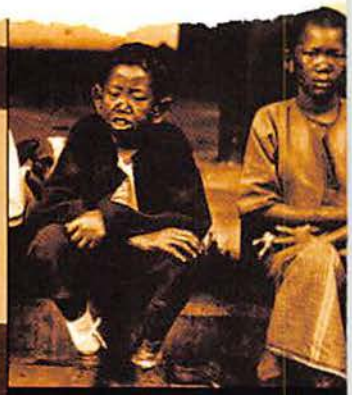
SO A LEPER WAI

Why is José Ramirez smiling? Because he's got a secret...



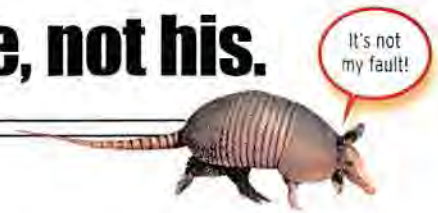
Today there are nearly two million cases of leprosy worldwide, mainly in Africa, India and Brazil.

Lepers' fingers don't actually fall off—they get pulverized from lack of sensitiv and are then reabsorbed.

The success of modern-day drugs has caused a major decline in the disease. Ironically, this makes a vaccine less likely.

KS INTO A BAR...

And suddenly your life is the joke, not his.



BY GREG GUTFELD PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISHA

About a year ago, my girlfriend dumped me after nine years and married another guy. A few months later, the company I worked for dumped me after 10 years and married another guy, too. I was double-dumped; not just down, but out; knee-deep in cheap beer and unpaid bills.

So I got another job and met a lot of girls and went back to my comfortable habits of obsession and sex–but one thing still lingered: the rejection. It never leaves. That kick-in-the-groin feeling every man has experienced, usually much more than once. At a junior high dance? Trying out for a team? Selling Girl Scout cookies? As you grow older, the rejections fade, but only because they're replaced by new ones. Wherever there's a bar stool, there's a woman sitting on it waiting for you to say hi...so she can slice you with a glance. Just pick a bar, any bar–she'll be there.

In fact, I'm at a bar right now, and I'm staring at a sweet-looking young woman. I point her out to the guy next to me–a smooth-looking character in a gray suit and a black collarless shirt. His hair is a perfect black wave, his skin smooth and dark, his eyes friendly. I'd met him earlier at another local dive, but it was way too crowded, so we went barhopping. He has some interesting stories, he's a little older than me–maybe wiser–and I want to get his perspective on picking up chicks. Besides, he's a leper. No fooling. A real leper. I figure that if he can find traction with women, maybe I can, too. I ask how I should approach the hot little thing at the end of the bar.

He smiles and grabs my hand. "Make physical contact as soon as possible. Shake her hand. You've made progress right at the introduction by touching her! I do this all the time. I touch them and...there is no turning back.

"Here, watch!" he says. He leaps up and stands in the path of an attractive woman making her way to a table. "Hi, my name is José!" He extends his hand, and their eyes meet. Her chin cocks downward just slightly, and she smiles shyly. "I'm Kelly," she says, obviously pleased. After chatting for a moment, he returns to his seat. "See?"

I tell him that his strategy may work with a lone girl, but what about women who travel in groups, where it's harder to break in?

José Ramirez, a social worker by trade, has no problem with crowds of women either. "Approach the prettiest one. I like to start from the top and then work down. Then toss in a gesture that makes you memorable: Go up to a girl with your cigarettes and ask for a light. If she says she doesn't smoke, throw your pack to the ground and say, 'Well, neither do I. I quit right now.'" He frowns at the smoldering butt in my right hand. "You might try that," he says.

That's easy for him to say. José gave up smoking 25 years ago. It was bad for his health. "I would smoke a cigarette, and I wouldn't put it out until I smelled the odor of burning flesh." Lepers lose the sense of touch in their extremities, so every time he smoked, he'd set one of his hands on fire. Now, surrounded by a cloud of smoke, he weakens and steals one of my cigarettes. "It goes great with a beer, you know what I mean?" Besides, he's in bad company. He looks around the bar and says, "You've got to blend in!"

José knows about blending in. He's the number one authority. While millions of young people do everything they can to stand out–from piercing their tongues to auditioning for *The Real World*–he lives to fit in. You ever feel like a leper? Meet José.

Don't call him a leper

José hates that word–*leper*. For him it's the same as the n-word to a black man. But even he knows that if I wrote "José has Hansen's disease," it wouldn't mean much to anyone but a few doctors. Hansen's disease is the clinical name for leprosy, the horrifying affliction made famous in the Bible and *Ben-Hur*. The name was changed in 1873, when Dr. G.H. Armauer Hansen discovered *Mycobacterium leprae*, the bacterium that causes the disease. The new name is not nearly as scary as the one every Catholic kid learned to fear. So forgive me, José: The *leper* stays in.

It may be the most fabled disease on the planet, but actual leprosy is rare. In fact, only a few dozen cases are diagnosed in America every year (usually among immigrants). There are an estimated two million cases worldwide–mainly in Africa, India and Brazil. In the U.S. it's nearly nonexistent: The number of newly registered cases was 102 in 1998, down from 297 in 1991. The only states in which you can really find the disease are Hawaii, Louisiana, California and José's home, Texas. It actually took our diligent *Stuff* researchers six months to find a guy like José who not only had the disease but was also willing to talk about it over a half-dozen beers in a grimy Irish tavern while I tried to pick up girls. "Did you know that World Leprosy Day falls on the same day as the Super Bowl?" José asks. Nope. "Looking back, that doesn't really help."

Though leprosy may be rare, it has a well-known cousin. "The bacteria belong to the same family as the tuberculosis germ," says Winkler Weinberg, M.D., the chief of infectious disease services for the Southeast Permanente Medical Group and author of *No Germs Allowed!* "Once you're infected, the bacteria live inside cells of the skin and nerves, causing these cells to malfunction." This deadens your ability to feel things, especially pain. You become a fingertip Republican. "You'll knock your hands or feet against things more often than you should. That causes tiny fractures in your hands and feet. And your damaged digits get absorbed into your body." More on that later.

José is 53. He's had HD for most of his life. He spent eight years of it in the Gillis W. ▷▷▷

ARMA DILLY'S LEPER FACTS

"Leprosy can cause severe swelling of the testicles–sometimes to the size of grapefruits. The result can be a very low sperm count."

In the Bible, the word for leprosy can actually refer to a host of diseases, including psoriasis and eczema.

Long Hansen's Disease Center in Carville, Louisiana, a leprosy hospital on a river surrounded by swamps. Leper colonies are usually placed in rocky or marshy areas to keep people from leaving. Alcatraz Island was apparently briefly considered for a new leper colony, but Californians preferred murderers over lepers. So José went somewhere else in the summer of 1968, once his disease had progressed to a point where he needed round-the-clock treatment.

That was also the Sexual Revolution, of course. Wild times for everyone but him. José arrived at Carville in the middle of the night on a gurney wedged into a hearse. The ground was shrouded in fog, and all he remembers are the cobwebs and the large brick buildings with roaches hugging the walls. When day came, the place looked only a little better. There were dirt roads leading into the hospital, clouds of mosquitoes, motley-colored paint chipping off the high stucco walls. José did a lot of walking among the gloomily beautiful maple and magnolia trees, which were draped with Spanish moss as if a set decorator had passed by. Inside, the hard floors hurt his feet. He was 20 years old and felt it. "Everyone was having sex but me. All you had to do was wink and you could get it on right there." But not José–and certainly not at Carville. "I was isolated for eight years."

A day at Carville was calm, slow and long. But at night the place turned evil. "It became so quiet when the sun went down, all you heard were the huge roaches flying through the hallways," José says. "The intensity of silence was my darkest hour. Outside, you could hear the armadillos."

José thinks about armadillos a lot. He wears a small armadillo pin on his lapel. "It is believed that leprosy came from the armadillo," he tells me. One woman, recently diagnosed with the disease, told her doctor that she'd devoured a meal of armadillo-fat cracklings–just one more reason to avoid that tasty snack. Many armadillos harbor the disease-causing bacteria, Dr. Weinberg says. Doctors use the animals in leprosy research because they can easily study the bacteria they harvest from the buglike little beasts.

José thinks bacteria from armadillos entered his body through a sports injury. He played football in high school–Texas, remember?–and got a cleat spiked into his leg. Whatever was in the dirt got into that wound. And whatever got into the wound came from an armadillo, he thinks.

Actually, how people catch leprosy isn't clear. "It likely spreads through nasal secretions," says Dr. Weinberg. He's talking about sneezing. Sounds a bit scary, but Weinberg isn't fazed. "I don't take any extra precautions [when treating a patient with Hansen's disease]," he says. I imagine sitting next to a leper with hay fever and cringe.

"I could stick pins in [myself] to impress my sister."

Beware of ex-girlfriends

However José contracted leprosy, he didn't know about it until much later. Two years into college, little white circles started to appear on his legs. They didn't hurt; in fact, they were devoid of all feeling. "I could stick pins in them to impress my sister," José tells me between swigs of Amstel Light. The circles are called macules, hallmarks of leprosy.

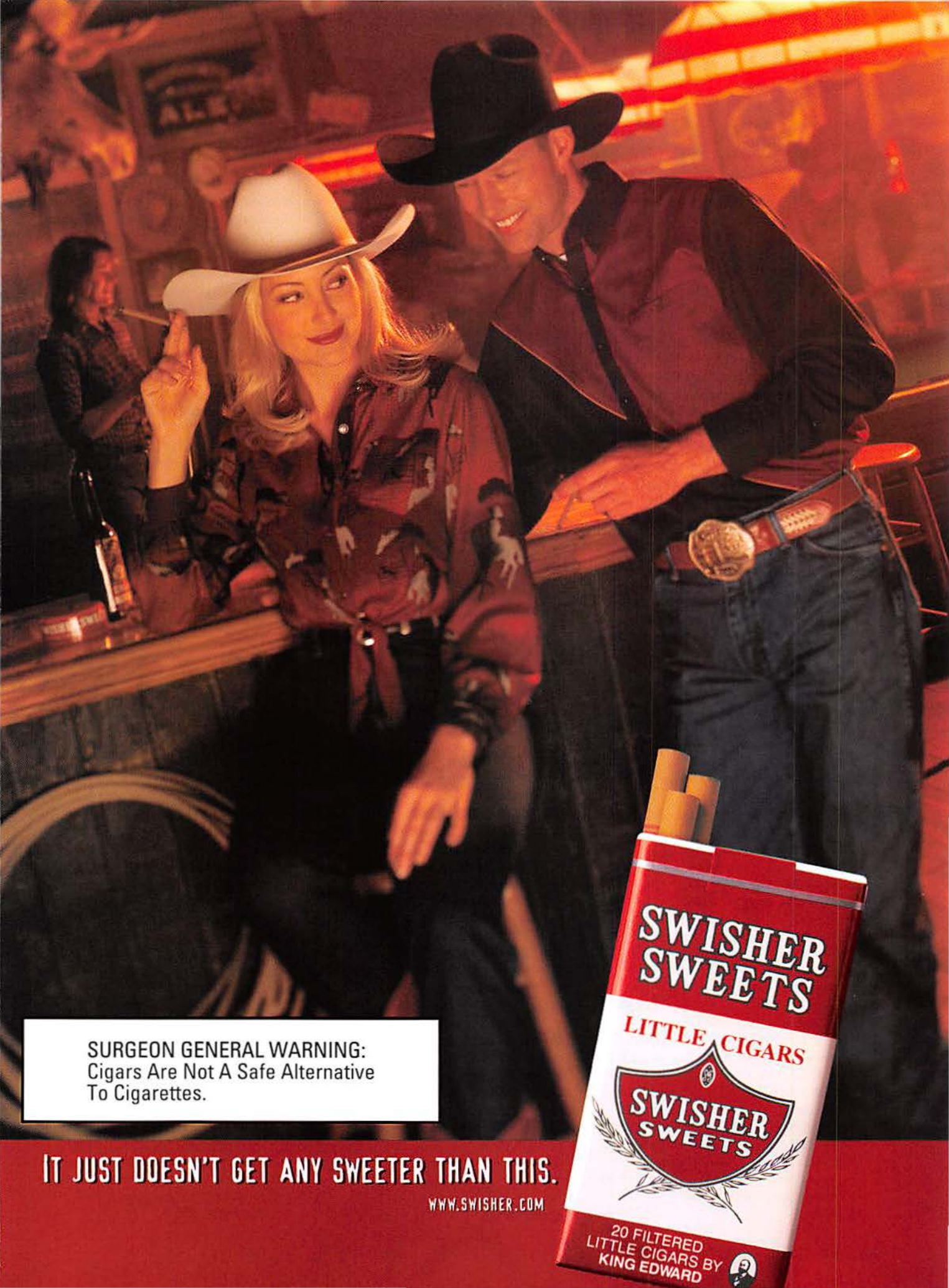
The white circles soon turned into ghastly sores. José's legs took on a flaky, transparent sheen. The pain became excruciating, and it started to spread throughout his body. He went to doctors all over Laredo, but no one could help him. Because leprosy is so rare, most doctors had no idea what the disease looked like. Desperate for relief, he even tried folk healers. One believed that an old girlfriend he'd had at 15 had put a hex on him. "I was leery of that diagnosis," says José. Finally another folk healer looked at his sores, went pale, then said, "You have a disease of the Bible." It wasn't until his sister pulled a group of experts together that they finally figured it all out. They sent a skin sample to a lab, and it came back positive: He had a disease of the Bible.

But not just any disease; *leprosy* was a term used to describe every disease in the Bible. Back then, if you were sick, and your sickness caused some kind of skin deformity (and without adequate treatment, most would), then you were most likely consigned to the leper pile. The Hebrew word in the Bible that was translated as leprosy covered a multitude of skin disorders, including ringworm and psoriasis. Basically, if you looked weird, you were a leper–and contagious.

José resigned himself to becoming a member of what he called "the living dead." Over time, his hands and feet went numb–they still are to this day. "See this beer?" he asks, referring to the bottle he's holding with his arm resting casually on the table. "I had to teach myself how to do that. I can't feel the grip. It's the same when I drive a car. I grip the steering wheel so hard that I could crush the bones in my hands, which would then be reabsorbed into my body." ▷▷▷

ARMA DILLY'S LEPER FACTS

"Leprosy may lead to blindness, since nerve damage can impair the ability to blink."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People believe that leprosy causes fingers, toes and noses to fall off; lost extremities are leprosy's most indelible image. But they don't actually go anywhere. The damaged nerves render extremities impervious to feeling and soon, just by repetitive stress and trauma–walking into doors, jamming hands into locks, gripping things so tightly the bones strain–the body parts are crushed and retreat into body tissue. They don't fall off; they just fall apart. That fact probably won't end the countless leper jokes, but at least José has a sense of humor about things: "I used to do tricks–burn myself with a cigarette, stick my arms with safety pins. I didn't have any feeling."

Thankfully, he found a safer way to smoke. "At Carville, there was a hole dug under a fence out in the country. Guards couldn't see it. We'd crawl under the fence and head over the levee next to the Mississippi River. We found this place where these two old men grew marijuana plants. They called it the Ponderosa. We wouldn't smoke it. We would put it in a fire and inhale the smoke. The old men said it was medicinal. It was. I felt wonderful. That was our escape."

Another escape was a seedy little bar down the road called the Red Rooster. Some of the guys would go under the hole and head to the RR. None of the patrons knew where they came from. They'd come in, get drunk, then stagger back to the hospital. If they didn't drink, they'd have probably killed themselves.

The generous *Stuff* staff treats José and his wife, Magdalena, to a night of booze and cigarettes.

Body parts don't fall off; they just fall apart.

"I made up a plan to kill myself," José says. "When I arrived at the hospital, I was desperate, and I felt the world closing in. I wanted to die. I would ask what purpose I had here, and think perhaps I'd been punished. My plan was to hang myself. I had no weapons, so I couldn't slit my wrists." The hospital had pretty high ceilings, and if he stole a ladder from the carpenter, he could hang a rope from a light. *No one will miss me*, he thought.

While he's telling me this, I look over at his wife, Magdalena. She's not bad at all; in fact, she's more beautiful than the women most of us will marry. She's also obviously in love with her husband–who is a leper. She's talking to somebody about José. I overhear her referring to him as a ham. She also says, "He has good cheeks."

At Carville, José sent a letter to Magdalena–then his girlfriend–to tell her that he was ending it. "She wrote back and said, 'You're being selfish.' So I decided to see where this struggle would take me. No one can console you, but wait and someone will materialize that will convince you to live."

Even lepers discriminate

José met his wife in second grade. They lived two blocks apart and went to the same school in Laredo. "[In high school] she invited me to a dance. And we dated from then on, off and on. In college, when I was diagnosed, she could see the progression of the disease. We couldn't dance anymore." Still, she stuck by him. Her parents hated it. They thought she should get involved with somebody...anybody else. So when he left for the hospital, it was even tougher on both of them. Even the patients there wanted José to dump his mate. "They were all rejected by women on the outside and found their girlfriends within the hospital," José says. Eight years later, the government closed Carville for good and paid the remaining lepers a stipend in the thousands. José looks over at his wife and smiles. He's a man without a problem... except for the leprosy.

In the early days, José gave Magdalena every opportunity to leave him, but she wouldn't. Instead she educated herself about the disease. She found out that once you learn that someone you love has leprosy, the news actually gets better. There is no vaccine, but an effective triple-drug therapy stops the disease in its tracks. Two weeks after a patient enters treatment, he can no longer transmit the disease. And at least 95 percent of people have a natural immunity to the illness. In an ironic twist, it's this success in reducing the incidence of HD (by preventing transmission) that may keep a vaccine from being developed. The urgency to eradicate leprosy no longer exists. The disease of the Bible is now old news.

José always smiles. You'd think he had a grin tattooed on his face. In fact, many people with HD do. It's called leonine facies. That's when their ears and the areas around their mouths become infiltrated by the bacteria, which creates a permanent expression, called a leonine–a lionlike face. They have permanent smiles and big ears for the rest of their lives. José doesn't have this–most of his deformities are below the chest, covered snugly by his snazzy clothes. But he still wouldn't mind wearing the mask of a leper–if just for a day. "When I went shopping for a Halloween costume, I bought the leper one," he tells me. "Well, actually Magdalena made me buy it." What a card.

The really happy news for José (and his wife) is that she can't catch leprosy, even by sleeping with him. "That really scared me," says José, "passing the disease through an orgasm." But after he learned that leprosy can't be transmitted that way, his only worry became one even healthy guys have later in life: "Having to get Viagra."

José may have had a lot to deal with, but it's Magdalena who really toughed it out. She stuck with a guy most women would run from, and she did it despite her parents' refusal to accept him. They saw no future for the couple, only disease. He was rejected. But not by her. They were married in 1972, and they have two healthy teenagers. I tell José that he's pretty lucky to land a woman like that, being a leper and all. Then I ask him the million-dollar question: If he didn't have leprosy, would he have married her?

"No. I wouldn't."

Come again? "No, I wouldn't," he repeats, then pauses thoughtfully. "I probably would have drifted along in life. I didn't have much of a direction." He turns to Magdalena. It's getting late and they have plans to check out New York City's tourist attractions tomorrow. While I would be in an office sitting in meetings wondering what the hell I was doing there, my friend the leper was going to spend a romantic day in an exciting city with a woman who loved him.

What a loser.

ARMA DILLY'S LEPER FACTS

"World Leprosy Day falls on the same day as the Super Bowl. Coincidence? How should I know? I'm an armadillo!"

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FEMMES FATALES

The hottest women on America's death row.

BY JASON SHEFTELL

Most drink like fish, lie like rugs, talk trash and are wild in the sack. They bite, kick, claw and will even take a swing at you from time to time. They'll even use up all your toilet paper and not replace it! We're talking about the craziest psycho babes in the USA: the approximately 52 women who sit on America's death row. These chicks don't just nag at you about your wasted life. No, they will actually waste you, period. Or at least pay someone to do it for them. Why are they so pissed off? Maybe it was a bad childhood or a bad hairdo. Who knows! Hell, we don't. We do know that they're a ton of fun. They booze it up, party like pros and love sex. And they're not all fugly.

After touring the female cell blocks of America's toughest correctional facilities, *Stuff* found the 10 finest nutjobs on the row. In case you're looking for a pen pal or a girlfriend you can keep tabs on easily, we've included their addresses. Please, no dirty language. These are ladies, after all.

Janey was mortified. She wore the same dress as Sandy to the jail-cell murder!

#1

W-42583
Central California
Women's Facility
23370 Road 22
P.O. Box 1501
Chowchilla, CA 93610

Kerry Lynn Dalton

If you like your ladies stocky and rugged, Kerry Dalton is the gal for you. Just don't ever cross her, or you might end up getting injected with battery acid and beaten to death. Hailing from the bevy of run-down trailer parks in the lovely hamlet of East San Diego, Kerry is doing time on death row for orchestrating the torture of a speed-freak ex-friend. Why would she do such a thing? Seems that Kerry believed the pal had stolen a few of her belongings. Along with two other friends, Kerry shocked the woman, slammed her with a hotshot (a syringe filled with battery acid or Clorox) and drove a screwdriver into her chest. When the woman stubbornly refused to die, Kerry went all Emeril on her and repeatedly whacked her upside the head with a frying pan. And she almost got away with it. If Kerry and her team hadn't yapped–they collectively told more than 10 people–San Diego cops might not have gotten wind of the murder, which wasn't solved until three years later.

FEMMES FATALES

EF 405001
Metro State Prison
1301 Constitution Road
Atlanta, GA 30316

Kelly Gissendaner

All Kelly really wanted was a little excitement in her life. Too bad she married an easygoing guy who worked on an assembly line in a factory that manufactured shock absorbers for race cars (a cool job in rural Georgia, where NASCAR is king). Kelly, a mother of three, couldn't stand his mellow ways, so in February 1997, she found a boyfriend and persuaded him to kill her husband with a hunting knife while she was off romping it up at a friend's birthday party. When police collared Kelly's boyfriend, he ratted her out in exchange for a lesser sentence. Kelly, who reportedly didn't look too concerned at the funeral, allegedly passed a fellow inmate a note while in the can that said she would give $10,000 to anyone who would beat up key prosecution witnesses and say he killed her husband. If being as dumb as a doorknob is a characteristic you look for in a prison girlfriend, write away.

Inmate No. 0288088
North Carolina
Correctional Institute
for Women
1034 Bragg Street
Raleigh, NC 27610

Blanche K.T. Moore

For our septuagenarian readers, North Carolina's Blanche Moore is just the sweetest Southern matron ever to sit on death row. As the ex-wife of a minister, Blanche, almost 70, writes gospel songs in her spare time. She also loves to slowly poison men with drops of arsenic. (A dab in a sandwich here, a dab in some meatloaf there.) She was nabbed in 1989 when her second husband was brought into the hospital with what doctors say might have been the highest level of arsenic ever recorded in a living human. After exhuming Blanche's first husband, an ex-boyfriend and her father, forensic experts discovered extremely high levels of the killer poison in each of the long-dead bodies. If you'd like some spiked tea with your lovin', drop Blanche a line.

He arrested her with his dreamy eyes... and his handcuffs.

AIS 2666
Tutwiler Correctional
Facility
8966 U.S. Highway 231
Wetumpka, AL 36092

Shonda Johnson

Sassy Shonda is a small-town siren who's into fiction, manipulation and bigamy. One of only four women on Alabama's death row, she used to enjoy going to bars, wearing tight miniskirts and taking dips at the swimming hole. A high school dropout from a coal-mining town near Birmingham, Alabama, Shonda has bleached-blond hair and comes with a pack of lies. She has claimed to be a head cheerleader, a homecoming queen and even a highly paid paramedic. In 1997, the bloodthirsty and party-happy Shonda allegedly shouted, "Do it! Do it!" to her naive fifth husband as he shot her third husband with a hunting rifle in a church parking lot. After they were arrested, Shonda's fifth husband said the murder was all her idea. Adding insult to injury, two ex-boyfriends testified that she asked them to help. Watch out when she smiles, too—her teeth are as crooked as her morals.

Inmate No. 261368
Tennessee Prison
for Women
3881 Stewarts Lane
Nashville, TN
37243-0468

Christa Gail Pike

As the youngest hussy ever on death row, Christa Gail Pike, who was just 18 at the time of her crime, is into Satan worshiping, smoking dope and running her mouth. Born in Durham, North Carolina, the 25-year-old busty brunette with a little junk in the trunk has some jealousy issues. In Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1995, "Lil' Devil" murdered a fellow student of the Knoxville Job Corps, who she thought wanted to sleep with her man. Accompanied by her boyfriend and another student, Christa slashed the girl's neck with a box cutter, chopped her back with a meat cleaver, bashed her head in with chunks of asphalt and carved a five-pointed star into the girl's chest. Christa then bragged about the murder and kept a piece of the dead girl's skull in her jacket pocket as a souvenir. Hey, she's sentimental.

"Give me back that thing you stole and hid in your hair!"

Inmate No. 150924
Broward Correctional
Institution
P.O. Box 829503
South Florida, FL
33082

Aileen Carol Wuornos

If you're into living fast and furious, Aileen Carol Wuornos is the death-row filly for you. Never mind that the media coined her America's first female serial killer—this leggy Florida blonde with a bodacious set of ta-tas and a face Lurch would love was best known around Daytona Beach biker bars for her trashy mouth, hard drinking and all-night sex binges. Between 1989 and 1992, Aileen—known as the Damsel of Death—lured at least six men off Florida highways, offered them sex for money, then shot them with a .22-caliber pistol before robbing them silly. Lee, as Aileen likes to be called, has a love of leisure gaming, as well—she once winged a cue ball smack into a bartender's head. When she was sentenced to die, the feisty 36-year-old bisexual barked at the prosecutor, "I hope your wife and children get raped in the ass." Nice mouth, babe. Maybe it's best that you can only write to her.

Inmate No. 842556
Broward Correctional
Institution
P.O. Box 829503
South Florida, FL
33082

Virginia Larzelere

Virginia can't keep house, sleeps around, robs and was rumored to be in an unhealthy relationship with her son. And those are her strong points. Convicted of masterminding the 1991 murder of her dentist husband in a quiet Florida town, Virginia had slept with the pool boy, a parrot salesman and just about any other half-wit she thought might help to off her spouse. With the money she embezzled from his practice by billing patients for work they never received, Virginia got a boob job, bought and learned how to fly a small airplane, drove expensive cars and spent more than $20K on one of her paramours. When getting rid of her husband proved difficult, she allegedly enlisted her son by offering a cut of the life-insurance policy. She got the chair; he got acquitted. When she was arrested at her home, cops found a house full of dead cats and fleas. Could you be the one to scratch her itch?

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FEMMES FATALES

#3

W-54370
Central California
Women's Facility
23370 Road 22
P.O. Box 1501
Chowchilla, CA 93610

Mary Ellen Samuels

This California material girl digs limo rides, velvet ropes, fancy wheels and the high life. But, unlike Madonna, she'll kill to get it. Gents, meet Mary Samuels, maybe the only woman ever convicted for hiring a hit man to kill the hit man she paid to kill her husband. Nicknamed the Green Widow because she planned the 1988 murders to snag a $500,000 life-insurance policy, Mary spent the entire wad in less than a year on lavish trips, a new Porsche, nightlong cocaine sessions and barhopping around L.A. in stretch limousines. While mourning the death of her husband, Mary, 41, had a lover take pictures of her naked on a Cancún hotel bed smothered in $20K of cold, hard cash. Why murder? Her husband was going to divorce her, leaving her with a measly $30,000 settlement and $1,100 in monthly alimony. (The nerve of some guys.) She'll max out your credit card even from a jail cell.

#2

Inmate No.999258
Texas Department of
Criminal Justice
Mountain View Unit
2305 Ransom Rd.
Gatesville, TX 76528

Brittany Holberg

This drop-dead Texas beauty is a real catch if you like crack fiends with a penchant for poetry. A former prostitute, Brittany was living with an 80-year-old man (how's that for elder care?). One night in 1996 the old coot, according to Brittany, became overly physical, so she used her *Iron Chef* skills to slice and dice her sugar daddy. Using a butcher knife, a paring knife, a grapefruit knife (whatever that is) and two forks, Brittany stabbed the guy 58 times. For an exclamation point, she shoved a lamp pole five inches down his throat. Brittany, now 28, is whiling away her time on death row by writing poetry. Here's a sample of her work:

Sometimes I wonder
About the day I die
Where will I be
Will anyone cry?

Brittany: She's no Emily Dickinson.

#1

W-34001
Central California
Women's Facility
23370 Road 22
P.O. Box 1501
Chowchilla, CA 93610

Cynthia Coffman

From California's female death row, meet modelesque exhibitionist Cyndi Coffman. With high cheekbones and long brown hair, the 5'6" Cyndi is a skinny thing who gets a rush from methamphetamines and murder. She and her white-trash biker-husband, James Gregory Marlow, abducted, raped, murdered and robbed two college-age cuties in Southern California in 1986. (Don't worry about the husband, fellas—the two split after squealing on each other at their first trial.) Cyndi, better known as Cynful to her friends, enjoys wearing bikinis, flirting and having sex in the shower. To prove she was Marlow's woman, he had her tattoo PROPERTY OF THE FOLSOM WOLF (his nickname) on her butt. No, she isn't too bright: After one of the murders, she and her guy used their victim's credit card for a celebration dinner at Denny's. They downed surf and turf and Chablis before buying a bottle of champagne and getting it on at a local motel. Some guys have all the luck.

Raid's new Girl-B-Gone room spray worked great. It even got the ones behind the fridge!

Sex Behind Bars

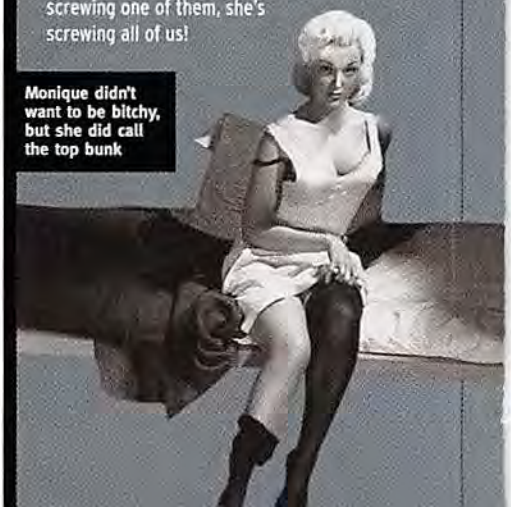
Never had sex with a con? It's not too late to try! And it's not like they're going anywhere.

PICK A ROMANTIC DESTINATION
Conjugal visits are reserved for married inmates only. Still single? Better get yourself to the altar, Mr. Scared of Commitment. Conjugal visits are legal in only six states: California, Connecticut, Mississippi, New Mexico, New York and Washington. We've heard that autumn at Attica is particularly lovely.

CALL AHEAD TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS
The facilities used for sex visits are free of charge to inmates and their partners. To make the somewhat artificial conjugal visit more relaxing, some visiting rooms are decorated as actual homes. Small, eight- by ten-foot cement homes. Prisons furnish clean linens and free condoms for each participant in the conjugal-visit program. Some facilities even offer mints on the pillows. Romantic!

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:
"Conjugal visitations started in Mississippi in 1918 to encourage inmates to work harder during the week. Officials would allow prostitutes into the prison on Sundays to give the inmates sexual favors. Meanwhile, pineapples continued their law-abiding ways!"

EARN WHILE YOU BURN
Prisoners are not required to report to work or school while on conjugal leave—but they still receive earned time. Meaning while you're screwing one of them, she's screwing all of us!



Monique didn't want to be bitchy, but she did call the top bunk

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Loretta peered out her peephole and gasped. It was George. He'd stopped by to say hi, just as he'd promised.

GEORGE CARLIN HATES YOU AND JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH. ISN'T THAT FUNNY?

BY MICHAEL OLSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN

George Carlin has been in a bad mood for, oh, about two decades. He hates sports. Religion pisses him off. He's not terribly fond of the entertainment industry, but he loves the gravy it pours on him. Still, he's not *all* dark and gloomy. He does "kinda like it when a lotta people die."

The thing is: Mr. Nasty Pants used to be a pretty funny guy. Comedians from the '60s and '70s worship him as a kind of Shecky Christ. His groundbreaking political and social comedy in the peace-and-love era made the now Furious George the comic equivalent of Sgt. Pepper.

But these days Carlin's comedy is no laughing matter. He's shifted his focus from house pets and hippie-dippy weathermen to bile-ridden rants that carpet bomb everything from George W. Bush to golf to guys who wear pins on their hats. "This is a doomed species," he says. "I got off the bandwagon a long time ago. I sit back from a long distance and say, 'Isn't this amusing?'"

A lot of people seem to think so. They may not be laughing anymore, but they're still buying his angry act—and his stuff. He's had 17 vastly successful comedy albums, and his second book, *Napalm & Silly Putty*, has already sold 350,000 copies. HBO premiered his twelfth televised concert on November 17 and is airing it throughout the month. Titled *Complaints and Grievances*, it even includes one touchy-feely bit called "People Who Oughtta Be Killed." One humorous note: The special aired live from New York City, which also isn't as funny as it used to be.

Surprisingly, George was very nice to us. He graciously gave up his time for the following series of rants. Funny thing is, we didn't laugh once. He hates that. He also hates...

"I often wonder how many people died on the way to one of my shows, getting hit by a car or something. You have an effect on people that you have no idea of."

...When tragedy screws with his act

"I changed the name of my HBO show. It was originally called *I Kinda Like It When a Lotta People Die*. I'm a big fan of disasters. I enjoy it when there's a big hurricane or earthquake or some shit. So I had a nine-minute piece about my fascination. It's very funny, but it was full of disregard for human life. I don't care about political sensitivity, but I work for effect. For me to do nine minutes of *I Kinda Like It When a Lotta People Die* two months after [the World Trade Center disaster] would have been folly. It would have seemed so insensitive. For all I know there might be 50 or 100 people in the audience who had relatives who died. It just couldn't be done."

And he hates Americans

"The people in this country are really fucking stupid. Intelligence flows from an enlightened self-interest, not a narrow, selfish one. They're constantly doing things that have unintended effects. We're surprised that sunscreen has created more skin cancer because people use it and then stay out too long. No one thinks 20, 30, 50 years down the line. If you do that, you're considered some kind of a kook or an agitator or some kind of weirdo."

Still has that shirt. Still fits him. Still wears it.

He also hates the white man's long-term prospects

"Numbers always win. If you count the number of white people of European extraction in this world and the people who are not, it's an overwhelming ratio of dark to white. And they will win. They will have the numbers, they will outbreed us and the only thing we'll ever be able to do is to have a huge missile-defense system and just sit here and jerk ourselves off and manufacture things like sneakers with lights in the heels and lemon-scented toilet paper."

And look, he's not too fond of religion, either!

"Religion is the worst thing that ever happened to mankind—the ironic part is that it's presented as a good thing, and its effect is absolutely catastrophic to individuals and to societies."

He hates overprotected kids

"Kids are protected from infancy against every possible threat. They have protective things on the crib. Protective things on the playpen. There's a little plastic thing. There's a little rubber thing. There's a mat that's foam rubber. God fucking forbid a child should bleed and learn about fibrinogen in the blood and how the platelets get together and form a scab, you know?"

He also hates the rich and famous

"It's fun to see famous rich people who are fucked up. It's fun to see someone with a lot of money who has some disease they can't cure. I like that, and I like it when their fucking ▷▷▷

Stuff Hair Tip No. 32

How to Tie a George Carlin Ponytail

Why make a friend hold your hair while you puke when you could just tie it back instead?

Step 1 Grow your hair long. (If your hair is already long, go to Step 2.)

Step 2 Pull hair into a single tail-like clump; use one hand to pinch it all together near the base of your skull.

Step 3 With your other hand, bind the hair together using a rubber band.

Step 4 Smirk.

Sure do love the common man, thought George as he primped in the john of his private jet

Illustration: Jason Johnson

OK, I'M LYING DOWN.
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• The Only publicly traded gaming site on the Internet (NASDAQ OTC BB: TTLN)
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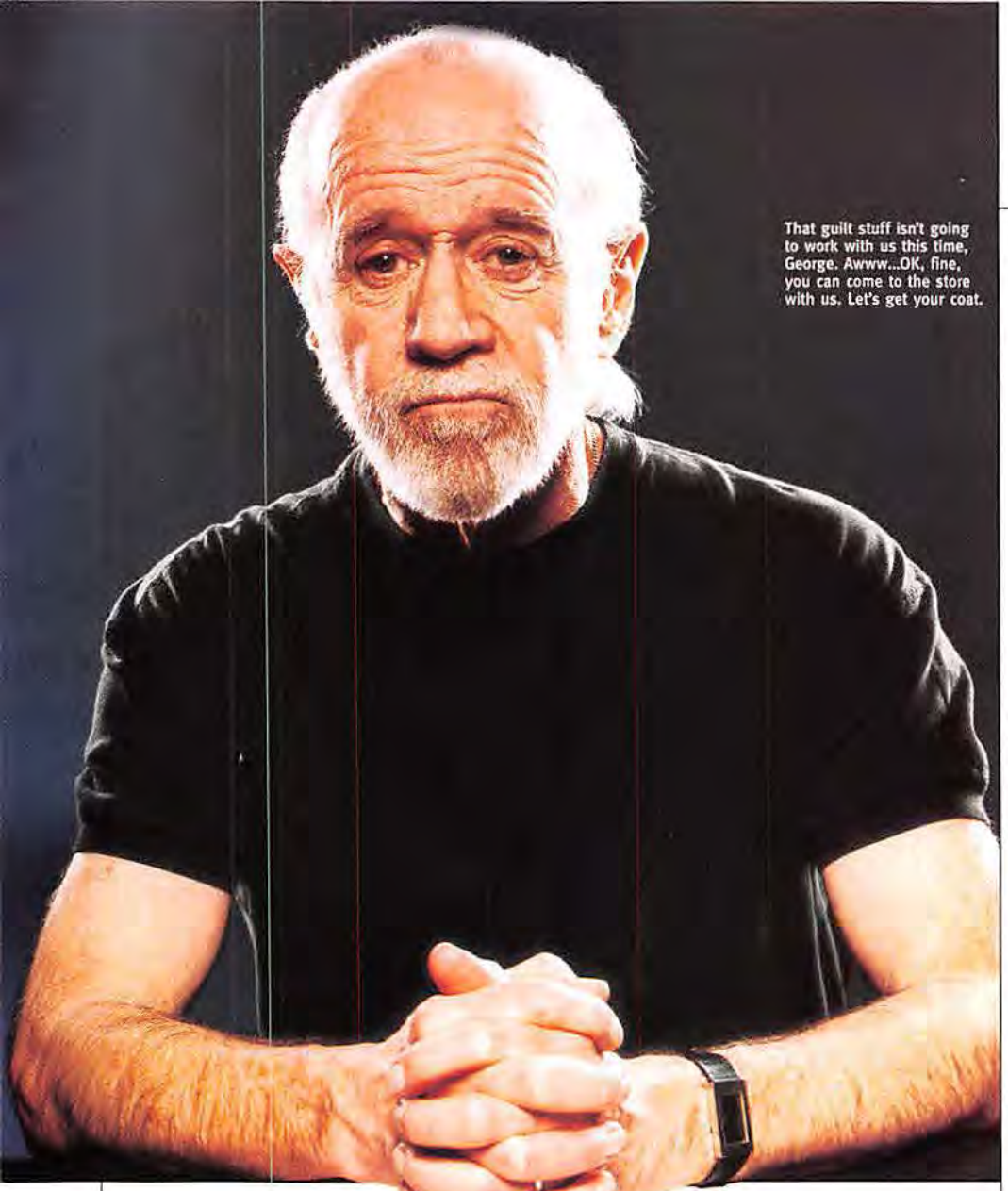

That guilt stuff isn't going to work with us this time, George. Awww...OK, fine, you can come to the store with us. Let's get your coat.

marriages collapse. I really enjoy other people's misery when they're kind of asking for it."

He despises Rosie O'Donnell (we're with him on this one)

"Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Robert De Niro—you never see them doing anything except movies. You don't see them with fucking Pat O'Brien or on *Extra* or on E! Jack Nicholson is one of the most wonderful actors we've ever had. The only mistake he makes is showing up at those fucking Lakers games. That's just embarrassing. Oh, and somebody ought to tell Rosie O'Donnell to just go fuck herself."

Sports kinda turn him off

"I follow from just enough distance that I don't let 25 strangers control my happiness. I love the Mets. I'm OK with the Yankees because they piss off the hillbillies. I want the Red Sox and the Cubs to lose forever. I love losing streaks. I love the Raiders because their owner, Al Davis, told the National Football League to go fuck itself and got away with it. But, in general, I hate owners. They're lower than a snake's ball bag. And the last thing on my list is the fans. They're the worst kind of lowlife, vile, fat, loudmouth cocksuckers."

He hates sellouts, too—unless he's the one selling out

"In this society, the only way to stay completely pure is to live in the woods and eat bark and make your clothing out of vines. Cocaine put me in a horrendous tax position in the 1970s. I owed $3 million to the IRS. By the time I got the *10-10-220* commercial, it might have been close to $500,000. I told them I wanted [the spots] to be in the context of being onstage, in the usual things I wear in my normal setting. I didn't want to be playing golf somewhere. I didn't want to be on a train with Ray Romano."

"What's the deal with bank tellers?!"

He really does love money

"I own all my HBO shows. I own all my albums. I do what I want with them. I write books and there's no censorship and no commercials. I know this: I get paid very, very well. I am comfortable, but because I spent about 20 years trying to catch up with the tax people, I didn't buy a lot of fucking apartment buildings or anything."

But he hates to spend it

"I'm not big on clothes. I've never needed a house that would scare people. I think most people know that by looking at me. I love to spend a lot of money when I buy a new car, about every seven or eight years. I have a 1996 BMW 850. It's a 12-cylinder car. It's the nicest-looking fucking thing they ever built. It's a honey."

He loves his neighbor

"I say hello to everybody, and I give them my eyes. I give 'em a fucking look, you know, and I'll say, 'How you doing, man—what's going on?' I hear their names. I see the name tags. The doorman, the bellman. And these other pricks are saying, 'Will you get these bags over here?'"

Well, not really

"We do a lot of charter flights just to stay out of these fucking airports. Not because of terror. I don't give a fuck if they blow me up. It's just a real pain in the ass if you're in a place like Akron to get to a place like Columbia, Missouri, because you've got to go from the small town to the big city to a big city to a big city to a small town."

He hates the theater

"I go to the theater late—that way, I don't have to fuck with the people. I hate hanging around backstage. It's just stupid. It's nontime. It's like the time you spend on an elevator or on hold. There is nothing you can do with it."

And he hates the idea of dying

"Death is just another big pain in the ass. It's the one democratic thing there is. Everybody gets it. And the interesting thing is, no one knows when."

But think of the publicity!

"I just hope it happens on a slow news day so that I get an inordinate amount of attention."

TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Comic Mischief
Mild Language

PlayStation.2

XBOX

COMING SOON ON

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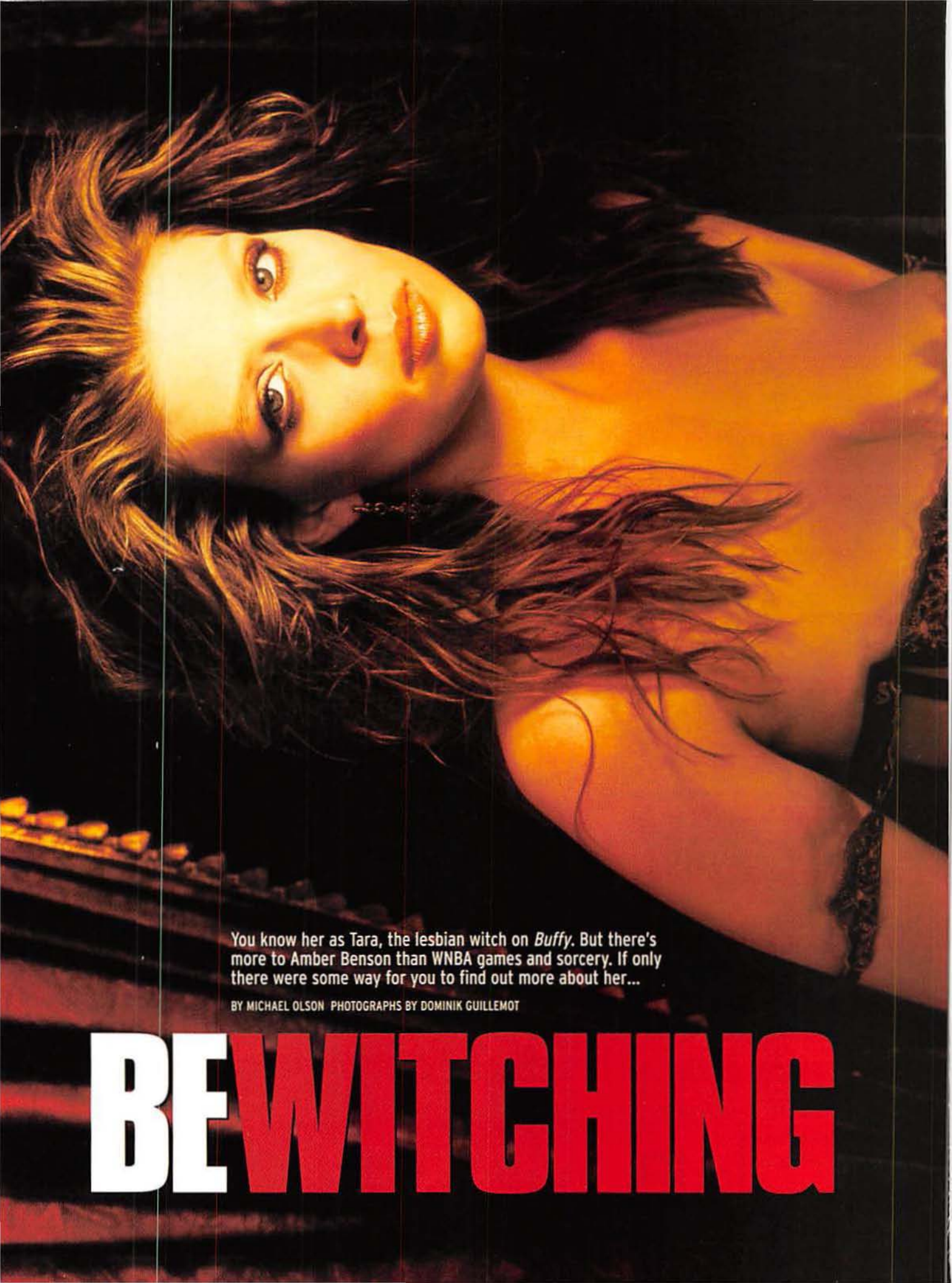

You know her as Tara, the lesbian witch on *Buffy*. But there's more to Amber Benson than WNBA games and sorcery. If only there were some way for you to find out more about her...

BY MICHAEL OLSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINIK GUILLEMOT

BEWITCHING

Through the static of her cell phone, Amber Benson explains what was wrong with the house she just toured with her real-estate agent. "It had pink walls, pink carpeting, mirrors...a little scary." You can't really blame her—most visitors to Matt Lauer's home have the same reaction. Anyway, these days it seems house shopping is the only thing that's a challenge for Amber. At 24, she's nailed a role on UPN's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, cowritten a comic book based on her *Buffy* character and directed her own independent film (people in the biz call them indies, which is just one reason why we'll always live in suburban New Jersey). With two other feature films in the can, Amber's star is rising faster than a cheetah duct-taped to a rocket. And that's pretty fast!

STUFF: So why are you pulling up stakes, if you'll forgive the expression?
AMBER: I have issues with people trying to find out where I live. People are obsessed with *Buffy*. For every 10 cool fans, there's one out there who's not right in the head.

Tara, your character on *Buffy*, doesn't care for "riding the broom," as it were. Are you worried that you'll be typecast as a lesbian Wiccan?
Not really. If people are so stupid that they can't see beyond it, then that's *their* issue, not mine. I just do whatever comes my way.

Can you do my cousin's homework? Anyway, do you have lots of lesbian fans now?
If I liked girls, I'd be a very happy camper. I've gotten some wonderful letters, and they've assured me that if I decide to play for the other team, I'll have a place.

Speaking of lesbians, you've costarred with Leonardo DiCaprio and hunks like Vince Vaughn and Brian Dennehy. Ever fallen for one of them?
I tend to date the behind-the-scenes guys. I've gone through an editor, a writer and a camera operator. I work so hard, I don't have much time to date.

Even at those swanky L.A. parties?
If I ever go to one of those, I'm in the corner with a nonalcoholic drink. I don't feel comfortable. You know what the most fun is? When you're the only sober person there. You watch these people acting like total asses.

What's the stupidest stuff you've seen in young Hollywood?
Three people hooking up in the middle of the room. I was like, "Can you put your clothes back on now, please?" It's not who I am. I'm from Alabama.

Clothes are what make Alabama great. So is Hollywood just full of huge egos?
What kind of personality is drawn to entertainment? They're set up to come into this business and have people kowtow to them. Luckily, I live with my family. If my head gets full, they're going to dunk it in the toilet.

"If I liked girls, I'd be a very happy camper."

You can always take my approach and sleep your way to the top.
I have so many girlfriends who date producers, directors and actors thinking that they're going to get a part. One friend in particular, she dates these old producers. She hasn't gotten anything from it.

That's not what her doctor told us. So power doesn't impress you?
We're all human beings. There's nothing that sets Gwyneth Paltrow apart from anybody else. It's just that people buy into it when someone says, "You're so great. You're so wonderful. Let me wipe your ass for you." [*To the side*] Sorry about that, Mom.

You're buying a new house with your mom. Isn't that strange?
Not at all. We hang out. She's my best friend.

So what if you pick up some guy and want to bring him home? Do you...
A) Invite him over and have an orgy with me and the family, B) Take him to a strange motel, or C) Never see him again because he was so embarrassed that I live with my family? Um, none of the above.

What would happen if your mom walked in on you with a guy?
I would be exceedingly embarrassed. How would *you* feel if your mom walked in on *you* fooling around with some chick?

I'd wonder how she missed the DANGER! DO NOT ENTER sign on my door. Tell me about *WannaBlessedBe*, this comic book you cowrote and in which you modestly made yourself the main character.
It wasn't hard at all. It was really fun. I kind of have free rein.

That says it all. Did you have any input on what the comic version of you looked like?
No. But luckily, we worked with a guy who draws women as women, with normal bodies. Without tiny Barbie waists and huge breasts.

Oh. Then tell me about *Chance*, the feature film that you wrote, directed and produced.
It's a comedy about this girl who calls herself a conscientious objector in the game of life. She's always picking up some guy. It's the trials and tribulations that she goes through with all the weird people in her life.

Would you like to write and direct again?
Writing is really cathartic. You get to be God and boss characters around and stuff. It's my heroin. Or, as my mother says, it's my BMW. Everybody at work has a BMW except me. I don't have a car. I have a movie!

Oh, yeah? Can your movie drive me to the liquor store?

Styling: Eric Berg for Rex. Hair: Lo... Moon for Artistic Pure Hair/Luxe. Makeup: Patrick DeFontbrune for aRTmiX the agency/Shu Uemura. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Amber Benson

"How would *you* feel if your mom walked in on *you* fooling around with some chick?"

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GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR

Midnight Cowboy

A wool/denim-blend tuxedo, you ask? OK, you didn't ask. But if you did, you'd be pleased to find out that Kenneth Cole is making nighttime tuxedos out of noontime fabrics, such as corduroy and denim. Perfect for the young, bronco-busting gentleman looking to solve the rodeo-to-debutante-ball dilemma. (Tuxedo, $495; shirt, $70) 800-KEN-COLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM HOGAN
STYLING BY KELLY RAE

Let's Be Frank

The cool new mag *Frank151* serves up the latest info on everything from snowboarding to underground hip-hop. Founding fathers Mike and Steve Malbon (inset) actually got their start on a rural pig plantation before taking off to bigger and better things. No offense to pig farmers nationwide: America would be nothing without you—well, you and your sausage. **www.frank151.com**

Get High

Christian Dior describes its newest fragrance, Higher (1.7 ounces, $40; 3.4 ounces, $55), as "liquid architecture," "urban essence" and, our favorite, "monolithic nudity." Don't own a fashion-speak decoder? Let us translate: "pear," "musk" and "smells good." **Department stores everywhere**

Styling: Mr. Rach.

CLOTHES MINDED

Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired. PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

Shady Characters

Since 1974, Blue Gem has offered a high-quality alternative to designer specs with an array of frames in the $20 range—in case you don't feel like forking over megabucks and a superfluous internal organ for a pair of Versaces. Just make sure you've got a lot of ice and some Neosporin before you go digging for a kidney. (Pictured pairs, $20 each) **www.bluegem.com**

Vice Squad

The latest DVD release from Hip-Hop Uncensored, *Miami Vices Volume 4* ($20), follows the daily lives of music celebs such as L'il Kim, DMX and Ja Rule. Some watch it for the stars, some for the women. We just want to find out which window treatments Eminem finally settled on. **www.hiphop uncensored.com**

Shox Therapy

The second generation of the Nike Shox series, the Nike Shox XT ($150), is tailor-made for the athlete who wants stability and responsive cushioning on any surface. We don't know what the hell cross-training is, but if it involves cocktail dresses, we might just give it a try! **Retail outlets across the nation**

Message in a Bottle

Do women want you to smell like a pile of floral spices and exotic lumber? How the hell should we know—we still live with Mom. But Hugo Boss has encapsulated said scents in a cologne fittingly called BOSS. Just putting it on makes our lives bearable again. (Eau de toilette, 1.7 ounces, $39; 3.4 ounces, $49; deodorant, $17) **www.hugoboss.com**

Peace Out

Designed by husband-and-wife team Jeffrey and Kim Lubell, the Hippie line of vintage denim and shirts evokes the old days, when protest was stylish and people thought Bob Dylan was talented. Want to feel like your parents did when they were kids? Try on a pair of Hippie Jeans—or just gain 60 pounds and go deeply into debt trying to provide for a child. (Vest, $141; thermal top, $62) **Urban Evolution, Charlotte, North Carolina, 704-332-8644**

Curious Giorgio

Giorgio Armani breaks new ground with his Armani Casa collection of furniture and homeware ($125–$1,500). It includes everything from velvet sofas to Shagrine nesting boxes (above). Don't know what a nesting box is? Get a girlfriend; they all come with nesting boxes. **212-334-1271**

Snow Job

Mesh-backed body vents open up for extra air circulation when you break a sweat—a big help when shoplifting. The eVENT Technology fabric makes the Bonfire Platinum XLT Apollo jacket ($450) completely waterproof yet totally breathable. We wrapped our art director in it and sprayed him with a fire hose. We said it was to test the jacket, but really, we were just being jerks. **www.bonfiresnow.com**

Gentle Ben

Ben Sherman changed his logo, but he's still putting out the same groovy Brit threads. These vintage-wash Don jeans ($69) are named after a manager who worked with the Who, the band our grandfather listened to when he was a kid. Unfortunately there's no cute anecdote about the polo shirt ($48). **www.benshermanusa.com**

Ciao, Froggy

Developed for a commando unit of Italian frogmen in 1938, Panerai watches are available to the public in extremely limited numbers. Thanks to the intricate, automatic self-winding motion, wearing a Panerai as you move around gives it enough kinetic energy to keep it ticking for 42 hours. And that's all the time you need to figure out how to use the rest of the watch. (GMT [left], $3,250; Power Reserve, $3,600) **800-628-4344**

The smooth spirit of the season.

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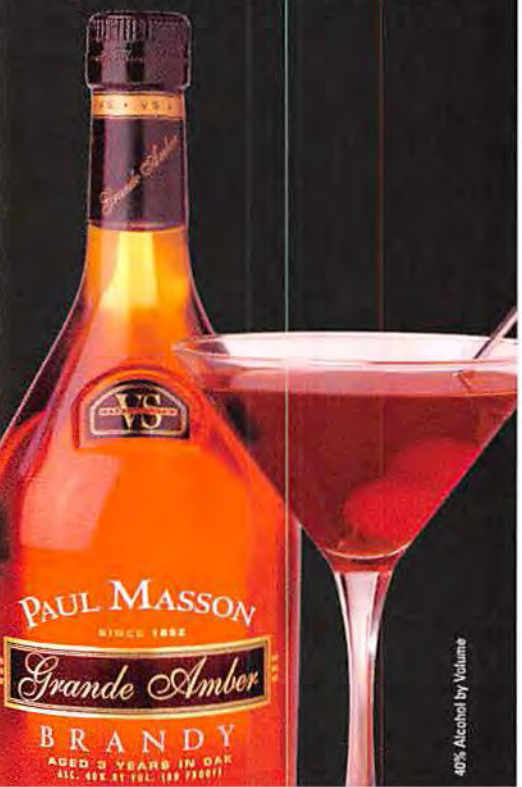


40% Alcohol by Volume

FASHION RADAR

Incoming!

Simmer Down

Tony Hawk's Cold Press jacket ($74) from Hawk Skateboarding Apparel Systems is a funky cotton-and-nylon combo, featuring a removable quilted vest lining that makes temperature regulation a pleasure. Now call your grandmother—she probably hasn't heard from you in weeks. **www.hawkclothing.com**

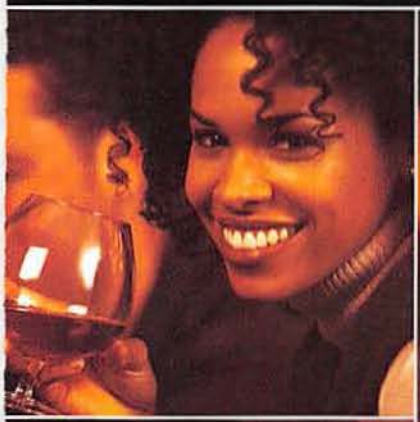
Japanese Tee

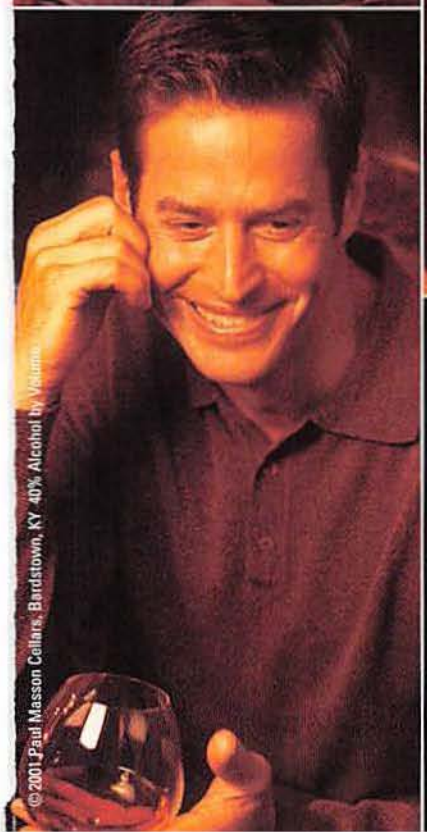
Aem'Kei's spring/summer line of clothing, with its martial arts–style graphics, pays tribute to a small army of ancient samurai who avenged the death of their master. That small army later went on to make a guest appearance on a very special episode of *Blossom*. (Martial arts tee, $38) **Vice Stores, NYC, 212-219-7788, and Fred Segal, L.A., 323-651-1935**

Pony Up

Pony has finally resurfaced with this classic sneaker ($60) and hat ($22)—and a full collection of athletic wear soon to follow. They disappeared in the early '90s, just like our little Shetland, Timmie. Dad told us he ran away, but we know he was full of shit. **www.pony.com**

Paul Masson Brandy.
Good friends. Smooth times.





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Please enjoy Paul Masson Grande Amber Brandy responsibly.

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UNIONBAY

Time to pay your dues.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMILY SHUR

UnionBay has specialized in all-American fashion for nearly 20 years. This fall, it's upping the edge factor and getting downright wacky. The new line includes distressed shirts and jeans and relaxed-fit, flat-front chinos with a specialized cell-phone pocket. UnionBay scrubs, scratches and blasts its new line of denim by hand to give it a weathered, vintage look. Now you can sit home and watch *Guiding Light* all day and still look like you actually managed to accomplish something with your sad little life.

WHAT TO GET

Vintage zip hoodie ($46), five-pocket jeans ($48), plaid shirt ($38). **www.unionbay.com**

Pep rallies bored Gary. All he wanted was to be outdoors, with the fence.

Life without a torso was tough, but he managed.

Styling: Mr. Rach. Grooming: Lauren Kohl for aRTmX the agency

PARASUCO

The dean of jeans.

Salvatore Parasuco got his start selling blue jeans out of his high school locker. Today his multimillion-dollar line includes jackets, T-shirts and just about every flavor of denim possible. Except pistachio. He hates pistachio. This fall, Parasuco's jeans will feature vintage treatments and spray dyeing. He'll also replace his classic five-pocket design with a revolutionary new ergonomic jean. And we were just thinking, *Boy, we could use some ergonomic jeans!*

WHAT TO GET

Helmet jacket ($500), red distressed jeans ($110), Velcro T-shirt ($45). **www.parasuco.com**

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MEN IN BLACK (AND BLUE)

This isn't your grandfather's tuxedo. 'Cause he's, like, buried in it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER NEVE. STYLING BY KELLY RAE. GROOMING BY OLGA SIMONOVA.

>>>>> Five Reasons You Should Own a Tux

THE AVERAGE-SIZE RENTAL TUX IS WORN BY 40-50 DIFFERENT GUYS A YEAR. And, to reduce wear and tear, it may have been cleaned only once during that period. You should know that tuxes contain sweat shields, which are magnets for all kinds of germs. If that doesn't completely disgust you, then...what are you doing later?

YOU CAN GET A PRETTY GOOD TUX FOR AS LITTLE AS $200 TO $300. You can get a much better one for twice that. Last year's average rental price was $98.03. Get married three times, then die, and you've already come out ahead.

WHEN YOU RENT, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU RENT. There are a variety of cuts and fabrics on the market that you're not going to find in any rental shop. You won't find a decent corned-beef sandwich there, either. We tried.

YOU OFTEN NEED TWO WEEKS' NOTICE TO RENT A TUX. If you owned one, it would already be home, lurking in the closet. We had a cat who did that.

AS LONG AS IT FITS, YOU CAN WEAR THE SAME TUX FOR 20 YEARS. That's what Jack Simpson says, and he's designed for Neiman Marcus. He actually said it was "timeless," but we weren't listening.

VELVET SHAWL-COLLAR EVENING COAT, $1,990; WOOL JERSEY CREWNECK, $430; WOOL EVENING PANTS, $510; SHOES, $475; ALL BY GUCCI.

■ THIS PAGE: AUSTIN HEALY SILVER HERRINGBONE SUIT: JACKET, $755, AND PANTS, $350, BY NEW YORK INDUSTRIE. COTTON TUXEDO SHIRT, $198, BY EMPORIO ARMANI. ■ OPPOSITE PAGE: VELOUR LASER-CUT SUIT, $970, AND SHIRT, $160, BOTH BY D&G. TIE, $88, BY AGNES B.

■ OPPOSITE PAGE: WOOL VEST, $95; WOOL PANTS, $195; AND SILK MOIRE DRESS SHIRT, $225; ALL BY BOSS HUGO BOSS. ■ THIS PAGE: VELVET TUXEDO, $875, AND LEATHER BUTTON-FRONT SHIRT, $395, BOTH BY BURBERRY.

STICK FIGURES

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STYLING BY KELLY RAE

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2 DARKSTAR GRAPHIC, $369, by Kz
3 FASTBACK 163, $480, by Salomon
4 DANNY KASS PRO MODEL, $489, by Gnu
5 FRONTIER, $470, by Burton
6 KURT WASTELL SFR750 PRO MODEL, $449, by Sims

ALL THE OTHER NOT FROZEN PEOPLE ARE WEARING IT.

Chairman Gert Boyle

Sub-zero temperatures are no time to go against the grain. Instead, make like the rest of the warm people and wear a Fire Ridge Parka™. Its Bergundtal Cloth™ shell and detachable hood shrug off all things winter while an Interchange System™ MTR Fleece™ liner zips in to make sure you stay well thawed. So if you really want to be different from everyone else, dye your hair blue. For a dealer nearest you call 1-800-MA BOYLE.

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www.columbia.com

ON HIM (SITTING): BOXER BRIEFS, $18, BY 2(X)IST. TRACK PANTS, $168 FOR SET, BY OUTKAST. PUFFY VEST (ON CHAIR), $125, BY TOMMY JEANS.
ON HIM (STANDING): CAMOUFLAGE TANK TOP, $22, AND BOXER BRIEFS, $20, BOTH BY DUG. JEANS, $110, BY PARASUCO.
ON HER (STANDING): #76 T-SHIRT, $18, BY FOSSIL. SHORTS, $76, BY PATRICIA FIELD. BRA, $100, AND PANTIES, $40, BOTH BY D&G. HOODIE (ON WALL BEHIND), $109, BY UNIS.
ON HER (SITTING): BRA, $20, AND LACE BOY SHORTS, $22, BOTH BY BABY PHAT. SHOES, $175, BY LOEWE.
ON FLOOR: BARBATOS AMERICAN-FLAG SLIPPERS, $60, BY BIRKENSTOCK. BLUE T-SHIRT, $22, BY POON TANG.
ON HIM (AT FRIDGE): TANK TOP, $19, BY SEAN JOHN. AQUARIUM-PRINT PAJAMA TOP (ON CHAIR), $68, BY DUG.

Top Drawers

Strip poker tonight? Here's how to stack the deck.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK HERHOLDT AT JUDITH MILLER INC. STYLING BY RICH STEWART. HAIR BY SAM LEONARDI AT ARTIST. MAKEUP BY BRYIN SMOOT AT ARTIST.

BOXER BRIEFS, $19, BY CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR

BOXER BRIEFS, $18, BY PHAT FARM

BOXER BRIEFS, $18, BY FUBU

BOXERS, $20, BY MECCA

BOXER BRIEFS, $19, BY CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR

WOVEN BOXERS, $20, BY TED BAKER

COTTON BOXERS, $19, BY TOMMY HILFIGER

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Comic Mischief

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SexSpy

SECRETS REVEALED! FLESH EXPOSED!

The Women of 39th and Sixth

We posted four interns and a photographer outside our offices to find the hottest woman who passed by...then invited her inside to pose for the camera. We got no work done that day.

NAME: Jennifer

AGE: 22

PROFESSION: Student, studying fashion-merchandising management. She says she wants to open a lingerie shop or a "sexy clothes store."

RELATIONSHIP STATUS: Dating her boyfriend for two and a half years. "I love him to death, but I'm going to Italy to study for a few months. I'm not going to do all these guys or anything, but I am going to have fun–go on dates, flirt, whatever."

WHAT SHE WAS DOING WHEN WE MET HER: "Having lunch in Bryant Park with my friend. At first I thought I was getting hit on, because I get hit on a lot. But I knew the magazine, and your intern wasn't like, 'Hey, sexy mama–nice tits.'"

WHAT'S UNDER HER CLOTHES: "A real stringy, barely there thong and a pretty bra. I like wearing pretty things because they make me feel feminine."

WHY YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR BACK: "My favorite part of the male body is the ass. A nice, firm, round ass I can grab. When I'm walking down the street with my boyfriend, I love to grab it–*grrrr!*"

THE REASON SHE'S AN INSUFFERABLE FLIRT: "It can strengthen a relationship. My boyfriend and I will go to a club, and he'll talk to other girls and I'll dance with other guys. It's stupid to get mad about it, because at the end of the night we're going home together."

TYPICAL DAYDREAM: "I fantasize about guys being forceful. Just say, 'Get on the bed. This is what we're doing.' That's what I like. Unfortunately, most guys don't get it."

HER SECRET SHAME: "I love peanut butter. You can't understand how much I love it. If I could, I'd coat myself with peanut butter and eat myself."

For more exclusive pictures of Jennifer, check out www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography: (Before) Matt Wakem. (After) Ron Contarsy; Styling: Andrea Cooker for the Montgomery Group; Hair: Sam Leonardi for Artists by Timothy Pharo/facestation.com; Makeup: Kevin Shapiro for the Montgomery Group. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

THE LOVELY DAWN

The Ex Games

Why go to all the trouble of having a girlfriend when you can sleep with all of your old ones? This month, *Stuff* sexologist Dawn Yanek shows you how to get your ex back in bed, no commitment required.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAULINE ST. DENIS

SAMONA, 27, REAL-ESTATE MANAGER

ELIZABETH, 26, ACTRESS

SAMANTHA, 22, BARTENDER

TOMMY, 21, MODEL

"I ran into an ex at a bar. He was like, 'Your ass looks so good. You're turning me on.' I started rubbing him, and he put his hands down my pants. We started going at it in the cab on the way home." –Elizabeth, 26

Men always say that they want sex without baggage. The funny thing is, a lot of women wouldn't mind having the same thing. If you're in the mood for no-nonsense nookie, there's one place you're probably not looking, and it's the place where you're most likely to get it–your ex-girlfriends. I gathered four women to reveal the secret no woman really wants you to know: Just because the relationship is over (the stifled yawns, the endless nagging, the dirty looks), it doesn't mean the sex is. You just have to know the ground rules.

DAWN: Why is ex sex so great?

ELIZABETH: It's dial-a-bone central–a total booty call when you want to get laid. With one ex, the sex is phenomenal, so I keep going back. Part of it is that we have this great connection. The other part is that he's got a Gonzo-nose penis. It curves downward and hits my G-spot. One time during sex I almost fainted.

SAMONA: Sex after you break up can be fulfilling, because it's comfortable and you know each other's bodies so well. You're also showing off, like, "Oooh, look what you're missing." But it can also be disappointing afterward, because in my case, I wanted something different than he did. I wanted to get back together.

TOMMY: I don't want a relationship now. So when I want sex, I'll call the guys I've been with who know how to make me tremble.

DAWN: Describe the wildest ex sex you've ever had.

SAMONA: I've let my ex do me any which way he wants–anywhere he wants. A few months after we broke up, we were flirting at an engagement party. At the end of the night, he was sitting next to me with a hard-on, and my hand was on his lap. I took him to this cheap motel off the Grand Central Parkway in Queens.

TOMMY: We did it on a bench right in the middle of a mall! I was sitting on top of him in a really short skirt.

ELIZABETH: It was on the Brooklyn Bridge in the middle of the night. We were holding hands as we were walking over it, and I pushed him against the railing and we started going at it.

DAWN: Are you more likely to get really kinky after you've broken up?

SAMANTHA: Definitely. When you're in a relationship, sometimes you don't do things because you think they'll ruin everything. But when you break up, it doesn't matter. My ex and I had a threesome after we broke up.

ELIZABETH: Yeah. I tried the role-playing thing with my ex. We were going out as friends, and when he came to pick me up, I looked barely legal. I was wearing this little skirt with a side stripe and a tank top with no bra, plus my hair was in a ponytail. It was totally kinky.

DAWN: Let's say you run into your ex at a bar. How does he get you naked?

ELIZABETH: Two weeks ago, I ran into an ex at this dive bar. We were sitting in a booth, talking, and I was wearing these ass-cleavage pants. He was like, "Your ass looks so good. You're turning me on." I started rubbing him, and he put his hands down my pants and was grabbing my ass and kneading it. We started going at it in the cab on the way home.

SAMANTHA: My ex lives near me, so he'll be doing laundry and stop by between loads to say hi. Sure, it might turn into sex, but it's OK because he didn't *mean it to*, you know?

SAMONA: The funny shtick always works with me because being goofy is nonthreatening. Reminisce about a silly thing that happened in bed. Like, "Remember that time I fell off the bed?" That makes things lighter. You can't just say, "Let's go home and fuck," like when you're dating. You don't want him to have his cake and eat it, too.

DAWN: Are there any other ways that a guy can screw up the prospect of ex sex?

SAMANTHA: If I see my ex all over some other girl at a bar and she leaves, and *then* he's all over me–forget it.

SAMONA: Don't question me about who I'm dating. My ex and I have a lot of mutual friends, and he said, "So, I hear you're sleeping with that comedian." It's a major turnoff. Also, don't brag about the women you've been with since we broke up. I don't want that image in my head.

TOMMY: I hate when a guy *asks* for sex. Just go for it and see what happens. I want a guy to take charge and throw me down. That's how an ex can get me into bed. ▷▷▷

"I'll call him and say, 'Can I come over and see the cats?' That means, 'Let's have sex.'"

The Bathroom Tapes

We sent a reporter with a tape recorder to camp out in the ladies' room of a bar. What she found was a bunch of potty mouths.

TAPE 1: SQUEEZE PLAY

GIRL 1 I really don't know what the hell is wrong with John* tonight.
GIRL 2 Why?
GIRL 1 He keeps grabbing my boobs–hard.
GIRL 2 What? I'm sure he's just kidding around.
GIRL 1 It hurts, though.
GIRL 2 He's your boyfriend.
GIRL 1 He's not my boyfriend.
GIRL 2 Well, whatever he is.
GIRL 1 But it hurts.
GIRL 2 Tell him to stop.
GIRL 1 I did. He's belligerent. He can barely stand up straight.
GIRL 2 Should we go?
GIRL 1 I'm not leaving 'cause of him.
GIRL 2 Just tell me when you're ready. I'm fine.
GIRL 1 Lemme pee first.

TAPE 2: HER SECRET SHAME

GIRL 1 My feet have been stepped on so many goddamn times tonight.
GIRL 2 I know. Look at mine. They're black.
GIRL 1 Ugh. And people keep spilling drinks on them. Can't they be more careful?
GIRL 2 Seriously. I really fucking hate having to wear go-out shoes.
GIRL 1 I know. Look at my feet. They're disgusting.
GIRL 2 They're not that bad.
GIRL 1 They're embarrassing. It's like I have athlete's foot or something.
GIRL 2 Oh, God. Say that louder.
GIRL 1 What? I'm not ashamed. I've got ugly feet! It's not my fault!

TAPE 3: WET AND WILD

GIRL 1 The music's pretty good here.
GIRL 2 Yeah. Good to dance to.
GIRL 1 It's like a workout.
GIRL 2 I know. I'm so sweaty.
GIRL 1 Me, too. Can you tell? I feel like I've pitted right through my shirt.
GIRL 2 You're fine.
GIRL 1 Why do I sweat so much?
GIRL 2 It's natural.
GIRL 1 This is not natural. [*Lifts arm to reveal enormous pit stains*]
GIRL 2 Stop. Just keep your arms down.

TAPE 4: GUYS ARE SO PICKY

GIRL 1 Did you see your friend Mark?
GIRL 2 No. Why?
GIRL 1 He's totally making out with this girl I went to high school with.
GIRL 2 Good for him. Is she hot?
GIRL 1 Eh...so-so. She's a little dirty.
GIRL 2 Slutty?
GIRL 1 I don't know. In high school, she was a little shady.
GIRL 2 Whatever. I'm sure he doesn't care. ▷▷▷

*All names have been changed to protect the obscenely stupid.

Styling: Rachel Gulman; Hair and Makeup: Helen Gand. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page. Photography: (Dawn alone) Rod Spicer; (Hand) Damien Donck.

The Bathroom Tapes CONT.

TAPE 5: AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC-SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

GIRL 1 I am *drrrunk*!
GIRL 2 Me, too.
GIRL 1 Well, I started at 7. I had this huge margarita at happy hour.
GIRL 2 Just one?
GIRL 1 Yeah, but it was, like, this big. [*Cups hands to show size*]
GIRL 2 It's best to come drunk. Drinks are too expensive here.
GIRL 1 I know. That's my motto: Get drunk before you leave your house.
GIRL 2 I'm getting tired, though.
GIRL 1 I kinda am, too. I could eat.
GIRL 2 Wanna go to the deli?
GIRL 1 Yeah.

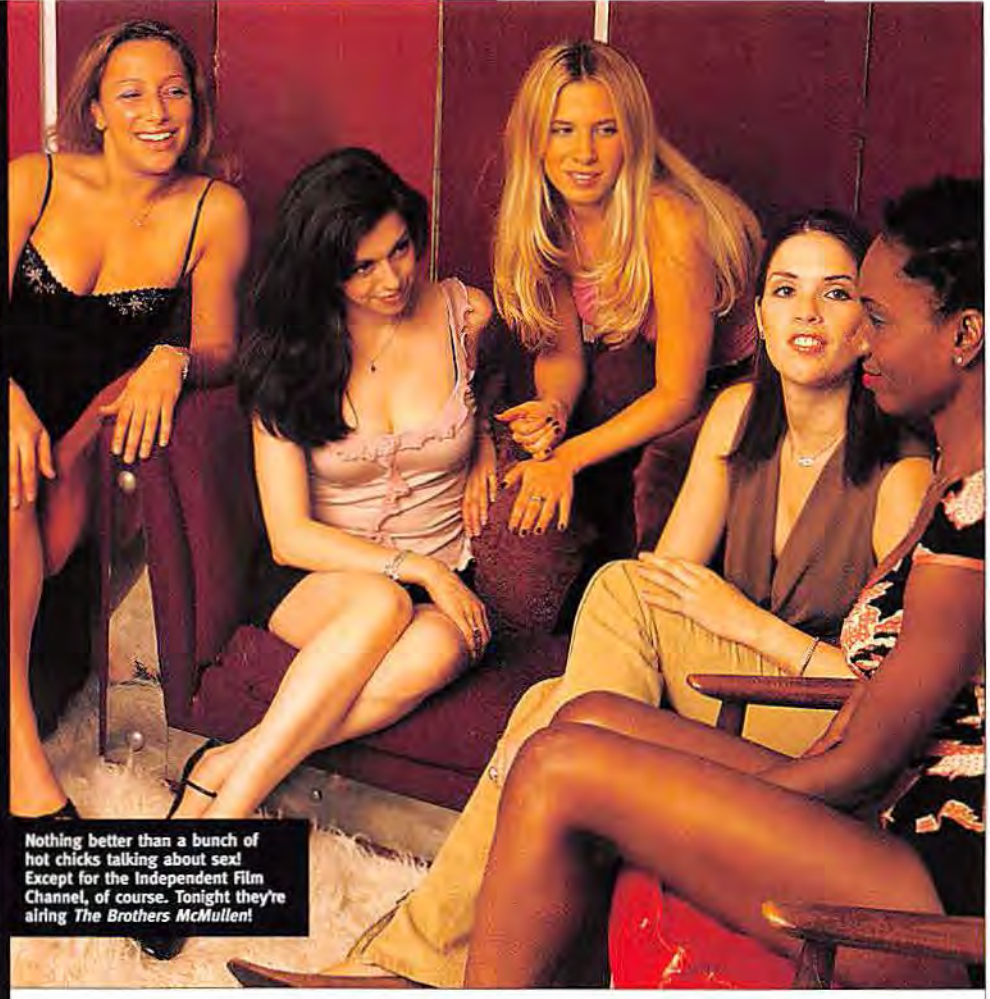
TAPE 6: SYMPATHY DOESN'T MEAN CHARITY

GIRL 1 Did you see that guy on the dance floor?
GIRL 2 Which one?
GIRL 1 That big guy who was, like, coming up to every girl and freaking her?
GIRL 2 Oh, yeah. He's out of control.
GIRL 1 Who's he here with? You'd think someone would take him home.
GIRL 2 He's just sloppy.
GIRL 1 I almost feel bad for him.
GIRL 2 Well, then just dance with him.
GIRL 1 That's not what I mean. It's just pathetic.
GIRL 2 No, I know. It's sad.

TAPE 7: THE HOT GIRL'S FRIEND

GIRL 1 Did you talk to him yet?
GIRL 2 What am I supposed to say?
GIRL 1 I don't know. Just go up to him and start talking.
GIRL 2 I feel so dumb.
GIRL 1 Want me to get him over here?
GIRL 2 You better not. Don't you fucking dare!
GIRL 1 What? It'll be fine.
GIRL 2 No. Please don't. If you go up to him, he'll start liking *you*.
GIRL 1 What?
GIRL 2 That's what always happens. You know the guys always end up liking you.
GIRL 1 They do not.
GIRL 2 Look at you. You're fucking smiling. You know what I'm talking about.
GIRL 1 I am not! I just think it's funny.
GIRL 2 Just please don't go up to him, OK?
GIRL 1 OK.
GIRL 2 You better wait for me in here.
GIRL 1 I can't believe you.
GIRL 2 Wait. I'll only be a sec. –*Shannan Rouss*

Correction: Dawn Bruno also contributed to Issue 23's Bathroom Tapes.



Nothing better than a bunch of hot chicks talking about sex! Except for the Independent Film Channel, of course. Tonight they're airing *The Brothers McMullen*!

"I tried the role-playing thing with my ex. We were going out as friends, and when he came to pick me up, I looked barely legal."

DAWN: What makes the sex so good that you keep coming back for more?

SAMANTHA: My ex has no problem spending hours doing whatever a woman wants.

SAMONA: I like getting fingered. It's so high school, but I love it. Putting two fingers inside with the thumb on the clit is a really good technique.

ELIZABETH: I want petting, fondling, fingering, even just breathing heavy between my legs. And when he's going down, flicking is a good start, but I really love it when a guy nuzzles and sucks and pulls lightly at the clit.

TOMMY: I love kissing. Even if you're having rough sex, he can still grab you and kiss you. But it's really rare that you find a guy who does that.

DAWN: How can a guy ensure that there will be no strings attached?

TOMMY: If he walked out right after, I'd know that he just wanted sex.

ELIZABETH: I'm friends with most of my exes, so we'll sleep over, have breakfast and part ways. That's the best situation to be in. And guys should be clear afterward. Say, "Listen, I really like you and we have great chemistry, but I'm not down with anything more than this." She might feel the same way. It's better to hurt her feelings than lead her on.

SAMONA: I agree. When he says he'll call me tomorrow and he doesn't, I'll just keep calling him. If he said, "Take this for what it is," I'd be relieved. And I might still hook up with him, because then I'd know where I stood. Men don't get that.

SAMANTHA: If *I* broke up with the guy, I'd just want sex. But my last ex left me, so when we have sex and he leaves, I cry.

DAWN: What signs should a guy look for that you want ex sex?

SAMANTHA: My ex called me a few weeks ago and was like, "I'm doing laundry. I'll stop by and say hi." I changed into a wife-beater with no bra and little shorts. Of course we hooked up.

SAMONA: I'll show up at a bar where I know my ex will be, and I'll be looking really good. Or sometimes I'll call him and say, "Can I come over and see the cats?" That means, "Let's have sex."

DAWN: If you're with a new guy, does ex sex count as cheating?

SAMANTHA: No. If you've been with the new guy for only a short time, you don't have that commitment. I don't tell the new guy about my ex, but I do tell my ex about the new guy.

SAMONA: I'm interested in a new guy I think I could really like, and we're going to start having sex, like, any minute. But what if my ex wanted to hook up with me? I honestly don't know what I'd do.

TOMMY: Sometimes the new guy isn't as good as my ex in bed, and my feelings for him are still there. I don't look at it as cheating that much. If I want good sex, I'm going to get some.

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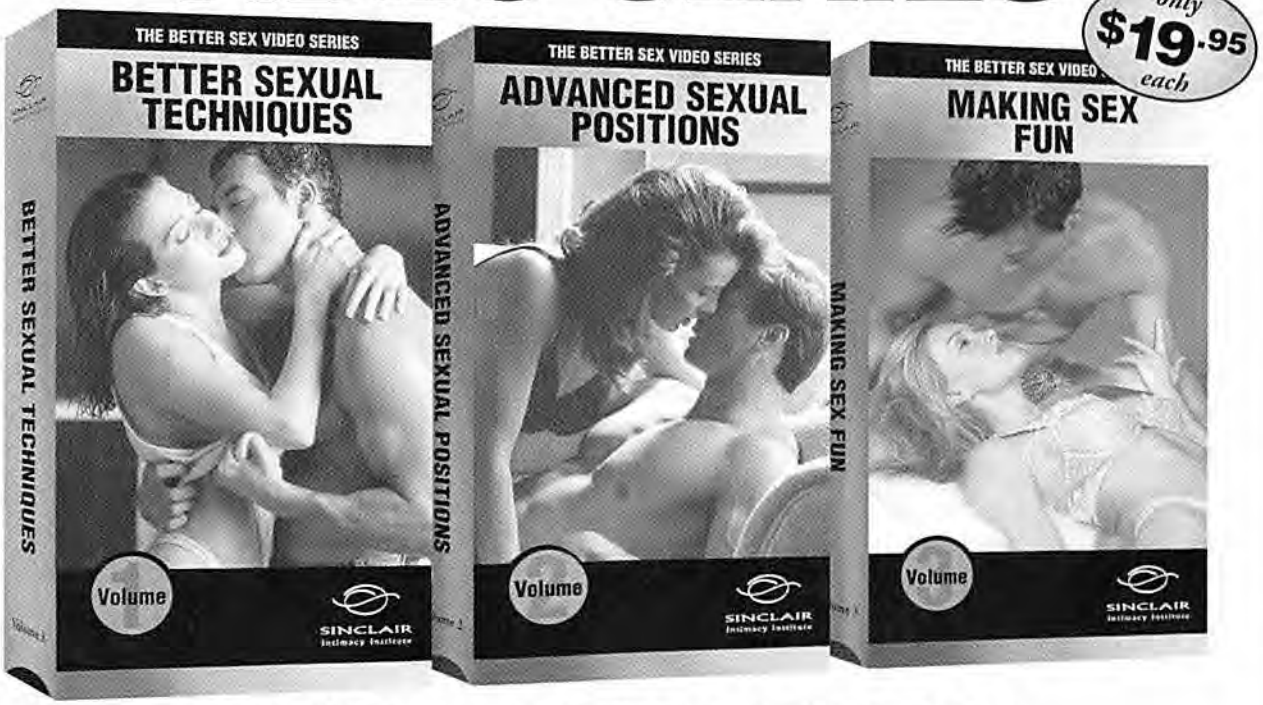

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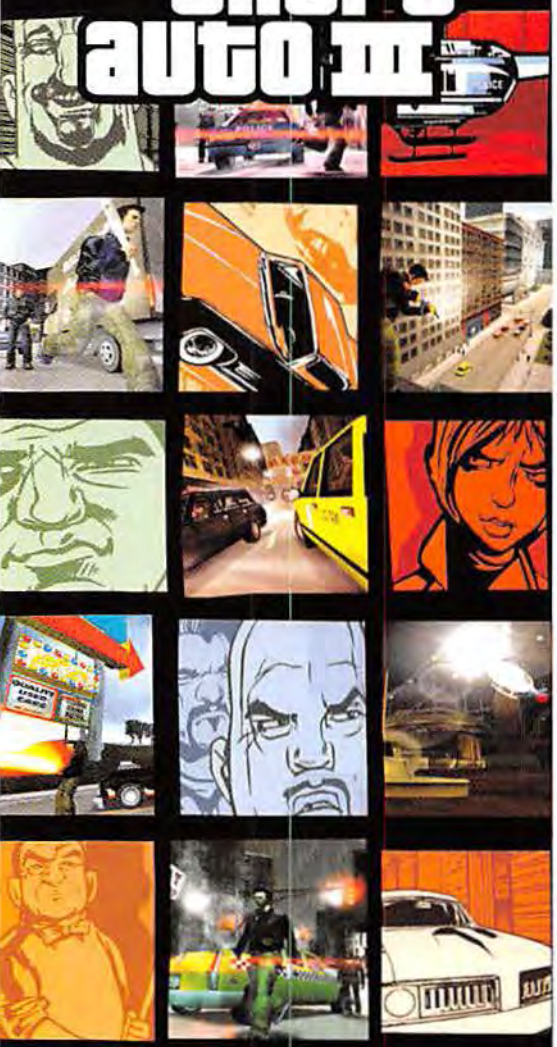

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Erin came for the photo shoot, but she stayed for the free buffet. Those low-fat muffins weren't going to eat themselves! Or were they?

Are you a sexy student who's well versed in Shakin' That Ass 101? If so, our $4,999 scholarship could be yours. Send us a picture and vitals to: Women's Studies Scholarship, Stuff, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Check out the Women's Studies Gallery in the Sex section of www.stuffmagazine.com.

Birthday: July 13, 1981
College: James Madison
Major: Accounting
Quirks: Alphabetizes her CDs, won't play beer pong for fear of contracting spinal meningitis

WOMEN'S STUDIES APPLICANT NO. 12

Erin Jacques

Will this vexing virgin take home our $4,999 scholarship?

Just like your college girlfriend, only not your hand with eyes drawn on it

STUFF: On your application, you said you didn't think it was fair that a previous contestant had implants. Ever think of getting some yourself?
ERIN: Hell no! I didn't say I *needed* them–I just said it wasn't fair that she *had* them.

You have a friend who's a lesbian. Here's a segue for you: Has she ever tried to convert you?
Who hasn't? There was an experimental phase with my girlfriends. We'd kiss each other when we were drinking. I've definitely never sworn it off.

I'm told that you and your boyfriend are serious. How's the old in-and-out treating you?
Oh, I'm still a virgin. Not many of us left.

Must...know...more....
I'm not putting any restrictions on myself, like it must be the day I get married. I just want it to be perfect.

Can a virgin have a satisfying physical relationship?
I'm open to a lot of things. We watch pornos, and he got me a vibrator. I didn't like it as much as I thought I would. I don't really like penetration, so I thought I would like the vibrator. But I like getting off from him better than anything else.

Ever had an orgasm?
I've had tons. Since I was in, like, eighth grade. By myself. Just, you know, experimenting. Not often now, though, because I've had a roommate for the past two years. But whenever the urge arises, I make time.

You're into astrology. If your horoscope read "A good day to lose your virginity," would you?
[*Laughs*] Horoscopes are bullshit. Someone just makes all those up. I don't buy into daily horoscopes at all.

If you could be a Greek goddess, who'd it be?
Hmmm. It would be someone cool. Aphrodite? She was the love goddess, right?

I don't remember.
It's not supposed to matter if I know it. That's *your* job.

In theory. –*Mike Olson*

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF

Stuff

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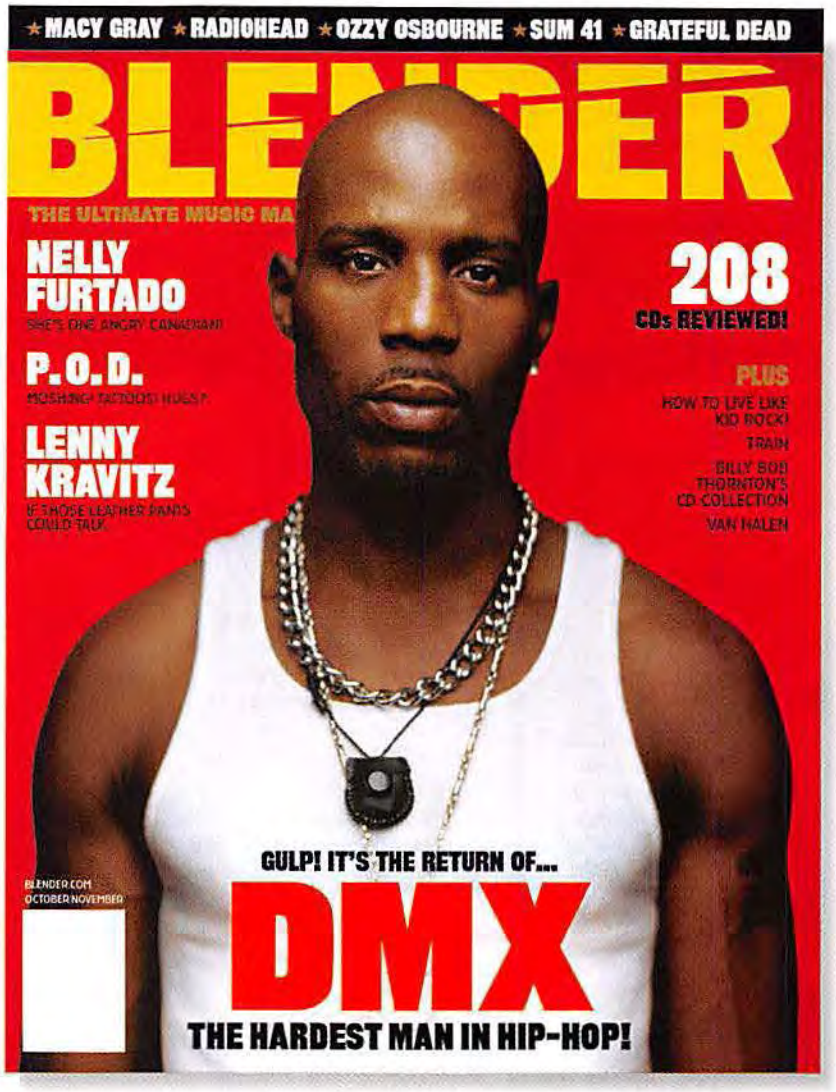

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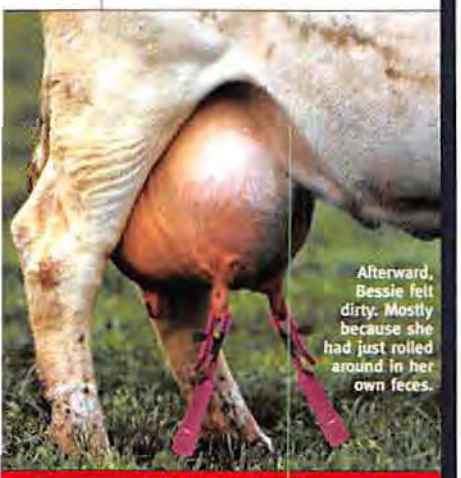


Afterward, Bessie felt dirty. Mostly because she had just rolled around in her own feces.

SEASON'S BEATINGS

Put a Clamp On It

For those of you who get turned on when jump-starting your car, we've got a sex toy for you.

Xandria.com's vibrating nipple clamps ($40)–powered by tiny watch batteries–hook onto breasts of either sex, providing intense, constant stimulation. "The feeling is not like any human thing you can explain," says Malia Okin, a Xandria.com spokesperson. Malia, some might call it *pain*. "You'll need a decent amount of flesh there–you know, pretty nice-size nipples–for them to stay on," she adds, while we quietly vomit into a nearby wicker wastepaper basket.

Sex Stats

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? THEY DON'T HAVE TV
After sex, male june bugs cuddle with their partners for two hours.

FAT PEOPLE HAVE SEX?
Sex is four times more likely to trigger a heart attack in fat people, according to Swedish researchers.

SAVES ON CLEANUP
Men on death row often stop producing sperm.

WE DON'T CARE
Forty-six percent of women think that a good night's sleep is better than sex.

Christie stayed still, alert and ready. Her master was about to throw the ball, and damn if she wasn't going to fetch it like a pro!

BABES OF YORE NO. 24 (THAT RHYMES!)

Christie Brinkley

This uptown girl was living in a white-bread world. Then she married Billy Joel and changed addresses to a place called hell.

1954 Christie Lee Hudson is born in Malibu, California. She later assumes the last name of her stepdad, TV producer Don Brinkley. Think Don's related to famed TV journalist David Brinkley? Dude, you think too much.

1971 Christie ditches UCLA and heads for Paris. A short time later she meets a photographer who wants to shoot her. Oh, don't worry! *Shoot* is an industry term for "take a picture."

1975 A *Sports Illustrated* editor takes notice of Christie's, er, athleticism and hires her to pose for the annual swimsuit issue. She would grace the *SI* cover three times. Not to pontificate, but we find *Sports Illustrated*'s use of bikini-clad models appalling.

1981 As a groundbreaking feminist, Christie is the first female ever to star in a national beer commercial. A bathing suit-wearing Brinkley is seen by millions as she clutches a can of Natural Light. We said it was beer–we didn't say it was *good* beer.

With Turtle Wax, women just roll off

1981 Meets champagne heir and race-car driver Olivier Chandon at Studio 54. The affair between the dashing racer and the model comes to an end when Chandon dies in a hideous car wreck. Live by the sword, die by the sword–right, Chandon? Chandon? Why isn't he answering us?!

1983 Makes her big-screen debut as a skinny-dipping siren alongside Chevy Chase in *National Lampoon's Vacation*, a role she'd later reprise in *Vegas Vacation*. And by reprise, we mean "look much older in."

1984 Christie poses for *Playboy*. Suddenly 45-year-old men who still live at home have a reason not to die.

1985 After dating for a couple years, Christie gets hitched to puglike musician Billy Joel, who begins exploiting her in his music videos. Little-known fact: "Uptown Girl" was about anal sex.

1990 Matchbox produces a scale figure of the lovely Miss Brinkley in its creatively titled Real Model Collection. Sadly, sex with said toy provides a sensation that is decidedly *un*real. And rather painful.

1994 Barely survives a chopper crash near Telluride, Colorado, with her future husband, real estate mogul Richard Taubman. This proves our sociological theory: *Rich people often charter helicopters.*

The punishment for not answering the troll's riddle was marriage

1994 Amidst rumors of infidelity (by Joel) and the realization that her spouse is a bug-eyed gimp (by Christie), the two divorce.

1995 After one child and a year of marriage to Taubman, Christie decides to call it quits–while Taubman just calls it a divorce. Tomatoes, tomahtoes, people!

1996 Following the Babe of Yore staple of posing for *Playboy*, Christie nails the final criterion that is multiple marriages by wedding hubby No.4, architect Peter Cook. Here's hoping he *designed* a good prenup.

2001 Last seen in an infomercial with Chuck Norris hocking the Total Gym workout. Other than that, they both seem to be *Missing in Action*! You know, 'cause Chuck was in that movie and, uh...oh, go to hell.
–*Salvatore Tuzzeo Jr.*

Photography: (Clamps) Damien Donck

NEXT MONTH IN

Stuff

Special Report
The Best Bars in America

> We waded knee-deep in sawdust and survived mind-melting hangovers to bring you this list of the coolest drinking holes in the USA. Burp.

Hot Stuff

> A recap of the best of everything in 2001: movies, CDs, gizmos, fancy urinals and more! And by more, we mean, like, a lot more!

Screw Everything

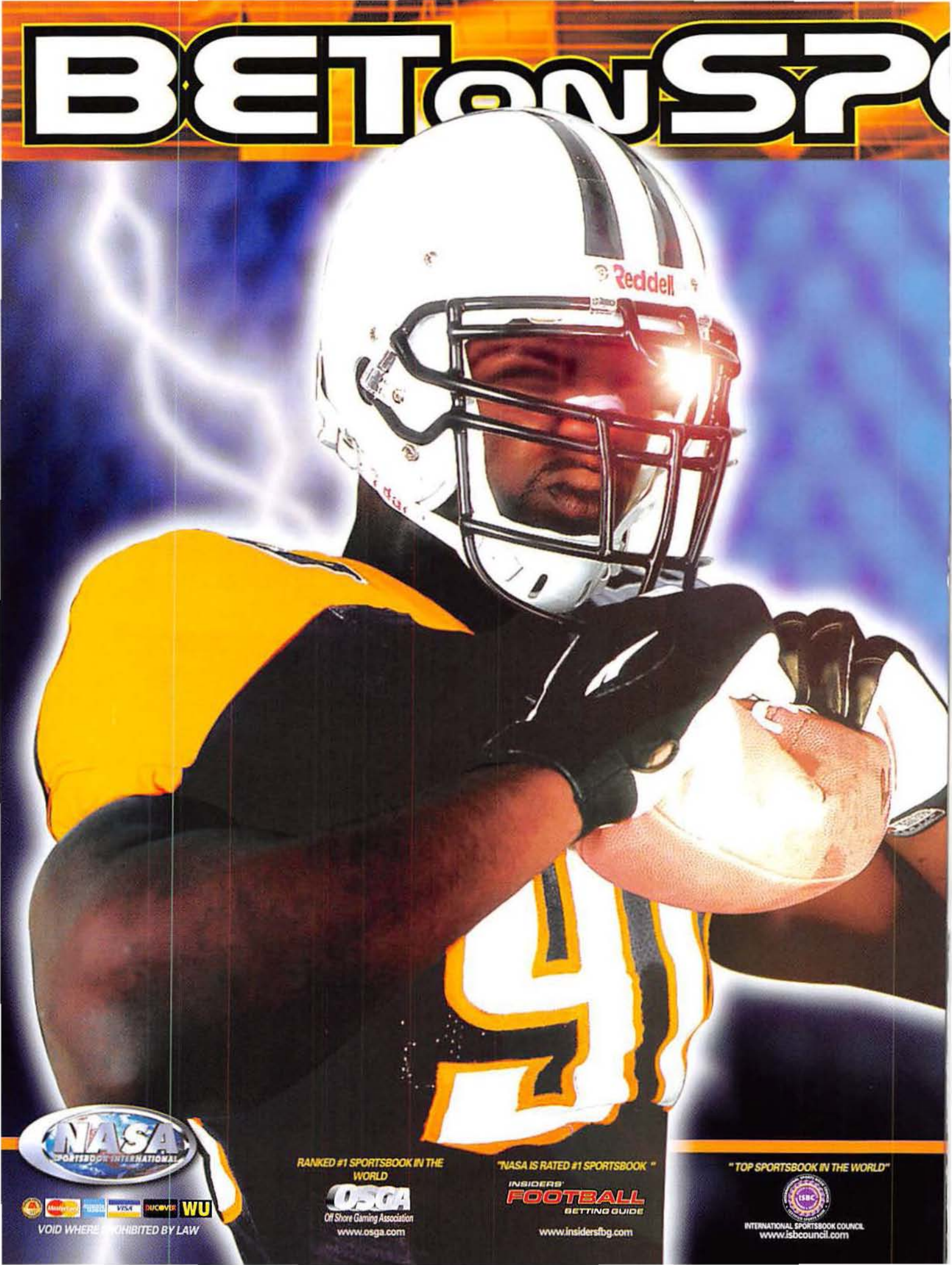
> Expand your sexual horizons with this A-to-Z guide to all that is lovable—or at least humpable. Now stop looking at us like that.

Trent Reznor Gets a Manicure

> We reduce his Nine Inch Nails to bloody stubs, and then we finish them off with a nifty French tip.

Plus: Why women cheat, porn boot camp and Cap'n Crunch laid bare

ON SALE DECEMBER 18th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WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, BECAUSE WE SAY

All of his murders were really just cries for help. As were his victims' repeated cries of "Help!"

HOW TO...

Stop a Killer

The lunatics are on the grass–and they're aiming for your head. Keep this issue handy. You might need it to stop them. Dead. So read this first...instead!

Kill or be killed. It's not like it's a choice you have to make every day–unless you work with snakes–but if you do have to make it, there's only one way to go: for the jugular. We spoke to W. Hock Hockheim, a leading expert on combative self-defense who consults the U.S. Army, Navy and Marines on how to kill would-be killers–or die trying.

SCENARIO NO.1: SOMEONE IS STALKING YOU, WAITING TO STRIKE Think you're safe at home hiding behind your girlfriend's thighs? We laugh at your weakness! "It is vital to understand that most attacks will begin as a home invasion," says Hockheim. Locks? Use deadbolts. Alarms? Put 'em on everything, especially your house and car. But the best way to avoid an unpleasant surprise is to surprise the attacker yourself. Assume you'll be assaulted at any moment. Alter your routine so he won't be able to predict where you'll be. That means you should go to Nude Girls Live! for the fine buffet lunch instead of the fine buffet dinner. And maybe you should go to your ex's house for sex–even if it means sleeping with her cats. But never when she calls crying.

SCENARIO NO.2: HE'S STUFFED YOU INTO A CAR TRUNK "You never want a killer to take you from crime scene A to B," says Hockheim. Why? Crime scene B is where you'll probably be killed. However, in most cases, killers will use the trunk of your own car to transport you. And those bastards don't even use premium gas! So keep a big knife, a tire iron and an inflatable love doll in your trunk.

- **Use the knife:** Cut the wires to the taillights to attract police, or cut through the backseat and ambush the driver. If he's driving, proceed with caution.
- **Use the tire iron:** Smash out the lights from inside, and wave your hands to signal for help.
- **Use the love doll:** Since you're screwed, you might as well have company.

Illustrations: Chris Bachalo.

SCENARIO NO. 3: HE'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU When it's time to throw down with a highly volatile killer, the only rule that applies is the law of gravity. Says Hockheim, "It's going to come down to hand-to-hand combat...so always remember: Cheat first, cheat last, cheat, cheat, cheat." Think of it as a bad relationship. Once in close range, the first place you should strike is the eyes. According to Hockheim, "An eye attack is an important shut-down target. Get good at eye-gouging by practicing with your thumbs on grapefruit and other assorted melons." Or take this issue of *Stuff* and roll it tightly into a clublike object. Use your right hand to stick your thumb into his eye, and while you hold his head like a bowling ball, use your left hand to jam the top of the magazine under his nose. Then use the heel of your right hand to cram his nose into his brain. Then all the kids can call him booger brain. Kids in hell are cruel...and stupid.

SCENARIO NO. 4: HE'S CHASED YOU INTO THE WOODS You don't need our advice on how to hide in the woods, you little bunny. Just pretend the killer's a Catholic schoolgirl and you're...well, still you. Don't climb a tree to hide–you don't want to be immobile–but do find a good place to work an ambush in case the target wanders by or to wait out the killer until he moves on. If you can't find him, look up and check if he's hiding in a tree. Wind and rain can be your friends: A little weather makes the woods a noisy place. So does a chainsaw.

SCENARIO NO. 5: HE'S AFTER YOU AND GETTING CLOSE A stalker hates being stalked. It totally screws with his plans when he follows you only to find you standing behind him sticking a knife in his back. If a stalking killer can't execute his plan, he will likely slip up, since an attacker hoping to ambush you is never prepared to be ambushed himself. So stalk him and make *him* an easier mark. That's when you kill him. Or give his number to telemarketers–a fate more horrific than death.

IF A HANDGUN IS POINTED AT YOU

Some things don't merit much internal debate. If a gun is pointed at you, your life is almost over. Therefore, make the gun point someplace else. Even at short range, a small adjustment may be all that's necessary. Throw this mag at the guy's face at the same time you make your move. Maybe he'll be confused by all the subscription cards flying around or stop to read the leper article. Whatever. It just might give you an edge. Besides, there's a good chance that just by hitting the gun, you will render it useless by interfering with the slide. Which means you can then knock him down by taking advantage of the laws of physics: His gun becomes a lever. James Yeager, a combative-technique expert who trains U.S. SWAT teams, says that when the gun goes off, you should "prepare for its recoil–and take advantage [of it]. Grab his weapon and twist it toward the hand holding it, then turn it against him." Shoot until he's dead–it's easy to miss when you're firing with a handgun. By the way, if it's a semiautomatic or automatic pistol, then "let them stick the gun to your head as a threat," says Hockheim. Why? Because, at close

range, most semiautomatic pistols "get knocked out of battery" and won't fire. When pressed against the person's body, the slide of the gun pushes back and firing becomes useless. When that happens, attack. Use the poop in your pants to blind your attacker.

IF A RIFLE IS POINTED AT YOU

It can be a lever, like the handgun, but it's longer, so it's even easier to twist the weapon away. Whack the barrel hard with a stick or a rolled-up *Stuff*, then grab the end of the gun with one hand and twist it aside with the other to point the barrel away from your body. Never yank straight ahead: This isn't a tug-of-war. Use the mechanics of the rifle-as-lever to take it away–as long as he's holding it, you have that advantage. Of course, if you screw up, he's got the bullet advantage, which wins. Once you gain control, fire the weapon immediately. If you hesitate, he'll use the same moves on you. So bash his face in with it, or shoot him till you can see through him. Like Superman.

IF A KNIFE IS POINTED AT YOUR THROAT

If he's coming at you with a knife, wrap this issue around your forearm and block him with it, being careful not to deface Alyssa Milano's beautiful breasts. Once you have him off balance, don't bother wrestling for the knife. Just jam the pages down his throat while standing on his testicles. If your subscription has expired, you may be close to expiring, too, since without the mag, all you can do is block the oncoming assailant with your forearms out and your palms facing you so he doesn't slice an artery. Once you've created some distance, use a candlestick, your girlfriend's cat or anything you can get your hands on to dislodge the knife–focusing on the limb with the blade. The assailant has to worry about the rest of his body; you only have to worry about his knife hand.

If he cuts you, keep on keepin' on. Yeager warns against early surrender at the sight of your own blood: "This is where the common person gives up and shouldn't. After any wound is inflicted, use your adrenaline to keep fighting," which is 60 times as powerful as morphine–and cheaper. In close combat, chances are if you decide you're

going to win, regardless of getting stabbed a couple of times, you *will* win. If you lose and die, ask us about our money-back guarantee. *–R.M. Parish*

She was asking for it, what with reading peacefully in her own house and wearing that revealing shawl

BUILD YOUR OWN

Night-Vision Goggles

Feeling stupid and lost, like the world's a dark and confusing place? Strap on a pair of these. You'll still look stupid.

WHY YOU NEED THEM Because you like to spend your evenings outside Ray and Barb Wilson's bedroom window, and sometimes they do it with the lights out. Night-vision goggles (NVGs) allow soldiers, police officers, hunters, wildlife enthusiasts, investigators, mall cops and other nocturnal types to see objects, people and animals in the dark by projecting images onto a chemical screen. The result: a shady, green world that you didn't even know existed.

HOW THEY WORK Night-vision goggles collect and multiply any light that enters their scope (low-level illumination from the moon, stars, Michael Jackson's ego, etc.) and output the enhanced images to the user's viewing lens. Here's a peek into how they work.

Objective lens: Collects light undetectable to the naked eye and directs it into an image-intensifier tube.

Image-intensifier tube: This is the key to night-vision technology. The device that changes the light (photons) to electrons, which are multiplied thousands of times, consists of...

Photo cathode: Converts photons of light energy into electrons and accelerates them toward the microchannel plate.

Microchannel plate (MCP): A metal-coated glass disk full of millions of microscopic holes–like some yummy cheeses! The MCP multiplies the number of electrons via a series of atom collisions and chain reactions. Just like a cute little A-bomb.

Helps us find our flashlight in the dark

Phosphor screen: The image-intensifier tube shoots the electrons at a screen coated with phosphors (the stuff that gives TV screens color), producing the final picture. We don't see color–we just see *Queen of Swords*.

Ocular lens: This is used for magnification, focusing and viewing of the phosphor-screen image. It's also the part to smear with shoe polish when pranking your military friend.

Infrared illuminator: Available on some night-vision goggles, this is an invisible flashlight-type beam of infrared light (like that of your remote control) that illuminates objects in the absence of ambient light. But there will never be an absence of your heart light–it'll shine wherever you go. Some NVGs are sensitive to heat emissions in addition to just light, which make them useful for daytime activities, too, like searching for disturbed earth at a crime scene or staring at women on the beach.

BUY YOUR OWN If you don't want to build a pair, night-vision goggles are commercially available wherever Y2K survival packs are sold. [Note to editor: Please publish before January 1, 2000.] Goggles using Gen 1* technology sell for anywhere from $300 to a couple thousand dollars, depending on sensitivity to light (bright and low-level), amplification ability and country of origin. You can buy military-grade Gen 3* NVGs–prices start around $2,500 each–but you can't export them from the U.S. to your mom in Libya without a State Department license. Most models run on two AA batteries, since the image-intensifier tube, like a vibrator and Stephen Hawking, requires electricity to work. *–Matt Schneiderman*

***THE SMALL PRINT**

Invented by the U.S. Army, NVGs were first put to use in World War II and the Korean War, making firefights last all night long–just like Lionel Ritchie CDs. These first devices, known as Generation Zero, were indeed an improvement on the age-old practice of running into trees at night, but they were limited in effectiveness by an infrared beam detectable by enemies with NVGs of their own.

By the 1960s, Generation 1 NVGs worked by enhancing whatever environmental light was available. They still required some light, though, so they weren't much good for seeing on cloudy or moonless nights, or in rugged settings such as crackhouses.

Modern NVGs use thermal imaging and had their own sitcom on CNN during Operation Desert Storm, proving that where there's a Will, there's a Grace.

EVERYDAY AIKIDO

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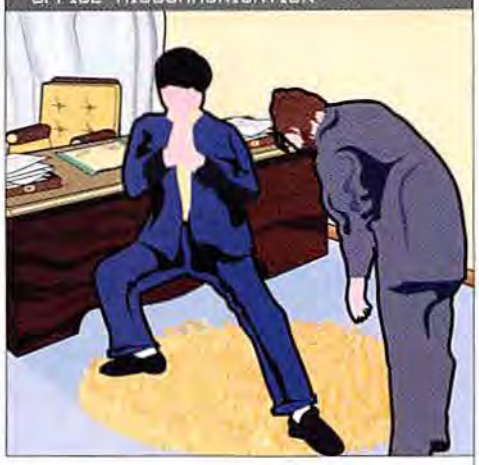


ATTACK

Your boss blames you for a coworker's stupid mistake, and the coworker won't admit the truth.

COUNTERATTACK

The sage works without recognition.
He achieves what has to be done without dwelling on it.
He does not try to show his knowledge.
But when blame is wrongly laid at his feet, swift action is called for.

Defend your honor, and seek the advice of he who accuses you:
"How did my name wind up attached to this? What should we do about it?"

Be gentle but persistent.
Do not make a storm when a breeze will do to blow shame upon your coworker.

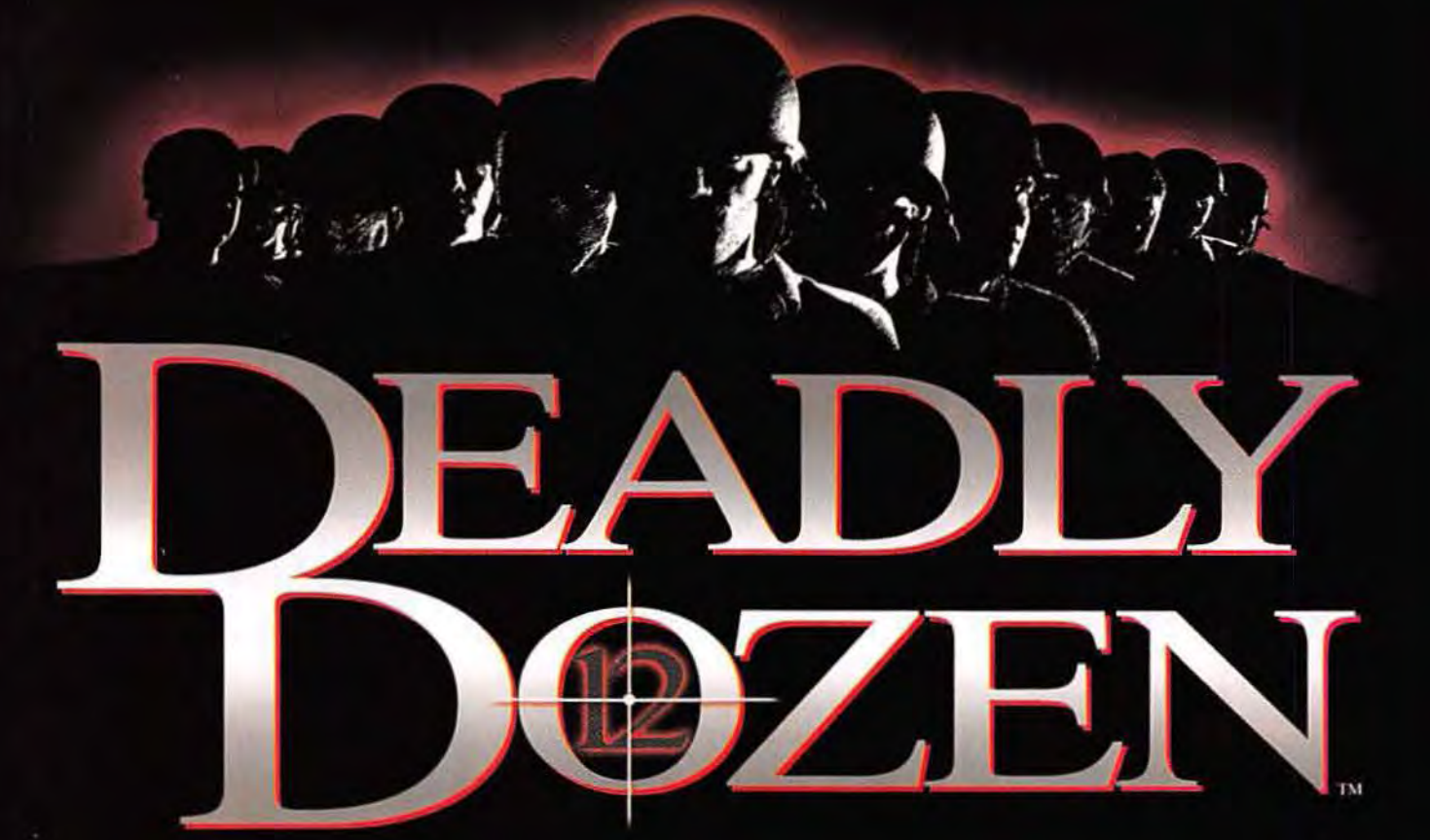
Achieve peace. Avoid layoff.

SELF-DEFENSE 101

PRESENT YOURSELF

When a worthy foe shows signs of aggression, it is best to swallow your pride and present yourself to him. This will confuse his own sense of masculinity, and he may leave befuddled. If not, prepare to be loved like never before.

Illustrations: (Aikido) Simon Brown (Self-Defense) Gary Brantham



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Reginald wore his regular vest by mistake, not his bulletproof one. Funny part? He didn't notice till someone shot him.

TALK LIKE A...

Secret Service Agent

"Assault on principle at the 18 acres! Whip, make a J-turn! Who wasn't swept?"

ASSAULT ON PRINCIPLE An attack on the protectee. As in, "Hey, Lance, there was a wicked assault on principle while you were out getting a burrito."

COVER AND EVACUATE What to do for a protectee whenever shots are fired. In cool weather it's: "Cover with a light jacket and evacuate."

THE 18 ACRES The White House grounds. The neighbors say it's more like 17½ acres, because the real property line is just beyond the row of apple trees parallel with the clothesline. But the Feds actually mow that part. So it's a gray area.

FOREIGN LEAD ADVANCE The Secret Service person responsible for checking security details when a protectee arrives in a foreign country. He'd be sunk without his handy phrase book!

J-TURN Putting a car into reverse, flying backward, spinning the steering wheel so the car does a 180, and going in the opposite direction at top speed. All Secret Service agents must master the J-turn–even the blind ones (who, as you can imagine, are naturally bad drivers)!

THE JOC The White House Joint Operations Center. We bet it has a big table and a bunch of chairs and an overhead projector. Probably a really good one.

P-NOTE Counterfeit money produced on a PC. When the Secret Service was instituted in 1865, it was to combat counterfeiting–something it still does, along with investigating forgery, fraud and other boring crimes against the federal government.

POTUS President of the United States. It's an acronym, see? FLOTUS stands for First Lady of the United States. SCROTUS isn't used by the Secret Service. Which is really a shame.

ROADRUNNER The communications vehicle that lets the president make a secure call to anywhere in the world. Like to his lawyers, who are dealing with a Warner Bros. lawsuit over the use of the word *Roadrunner*.

RON Remainder of the night. Sometimes used as a verb, as in, "Where's POTUS RON-ing, Garrett?" This works only if you're talking to a guy named Garrett and you're both in the Secret Service.

SWEPT Checked for weapons. Sometimes agents check twice for weapons...if they're feeling frisky.

360-DEGREE SECURITY Complete, supertight security. Reserved for very high-risk occasions, such as when the president's cousin visits–you know, the alderman.

TUMBLER President George W. Bush's Secret Service code name, given to him while his father was in office. George W. is not too thrilled with it, instead preferring to be called President George W. Bush.

WHIPS The most trusted, accomplished federal agents, who sometimes serve as squad leaders–or dominatrices.

WORKING THE MAN Guarding the president: e.g., Agent 1: "Dude, hurry up in there!" Agent 2: "In a sec...I'm *working...the man*." *–Jacob Kalish*

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "When the president is riding in a motorcade, he's called 'the package.' When pineapples are in one, it's called a crate of pineapples."

IN A NUTSHELL

THE COMMON COLD

Explained in 50 words or less.

The umbrella name for about 200 viruses that cause generally mild infections of the upper respiratory system. Since the strains constantly mutate and there are so many of them, we're without a cure. So it'll be with you always–for about a week. And you'll get no sympathy from us.

Photography: (Nutshell) Jens Mortensen

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The SECRET WAYS You Can Make Her Want You!

ALL NEW! From the sex columnist Dawn Yanek & the editors of Stuff Magazine!

Stuff BOOKS

FROM THE DESK OF
DAWN YANEK

Dear Reader,

I know some secrets that could completely rock your world. And they're all in our new book, *WOMEN'S BEST-KEPT SECRETS.*

With these secrets, you could have as much sex as you want... with incredibly beautiful women! You could be dating women you never thought attainable and satisfying them like no man ever has.

While writing my regular *Sex Spy* column in *Stuff* Magazine, I've interviewed hundreds of sexy women and uncovered the darkest, naughtiest secrets they've never told (but that they wish more men knew!)

And now I want to share these secrets of seducing, loving, and pleasing women with you. I think the chapter titles speak for themselves, don't you?

- How Women Tick
- Take Her Home Tonight
- Be Her Best Ever
- Make Your Fantasies a Reality
- All the Sex, None of the Commitment
- Master Your Relationship
- The End Game

Dawn

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WHADDAYA KNOW?

Life: What is it? As far as we can tell, it's the search for a comfortable couch. Our authority on that is **Heinz Krankelschnit,** newly appointed Professor of Taxidermy at PETA Technical Institute, home of the Fighting Cabbages. He knows other stuff, too.

"Man, that was some tasty corn bread!"

Searching? Wondering? Got an itch you just can't scratch? Take a bath, and see a doctor. Then send your questions to:
Professor Heinz Krankelschnit, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or via e-mail at letters@stuffmagazine.com.

What would happen if martial law were declared?

–Robert Totten, Westland, Mich.

You will soon see, *mein herren-totten,* when *der* National Guard comes out onto *der strassen* and gives wedgies to *idiotisch* members of the Screen Actors Guild. There are no federal statutes which define martial law, but the Code of Federal Regulations *does* stipulate that the armed forces must support civil authority rather than replace it. More is the pity. I'd love to see Robin Williams forced to do a stretch in boot camp.

If a diplomat kills somebody, can he be prosecuted?

–John Minardo, Staten Island, N.Y.

Historically, the purpose of diplomatic immunity is to allow the third deputy übercultural sub-attaché from Pushcrackistan to rip up his New York City parking tickets. The theory is that if a diplomat causes injury or death, he should be sent home and tried for it in his fatherland. In practice, *der* members of *der* Reichstag simply throw him a party when he gets back. However, in 1997, the Republic of Georgia waived the immunity of one such pooh-bah in America, who was later convicted of involuntary manslaughter for his part in a drunken car wreck. More often, the culprit will just be sent home in disgrace–or in a small dinghy. Whichever's cheaper.

Why do you get that funny tingling in your mouth when you bite tinfoil?

–Cameron Brown, Alberta, Canada

If you are having *der* toothy fillings of mercury, silver, copper and tin (or my personal favorite, lead), this amalgam will attract electrons from *der* foil, causing a jolt of about two volts. This buzz gets worse if you have something acidic in your mouth. Yours truly once discovered tinfoil in my midmorning *sauerkraut-mit-schnitzel* sub. My toupee ricocheted off the rafters and swallowed up the cat. This is why I no longer use one–a toupee, that is. In cold weather, I still wear the occasional cat (at a rakish angle, of course).

Later the shark would find a single blond hair between his teeth and think fondly back on his meal. It was a simple life, but a good one.

How long does it take to drown?

–Mark Reynolds, Omaha

In the case of my first wife, about three and a half hours. But normally drowning takes only about four minutes, or about the same time it takes for *der shtink-waffen* French army to surrender under combat conditions. After that, the brain will die from lack of oxygen–although *der nudel* can last longer in the *brrr*-chilly water, because its functions are slowed and less oxygen is required. Duplicate the experience by watching *The View.*

Why are the keypads on phones and calculators reversed?

–Haraldur Agnar Civelek, Reykjavík, Iceland

Who invented the calculator? Nerds, *natürlich.* And what numbers do nerds use most frequently? Zero *und* one, the basis of binary code, which we fondly recall using to send messages to *der* Russian front before the frostbite made our fingers *verklemmt.* By happy coincidence, these are also the numbers most commonly used by those who are not of the *nerdischer* persuasion. Therefore they occupy the most accessible position on the keypad, at the bottom. When the push-button telephone was later developed, it was discovered that even German rocket scientists misdialed less frequently if the keypad was reversed. Also, *der schmartkopfs* in charge realized that the alphanumeric system runs from A to Z. My own research has proved this to be true! The entire alphabet in both *Englische und Deutche* is alphabetized! For more information, call my hot line at 1-800-SCHIESSA!

They watched little Timmy sleep, beaming with pride. It wasn't easy living in a "nontraditional" household, but damn if it wasn't worth it.

Photography: (Prof) Warren Salowe

Muscles, Money, and Looks Help, But Women Want A "Bigger" Man

What Do Women Secretly Say Behind Their Lover's Back?

67% of Women Say They're Unhappy With Their Lover's Penis Size!

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates *Revolutionary* Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just a few short weeks! *(with absolutely no adverse side-effects)*

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called LONGitude and by simply taking 2 LONGitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try LONGitude have great success, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

Why Settle With Just An "Average" Six-Inches?

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

100% Natural & Safe LONGitude Will:

- ***Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!***
- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size LONGitude is made for men that are NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try LONGitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just $59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

Be The Biggest Man Your Lover Has Ever Had!

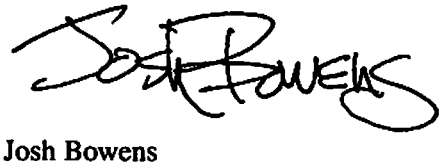
Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where *we'll even refund your shipping cost*... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. **You decide**.

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,



Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try" LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better *"equipped"* than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a $20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just $39.95, plus shipping - that's $20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?
LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does LONGitude Work?
LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are Their Any Negative Side-Effects?
Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take LONGitude?
Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?
Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?
LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?
Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?
LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginne, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To *"try"* LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) *or...* Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some *DRAMATIC* before and after photos!!!

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Where to Buy

And buy and buy and buy.

More insanity, more often! Stuff magazine .com

Men in Black (and Blue) p.130-135
Agnes B www.agnesb.fr
BOSS Hugo Boss at Hugo Boss, NYC, 212-485-1800
Burberry 800-284-8480
D&G at D&G, L.A., 310-360-7272
Emporio Armani www.emporioarmani.com
Gucci 800-234-8224
New York Industrie 646-613-8457

Stick Figures p.136
Burton www.burton.com
Gnu www.gnu.com
KZ www.kzsnowboarding.com
Ride www.ridesnowbaords.com
Salomon 877-2-SALOMON
Sims www.simsnow.com

Top Drawers p.138-139
2(x)ist at Bloomingdales nationwide
Baby Phat 212-533-PHAT
Birkenstock www.birkenstock.com
Calvin Klein Underwear at Macy's nationwide
D&G at D&G Boutique, NYC
Dug www.downundergear.com
Fossil www.fossil.com
Fubu at specialty stores
Mecca www.meccausa.com
Outkast at Dr. Jays, NYC
Parasuco 877-PARASUCO
Patricia Field www.patriciafield.com
Phat Farm at Phat Farm, NYC
Poon Tang 949-675-6381
Sean John www.seanjohn.com
Sisquó 646-728-0225
Ted Baker at Ted Baker, NYC
Tommy Hilfiger 888-TOMMY-4U
Tommy Jeans 888-TOMMY-4U
Unis 212-625-3396

Clothing Credits
First Lady p.22-23
White Lisette camisole by Cosabella (at Cosabella boutique in Miami, Fla.). White gold and diamond necklace by Alexa Sidaris (at Ron Herman boutique in L.A.).

Charmed, We're Sure p.66-74
Opening shot: Vintage white beaded dress by Giorgio Armani (not available). White gold and diamond earrings by Fred Joaillier Paris (800-655-2280). Lying on stomach: Warrior Nymph Lattice dress by Elisa Jimenez (at Kirna Zabete, NYC). Eighteen-karat white gold and diamond ring by Fred Joaillier Paris. Lying on back: Etoile 18-karat white gold and diamond bracelet and white gold and diamond stud earrings by Fred Joaillier Paris. Sitting: Aqua knit beaded dress by Richard Tyler (special order only, Richard Tyler Boutique, L.A.). Heels by Jimmy Choo (866-524-6600).

Bewitching p.118-121
Opening spread: Carmi basque by Agent Provocateur (at Agent Provocateur, L.A.). Brown pleather skirt by Tark'l (at Theodore, Beverly Hills, Calif.). Fourteen-karat gold cross earrings by Roman Paul (at Jennifer Kaufman Boutique, L.A.). Leaning on wall: Black leather top by Jean Paul Gaultier (at Theodore, Beverly Hills, Calif.). Plaid skirt by Diab'less (at Traffic for Women, L.A.). Silver bracelet with Rhodolite garnets by DOM SPIRO SPERO (at Neiman Marcus nationwide).

Girls of 39th and Sixth p.141
Blue bikini by Vix (at Everything But Water, Miami, Fla., 888-796-6661).

Powder Room p.142-144
Dawn: Pink ruffled top by Betsey Johnson (at Betsey Johnson stores nationwide). Black skirt by Bisou Bisou (at Bisou Bisou boutiques nationwide). Black heels by Just Cavalli (by special order through It USA, 212-265-4166). Tommy: Cap-sleeve top by Betsey Johnson. Black shorts by Richard Tyler (at Richard Tyler, L.A.). Black logo pumps by D&G (at D&G, NYC). Large black ring by Noir (at Shop Noir, NYC). Simona: Pink halter and maroon stretch-velvet pants with studs by Betsey Johnson. Pink leather belt by Emanuel Ungaro (at Emanuel Ungaro, NYC). Blue denim boots by D&G. Samantha: Black corset top by Rampage (www.rampage.com). Black skirt by Bisou Bisou. Black heels, stylist's own. Elizabeth: Brown cowl-neck top by Yigal Azrouel (at Language Boutique, NYC). Tan corduroy pants with zippers by Sheri Bodell (at Flare, Costa Mesa, California). Tan suede pumps by D&G (at D&G, NYC and L.A.).

Additional Photo Credits

Corrections: Issue 24: p.25: Jesus figurines: Dave N. Berkwitz/Sipa.

p.4: Box heads: AFP/Corbis. **p.6:** Xmas scene: Everett Collection; Brinkley: D. Kirkland/Sygma. **p.8:** Gutfeld: Greg Broom; Mom: courtesy of Greg Gutfeld. **p.14:** Nader: Kim Kaluish/Saba. **p.17:** Neville: AP; alien newscasters: Photofest. **p.24:** Catapult images (4): Tony Medley; dog chapel shots (2): Steven E. Frischling/Corbis Sygma; fluffy bunny: Courtesy of StupidAnimals.freeserve.co.uk; wreath: Japack Co./Corbis, girl on rollerskates: Jim Badgett/Globe. **p.26:** Sontag: Rick Friedman/Black Star; Nostradamus: Sipa; Stockhausen: Hulton Deutsch Coll./Corbis; Richardson: Liaison; Condit: Liaison; Lindros: AP; swan: Globe; Mickey Mouse: Globe. **p.28:** Candida directing: Courtesy of Femme Productions; Candida portrait: Arthur Cohen; mummy: David Cimino/International Stock; Jesus: SuperStock. **p.32:** Disney World: AP; board meeting: Photonica. **p.33:** Starbucks: AP; sauna: Norman Owen Tomalin/Bruce Coleman; Old Navy: John Barrett/Globe. **p.34:** Lennon: London Features. **p.36:** Aphex Twin: Chris Deneihy/Retna; song pillow: Damien Donck; Jimmy Eat World: Tara Conova/Retna. **p.38:** New Order: Mark Allan/Globe; Living Color: Jessie Frohman/Corbis Outline. **p.40:** Emmet Otter's Jug Band: Photofest; True Romance: Everett Collection. **p.42:** Rudolph: Everett Collection; Santa: Foto Fantasies; polluted water: Julian Cotton/International Stock; dentist: Everett Collection; Ives: Hulton Archive. **p.43:** Mountain climber: David Keaton/Corbis Stock Market; Misfits: Courtesy of the Misfits; unemployement: Hulton/Archive; alcoholism: Hulton/Archive. **p.45:** Alex: courtesy of Mike Hammer. **p.46:** Spinks main image: James Drake/Sports Illustrated; Spinks side profile: Derck Halstead/Liaison; Spinks with Ali: AP. **p.48:** Main image: Jen Lowery/London Features; FedEx: AFP/Corbis; Chevy: Ron Kimball Photography; Goodfellas: Everett Collection; flashlight: PhotoDisc/Getty; go-kart: Roger Andrews. **p.76-77:** Color people jumping: David McNew/Newsmakers/Getty. **p.78:** Background for Oktoberfest: W. Cody/Corbis; Oktoberfest man: AFP/Corbis; man drinking out of boot: AFP/Corbis; Earth Day: AFP/Doug Kantor/Corbis; can bicycle man: The Vicsti Collection; New Year's: OpenUp2Images; fireworks: AP. **p.79:** Carnaval: Marcello Horn/Liaison; Burning Man girl: Craig Lovell/Eagle Visions Photography; Sturgis: David McNew/Getty; motorcycle: Derby Photography; Daytona: Charles Luzier/Reuters/Corbis. **p.80:** Ibiza: Cardinale Stephane/Corbis Sygma; couple dancing: Zed Nelson/Matrix; Jazz Fest: Howard Denner/Retna; guy playing sax: David Atlas/Retna; Full Moon Rave: AP; full moon: AP. **p.82:** Man with steeple hat at Derby: Porter Gifford/Liaison; racing horse: Roth DiOriol/Horsephotos; marijuana leaf: AP; Cannabis Cup: AP; Winter Music Conference: www.wintermusicconference.com; NATO: AFP/Gerry Penny/Corbis; fighter jet: AP. **p.84:** Winter Olympics: Winston Fraser/Fraser Photos; Cuban Revolution: AP; stripper: Roger Ressmeyer/Corbis; Fete de la Musique: Pierre Franck Colombier/AFP. **p.86-87:** Opener: Globe. **p.88:** Plastic man in suit: Photonica; brain: Photonica; Cruise: Roger Harvey/Globe; money clip: Photonica; donkey: Torleif Svensson/Corbis Stock Market; nude man: Getty. **p.89:** Hammer: Getty; big eye: Photonica; body in suit: Photonica; hairdryer: Getty; world: Corbis; woman in shorts: Photonica; scale: Michael Keller/Corbis Stock Market. **p.90:** Couple on car: Photonica; woman with purse: Photonica. **p.91:** Priest: Index Stock; dog: John Daniels/Bruce Coleman. **p.92:** Exotic locale: Corbis Stock Market; teddy bear: Zeva Oelbaum/Corbis; engagement ring: Photonica. **p.101:** Three male lepers: Hulton/Archive/Getty; hand with coin: Cristoph Loviny/Corbis; leper with priest: AP; feet: Paul Quayle/Sipa; armadillo with long tail: Dave Hosking/Corbis; armadillo with hair: Steve Kaufman/Corbis. **p.102:** Armadillo head: Joe McDonald/Corbis; two Biblical paintings: Erich Lessing/Art Resource. **p.106:** Opening image "House of Women": Photofest. **p.108:** Hair pulling: Photofest; CHIPS: MPTV. **p.110:** Mary Ellen Samuels: Gerard Burkhart/The Los Angeles Times; Cynthia Coffman: Gail Fisher/The Los Angeles Times; barbed wire: Bob Rowan/Corbis; "Girl Happy" Elvis: Everett; "Women's Prison" sexy stocking lady: Photofest. **p.113:** Carlin, standing silo: Ted Streshinsky/Corbis. **p.114:** Carlin in purple shirt: Globe. **p.116:** Carlin holding mic: Hulton Getty. **p.148:** Main image: Walter looss Jr./Sports Illustrated; with Joel: Bob Davila/Retna; on Ferrari: MPTV; cow udder: Animals Animals. **p.149:** Pink: Sheryl Nields (Styling: Derek Khan for Next Agency; Hair: Kristoff for Privé Salon; Makeup: Kela Woog for Cloutier Using Mac Cosmetics). **p.152:** Jason: FotoFantasies; The Shining: The Everett Collection. **p.153:** Illustrations: inks: Richard Friend; color: rob ro/Bad@SS. **p.154:** Woman and cat: Hulton Deutsch/Corbis; goggles (2): www.night-vision-gear.com. **p.156:** Secret Service agents: Jacques M. Chenet/Corbis. **p.158:** Jaws: Foto Fantasies; The Spy Who Loved Me: Photofest; Revenge of the Nerds: Foto Fantasies. **p.164:** TV with cats: Index Stock; kittens fighting: Peter Steiner/Corbis Stock Market; TV with couple: Index Stock; couple: Photofest.

WOMEN'S STUDIES

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, street address (including apartment number), zip code, daytime telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 15, 2001, for inclusion in the February 2002 selection. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate in the contest; entries submitted in previous months will not be considered. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible.

Eligibility: Open to residents of the United States, 18 years and older. Winner must be enrolled in a school or planning to attend school on or before January 1, 2003. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, including an affidavit that the entrant has all rights in the photograph submitted, that the photograph is less than six months old, and that the entrant is the person in the photograph submitted. Employees and their families of Dennis Stuff, Inc., its parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and their advertising and production companies are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. Participants agree to be bound by these rules.

Winner Selection: Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of the monthly winners.

Prize/Value: Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999.

Notification/Terms: Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early, and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen.

Release of Liability: All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance or use of the prizes, including liability for personal injury, death, damages or monetary loss.

Winners List: For a copy of the Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2003. (Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where prescribed by law may omit the stamp.)

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Statement required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the ownership, management and circulation of STUFF. Date of filing: October 1, 2000. Frequency: 12 times a year. Publication No.1524-2838. Annual subscription price $17.94.

1. Location of known office of publication is Dennis Publishing, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018-3703.
2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publisher is same as above.
3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher: Jamie Hooper, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Editor: Greg Gutfeld, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Managing Editor: Sky Shineman, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.
4. The owner is: Dennis Stuff Inc., 30 Cleveland Street, London, W1P 5FF England. Stockholders: Peter Godfrey, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; Robert Bartner, 71A Whitfield St., Guilford, CT 06437.
5. Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: none.
6. Extent and nature of circulation.

	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. Copies Printed	1,542,456	1,684,457
B. Paid and/or Requested Circulation		
1. Paid/Requested Outside-County mail Subscriptions stated On Form 3541	558,888	696,715
2. Paid In-County Subscriptions Stated On Form 3541	0	0
3. Sales Through Dealers And Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, And Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution	456,140	475,000
4. Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS	0	0
C. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation	1,015,028	1,171,715
D. Free Distribution by Mail		
1. Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541	14,866	5,675
2. In-County as Stated On Form 3541	0	0
3. Other Classes Mailed through the USPS	0	0
E. Free Distribution Outside the Mail		
Total Free Distribution	14,866	5,675
F. Total Distribution	1,029,894	1,177,390
H. Copies Not Distributed	512,562	507,067
I. Total	1,542,456	1,684,457
J. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation	98.56%	99.52%

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) Stephen Colvin, President.

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OFFICIAL RULES

1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Void where prohibited. Sweepstakes subject to all applicable laws and regulations. Eligibility restrictions apply.
2. Entrants must be 18 years or older and residents of the continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii. Sweepstakes begins November 20, 2001 and ends January 7, 2002.
3. To enter, send a copy of a MasterCard® card receipt listing a minimum of $40 worth of music purchases, or submit a 3x5 card listing music you would purchase if you had a MasterCard card plus your name, full address, home phone number and date of birth. All entries should be mailed to: Use Your MasterCard® Card and Win Free Stuff, c/o Stuff Magazine, Marketing Department, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Please be sure to blacken out all but the first six digits of your MasterCard card account number on any receipts. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for any MasterCard card information transmitted to it. One entry per person. All entries must be received by January 7, 2002.
4. One entry per person. Multiple entries will be disqualified. MasterCard® and Dennis Stuff, Inc. are not responsible for any lost, damaged, incomplete, illegible, postage due or otherwise deficient entry forms.
5. Winner will be chosen in a random drawing held on or about January 15, 2002 by Dennis Stuff, Inc. whose decisions will be final and binding in all matters relating to this Sweepstakes. Odds of winning will depend on the total number of eligible entries received.
6. One Grand Prize Winner will receive a $500 MasterCard® Prepaid Card which can be used anywhere around the world where a MasterCard® card is accepted. One First Prize Winner will receive a Jensen MP3 player for their car (retail value $329). One Second Prize Winner will receive two (2) one year subscriptions to Stuff Magazine, one (1) for winner and one (1) for a friend (retail value $29.94). Total value of all prizes is $858.94.
7. Winners will be notified by phone or mail.
8. Employees and the immediate families of MasterCard® and Dennis Stuff, Inc. and their affiliated companies are not eligible to win.
9. Prize is nonrefundable, nonredeemable and nontransferable. Prize may not be substituted and has no cash value.
10. Liability for federal, state and local taxes, or other costs or expenses associated with the prize is the sole responsibility of the winner.
11. Grand Prize Winner is required to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release/Publicity Contest Form within ten (10) days of notification. In the event of a winner's noncompliance with this or any other requirement, the winner will be disqualified and an alternate winner will be selected.
12. Entry constitutes entrant's permission for MasterCard® and Dennis Stuff, Inc., participating sponsors, and others authorized by MasterCard® and Dennis Stuff, Inc. to use entrant's name, likeness, and biographical data for purposes of advertising and promotion without further consent, compensation or approval. By participating, each entrant agrees to comply with these rules, to be solely responsible for any liability related to the sweepstakes or the prize and to hold harmless MasterCard®, and Dennis Stuff, Inc., participating sponsors, and their respective affiliates, and the officers, directors, employees, agents, successors, assigns and licensees of each from any liability. Your entry constitutes your consent for Sponsor to obtain, use and deliver your name, address and other information to others authorized by Sponsor for the purpose of administering this Sweepstakes and for other uses by sponsor as permitted by applicable law.
13. Each entrant acknowledges he/she has read, understands and will abide by all official rules.
14. For names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with the name of the sweepstakes to Use Your MasterCard® Card and Win Free Stuff, c/o Stuff Magazine, Marketing Department, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. (Vermont and Washington residents and any other states where this requirement is proscribed by law may omit stamp.)

LETTERS, TRUE LIES AND WRONG!

COMPETITION RULES

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, address, daytime telephone number and entry to STUFF Magazine at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than December 15, 2001.

Winner Selection: Selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the editors at STUFF, and any decision by the editors shall be final.

Eligibility: Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age and older. Within 21 days of notification, each winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, a warranty and a representation of ownership of all rights in the winning entry. Neither the employees of Dennis Stuff, Inc., XM, Sony, Titus Software, Nike, and their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their advertising and production companies nor their families are eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted.

Prize/Values: Prize consists of a Sony Plug & Play radio and one-year XM Satellite Radio subscription ("Letters Contest"), *Top Gun: Combat Zones* for PS2, a custom leather flight jacket and *Top Gun* on DVD by Titus Software ("True Lies Contest") or a pair of sneakers from Nike ("Wrong! Contest"). Value of ("True Lies Contest") or a pair of sneakers from Nike ("Wrong! Contest"). Value of prizes: $48 ("Letters Contest"), $600 ("True Lies Contest") and $110 ("Wrong! Contest").

Odds of Winning: Depends upon number of entries submitted. One winner per contest.

Notification/Terms: Each winner will be notified by mail. Except where prohibited, each winner will agree to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity and the publication in STUFF Magazine of his/her entry without additional compensation. The winners grant to STUFF permission to edit his/her entry within the sole discretion of STUFF, and publish his/her stories. Winners release STUFF, XM, Sony, Titus Software, Nike, and their parent and affiliate companies, subsidiaries, alcoholic beverage retailers, distributors/wholesalers and the directors, officers, employees and agencies of the above organizations from any and all liability whatsoever for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by participation in the contest or resulting from acceptance, possession, use/misuse of the prizes. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winners. For "Wrong! Coolest," entries will not be returned.

Winners List: For the names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF by January 1, 2002. Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where this requirement is proscribed by law may omit stamp.

STUFF (ISSN 1524-2838) is published monthly by Dennis Stuff, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; Tel: 212-302-2626. ● Periodicals postage paid New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. ● POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Stuff, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $17.94; for Canada, $24.00; for all other countries, $34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds.

Stuff magazine .com

WE'RE NEW

Want to meet hot women? Discover the latest styles? See cool gadgets? Learn to tango? We've got a brand-new, easier-to-use site that's chock full o' everything you love about *Stuff*. Except that tango thing.

WE'VE GOT WOMEN

All the cover girls (yes, that includes Alyssa Milano) are here for your pleasure, with hot new photos. Plus, check out all the Women's Studies finalists, since it's your job to pick the winner. Vote for the attractive one.

WE'RE GENEROUS

Wanna win a trip to a Jamaican resort? How about a trip to New Orleans? Coincidentally, we're giving away this—and so much more—at our Contests and Parties page. Isn't that weird?

WE'VE GOT MOXIE

What's the best beer for the holidays? Try our Mayhem channel. How about a good CD? Check out Hype. Is that a cyst? Probably.

PLUS MORE THAN...

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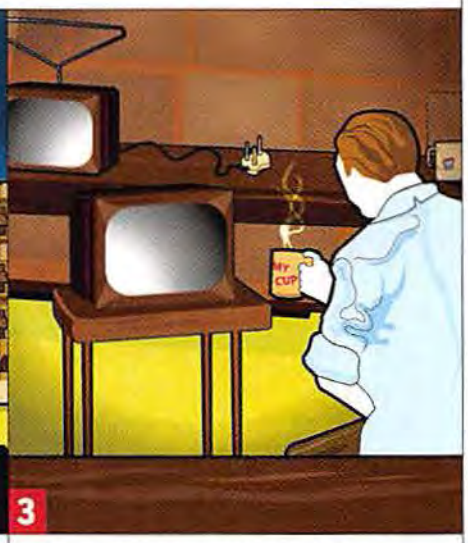
WHERE STUFF COMES FROM

Television

We take it for granted, but television was once a mystical novelty–like TiVo. Let's explore the origins of the greatest invention ever. It'll be fun!

Circa 1900, televisions are big, cumbersome things, powered by steam and as big as city blocks. Teams of immigrants move them from place to place so everyone can see this modern miracle. A few of these early models still exist today, converted into loft apartments–which contain their own TVs!

In 1923, attempting to rally a disaffected citizenry, Spain claims to have produced its own television. But it is a hoax. Their TV is, in fact, a city block. Someone has just attached knobs to it.



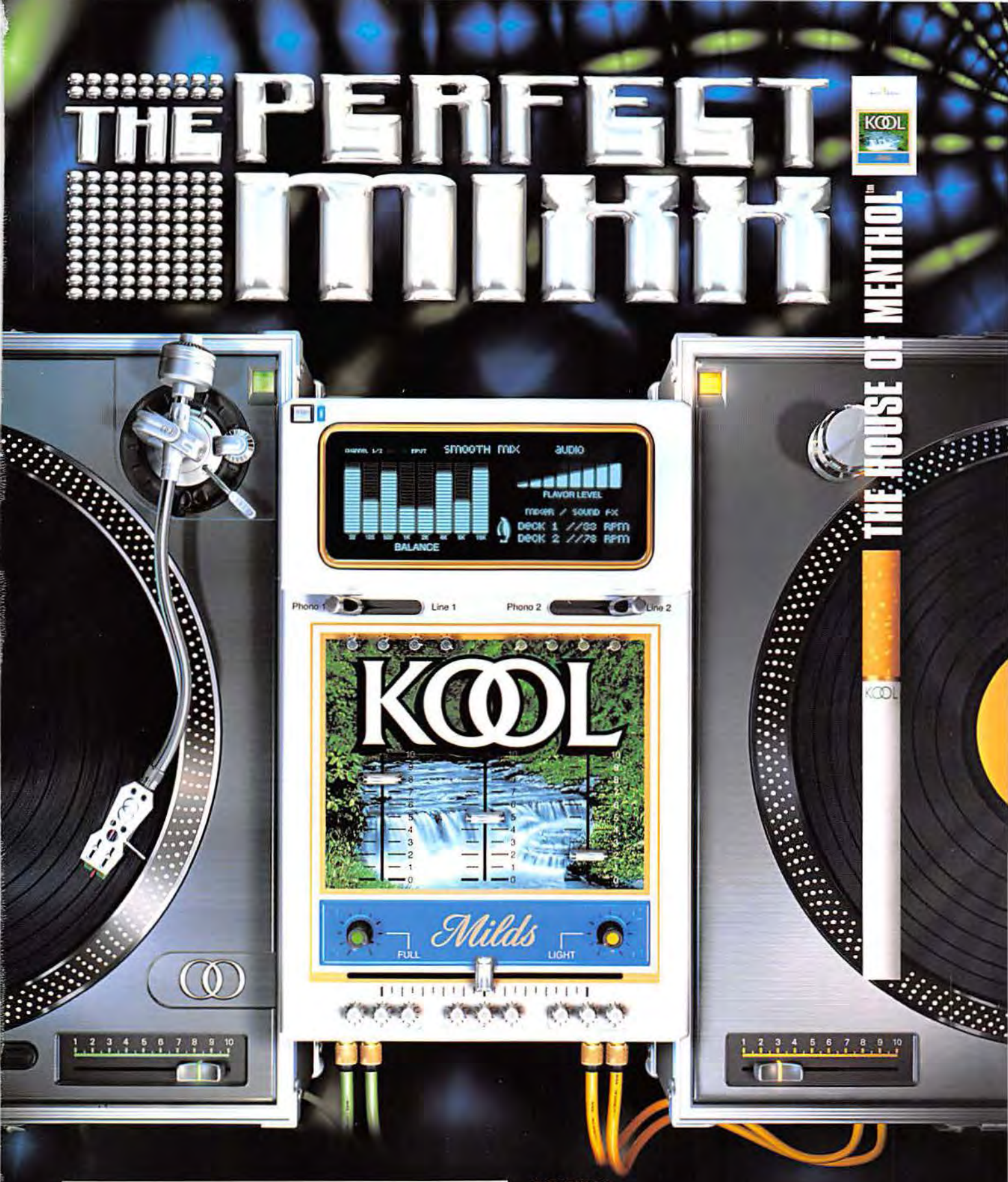
During World War II, the U.S. sees an influx of scientists fleeing persecution in their homelands. Many contribute to the war effort. After the war, though, they take jobs in the private sector, mostly as accountants. Because the work is dull, they invent small TVs to watch in the break room.

In 1947, Abraham Zenith–a janitor at a Chicago accounting firm–notices a box in the break room. It shows moving pictures! Soon he develops his own version. The Abraham Broad-Caster is a commercial failure. But Zenith's brother-in-law, Bill Sony, markets his own TV. It's an instant hit.

Soon, households from New York to Connecticut have their own TVs. Families had been eating dinner on little trays in their living rooms for years prior to this, so it works out nicely.

Today we have the Lifetime Network.

Illustrations: Simon Brown. Words: Mark Remy



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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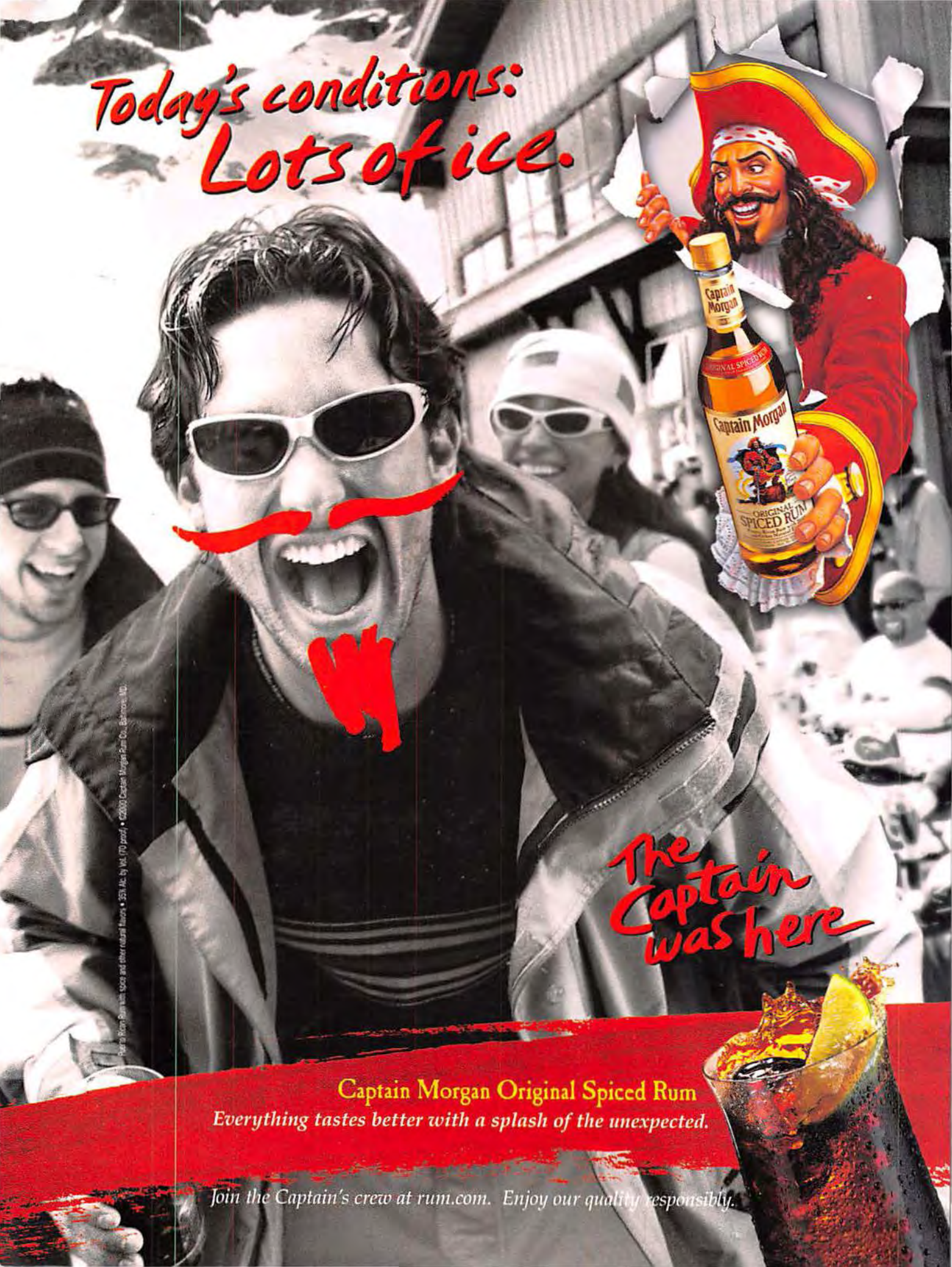
Milds Box, 11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our website at **www.brownandwilliamson.com**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